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CONTRIBUTIONS  
TO  
POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE.

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SKETCHES  
OF  
POPULAR TUMULTS.





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OF  
POPULAR TUMULTS;

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE  
EVILS OF SOCIAL IGNORANCE.

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POPULAR TUMULTS;

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

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THEIR OF SOCIAL IGNORANCE

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# SKETCHES OF POPULAR TUMULTS.

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## SECTION I.—TUMULTS OF RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

### CHAPTER I.

As it has been with wars, so it has been with riots ; some of the fiercest and bloodiest which history records have been excited, not by the pressure of any real grievance—not by the hope of attaining any tangible advantage—but by mere speculative opinions, right or wrong, which have inflamed men's passions, and filled them with hatred and rage against all who did not think in the same way with themselves. We say, by opinions right or wrong ; for, unfortunately, the truth of the thing believed has been no security whatever against this bigotry and fury in the believer. We bring no charge, therefore, against any particular system of doctrine—religious, political, or of any other kind—when we speak of its adherents as having at one time or another resorted to physical violence against persons of a different creed. This is simply the effect of an ignorant zeal, which, of course, may be felt as strongly for the truest as for the falsest opinions. It is nourished by motives and considerations which have nothing to do with the mere soundness of the faith in behalf of which it manifests itself.

Sincerity of conviction itself is apt only to add fuel to this fire—and the deeper the interest taken in the

matter of difference, and the higher its importance is rated, the greater the danger of its hurrying the unenlightened or unreflecting into the most deplorable excesses. Hence by nothing has society been so frequently and so fearfully convulsed in this way as by religion itself, which is the thing in which, of all others, men have the most concern, and that which takes the strongest hold of their imaginations and affections. In their heat and exaltation of spirit people have, no doubt, often convinced themselves that the persecution of those holding wrong opinions in religion was a duty which religion itself enjoined; and there has also been a vague notion entertained by many, that one of the most expedient and effectual ways of putting down a heresy was to attack, not the minds, but the bodies of those professing it. But such imaginations are merely the shadows which passion calls up to satisfy itself with something in the shape of reasoning, and would not impose upon the understanding in any case in which there was nothing to disturb its natural coolness and powers of judging. Who has ever thought of employing physical force in order to convert men to sound views in the mathematics? It is in regard to such things only as greatly interest and excite their hopes or fears, that people can be brought to look upon so extraordinary a mode of proceeding as at all reconcileable with common sense. But even here, probably no one would, in a professed argument upon the subject, justify the course that has in many cases been actually followed in the application of the principle. Some might defend the policy of discountenancing and trying to repress obnoxious opinions by the steady action of the law; but who would maintain that it was proper to seek the same object by resorting to the irregular and perilous force of popular excitement and tumult?—or would not reprobate and



deplore the wild passions then called into play, and the desolating excesses to which they give rise?

The history of almost every age and country might furnish us with illustrations of the fearful lengths to which men are liable to be carried, in outrage and cruelty, under the instigation of religious fanaticism. But, from the crowd of examples that might be brought forward, we will select only certain of the most memorable that the annals of our own country supply; and, to show what an obstinate vitality the evil spirit in question possesses, we will exhibit it as it has broken out and displayed itself, first in a remote and comparatively rude age, and then in times near to our own and in a far advanced state of society. It is strange and sad to see how little its ferocity appears to have been mitigated during the progress of six centuries of augmenting light and civilization.

The first instance we shall take is the series of barbarous outrages committed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries by the people of this country on their fellow-subjects of the Jewish religion.

It has been frequently stated, that the first Jews that were ever seen in England came over in the reign of William the Conqueror. "Among other grievances," writes Holinshed, "which the English sustained by the hard dealing of the Conqueror, this is to be remembered, that he brought Jews into this land from Rouen, and appointed them a place to inhabit and occupy." But that there were Jews in England before the Conquest is proved by one of the laws of Edward the Confessor, which declares, that all Jews that were in the kingdom were to be under the king's protection, so that none of them could put themselves into the service of any great man without the king's leave; for that Jews, it is added, and all that is theirs, are the king's.

This last expression very correctly describes the light in which the Jews who resided in England were looked upon in old times. They and all that was theirs were indeed considered to be at the absolute disposal of the crown. This seems to have been the recognized law with regard to them. "The King of England," says Tindal, in a note to Rapin's History (reign of Henry III.), "was wont to draw a considerable revenue from the Jews residing in this realm; namely, by tallage (assessment) and fines relating to law proceedings, by amerciaments for misdemeanours, and by fines, ransoms, compositions, which they were forced to pay for having the king's benevolence; for protection, for license to trade, for discharges, for imprisonment, and the like. He would tallage the whole community or body at pleasure, and make them answer the tallage for one another. In short, the king seemed to be absolute lord of their estates and effects, of their persons, their wives, and children."

This, however, was only a part of the system. The Jewish community, in fact, formed in those days one of the chief instruments by which the crown was enabled to extract a revenue from the people. These foreigners, by their vast superiority in mercantile resources and skill—in the command of ready money, and in the knowledge and practice of commercial operations—over the rude, military, and agricultural population in the midst of which they were settled, were enabled almost to monopolize the business of traders and money-dealers, and of course their profits were very great. By the high interest, especially, which they obtained on their advances of money, much of the wealth of the country was continually flowing into their hands. This was their compensation for the state of subjection in which they were held, and that which induced them to remain

in the kingdom, notwithstanding all the exactions of the crown. On the other hand, the crown, while thus oppressing them, certainly did not wish to drive them away. It is probably quite true that many were brought over from Normandy by the Conqueror, although some may have been settled in the country at an earlier period. The Jews served that politic ruler and his successors as an admirable financial sponge, which they had only to allow to fill itself by its own powers of suction, and might then squeeze whenever they chose into the royal treasury. In those times certainly no other engine of taxation could have been applied either with so much effect, or with so little odium.

It was an engine, nevertheless, which there was some art and management required in working. On the one hand, these Jews were not to be treated with so much severity as to induce them to wish to quit the country. They were to be tempted to remain in it. For this purpose the process in which they acted so important a part, while it largely benefited the king, was to be allowed to be also somewhat profitable to themselves. The pressure of the royal grasp was not to be carried so far as to wring from them the whole amount of their exorbitant gains. Above all, they were to be protected by the law in those rights, without the enforcement of which they could not have satisfied the rapacity of their oppressor. But, on the other hand, the hatred with which they were naturally regarded by the people was also to be maintained and cherished; for without this it would have been impossible for the sovereign power to have continued to treat them in the arbitrary and tyrannical manner we have just described. It was, no doubt, found to be somewhat difficult to effect these two objects at the same time, namely, to grant to the Jews the perfect protection of the law against every one else ex-

cept the king, and yet to keep the popular feeling against them in so inflamed a state, that it was always ready to approve whatever cruelty and oppression that single licensed power might exercise upon them.

In truth, it was soon found that the two things could not be perfectly reconciled. The populace, taught to look upon the Jews as proper objects of royal persecution, very naturally thought there could be no great harm in sometimes taking a part themselves in the same meritorious as well as pleasant pastime. To hunt down the noxious vermin was indeed trespassing upon the king's preserve—and as such was prohibited by the law; but we know the slight degree of moral guilt which has always been attached in the minds of the multitude to a transgression of that sort. In this case the main part of the sin undoubtedly lay at the door of those who, for their own unworthy purposes, had encouraged the mistaken notion under which the people laboured, and the ferocious feelings which thus broke out into action. The people themselves acted, as they almost always do, honestly, but in ignorance. They did not, however, on that account act the less directly in opposition to their own true interests; for, undoubtedly, in tolerating the ill-usage of the unhappy Jews by the king, they were doing their best to feed and strengthen a tyranny which might have eventually been turned against themselves. Such are the penalties ever paid by popular ignorance—the dangers from which men can be saved only through that diffusion of knowledge which is not more fitted to enlighten their understandings than it is to tame their bad passions, and to soften their hearts.

The first riot against the Jews, we believe, of which our old chroniclers have preserved any account, is that which happened on the 3rd of September, in the year



1189, at the coronation of Richard I. "Upon this day of King Richard's coronation," says Holinshed, "the Jews that dwelt in London and in other parts of the realm, being there assembled, had but sorry hap, as it chanced. For they meaning to honour the same coronation with their presence, and to present to the king some honourable gift, whereby they might declare themselves glad for his advancement, and procure his friendship towards them, for the confirming of their privileges and liberties, according to the grants and charters made to them by the former kings—he, of a zealous mind to Christ's religion, abhorring their nation, and doubting some sorcery by them to be practised, commanded that they should not come within the church when he should receive the crown, nor within the palace whilst he was at dinner."

We here see exemplified the common usage which this people received at the hands of our kings. Of any refusal of their proffered gift by King Richard we hear nothing; that, notwithstanding all his zeal for Christ's religion, and abhorrence of their nation, he no doubt accepted gladly enough. But the givers are at the same time treated with ostentatious contempt, and even their offer itself, accepted though it was, held up to the eyes of the people as an insolent intrusion. Nor is it necessary to suppose that this conduct was all mere show and pretence on the part of Richard; it is likely enough that he had his full share of the prejudices of his subjects, and really thought that he was doing what was acceptable to God in thus publicly manifesting his aversion for the unhappy race which it was then universally believed that God himself hated. He may have considered that he was in this way in some degree atoning for anything of questionable propriety there was in the acceptance of their money.

To return, however, to our narrative. "But at dinner time," continues Holinshed, "among others that pressed in at the palace gate, divers of the Jews were about to thrust in, till one of them was stricken by a Christian, who, alleging the king's commandment, kept them back from coming within the palace, which some of the unruly people perceiving, and supposing it had been done by the king's commandment, took lightly occasion thereof, and falling upon the Jews with staves, bats, and stones, beat them and chased them home to their houses and lodgings. Herewith rose a rumour through the city, that the king had commanded the Jews to be destroyed, and thereupon (the people) came running together to assault them in their houses, which, when they could not easily break up nor enter, by reason the same were strongly builded, they set fire to them, so that divers houses were consumed, not only of the Jews, but also of their neighbours, so hideous was the rage of the fire."

In this, as in other cases, the chronicler here remarks, we see how a king's example sways the world. He then proceeds, "The king being advertised of this riotous attempt of the outrageous people, sent some of his counsellors, as Ranulph de Glanville, Lord Justice, and other officers to appease the tumult; but their authority was nothing regarded, nor their persuasions any whit revered, but their threatenings rather brought themselves in danger of life among the rude sort of those that were about to spoil, rob, and sack the houses and shops of the Jews; to the better accomplishment of which their unlawful act, the light that the fire of those houses which burned gave after it was once night, did minister no small help and occasion of furtherance. The Jews that were in those houses which were set on fire were either smouldered and burned to death within,

or else at their coming forth most cruelly received upon the points of spears, bills, swords, and gleaves of their adversaries, that watched for them very diligently. This outrage of the furious and disordered people continued from the midst of the one day till two of the clock on the other; the commons all that time never ceasing their fury against that nation, but still killing them as they met with any of them, in most horrible, rash, and unreasonable manner. At length, rather wearied with their cruel doings than satisfied with spoil, or moved with respect of reason or reverence of their prince, they withdrew themselves from their riotous enterprize, after they had executed many unlawful and horrible enormities."

Some of our historians assert, that, the very day after these barbarous outrages were committed, the king caused the ringleaders of the riot to be apprehended, and to be hanged immediately. It is very probable that precipitate vengeance was thus taken upon those who could be easily got hold of; for so flagrant a breach of the king's peace could hardly fail to irritate the passionate and domineering monarch who now filled the throne; and besides, as we have seen, it was not the policy of our kings, although oppressing the Jews themselves, to suffer them to be ill-treated with impunity by the people. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the rude and partial justice which was exhibited on this occasion was little fitted to deter the populace from the repetition of similar atrocities. Holinshed expressly says, "This great riot well deserved sore and grievous punishment, but yet it passed over without correction, in respect of the great number of the transgressors, and for that the most part of men, for the hatred generally conceived against the obstinate frowardness of the Jews, liked the doings hereof well enough, interpreting it to be

a good token, that the joyful day of the king's advancement to the crown should be doleful unto the Jews, in bringing them to such slaughter and destruction." He adds, however, that "after the tumult was ceased, the king commanded that no man should hurt or harm any of the Jews, and so they were restored to peace, after they had sustained infinite damage."

This writer's concluding remarks upon the whole affair are so sensible, that we shall transcribe part of what he says. "The occasion," he truly observes, "of this tragedy and bloody tumult (redounding to the Jews' great vexation and pitiful distress, but to the satisfying of the people's furious and unbridled proneness to cruelty) sprang principally from the king, who, if he had not so lightly esteemed of the Jews when they repaired unto him with their present, in sign of submission, and hope of obtaining their suit then purposed to be exhibited, this hurly-burly had not ensued. For it was a violent example and a mighty motive to the people to malign the Jews; as also a heart-grief to them in respect of their rejection, when the prince gave them so discourteous a repulse." He then takes occasion to point out the duty incumbent upon kings and other persons in superior station to be careful of the example they exhibit, seeing the strong tendency that there is in the multitude to copy whatever is thus set before them. In consideration of this, he observes, "the mighty ones of the world have special cause to have an eye to their course of life, and to set caveats before their actions, that the people may in them see none but good signs of commendable and virtuous imitation."

The law, so omnipotent when it has the support of public opinion, has but little strength when it is not in accordance with the general feeling of the community. The want of that agreement has often deprived a bad



law of much of its evil, and even compelled its revocation ; but the same circumstance has also frequently made a good law inoperative. The best laws, indeed, that could be framed might work very indifferently with a people so sunk in moral debasement, or in intellectual darkness, as not to be able to appreciate their excellence ; for they would there be without that general respect and disposition to obey them for which nothing else can compensate. Give me the making of the popular songs of a country, said one who knew mankind, and he who pleases may make its laws ; a strong way of intimating how powerless the latter would be found, let them be of what character they might, if they had not in their favour the hearts and habitual feelings of the people, which are in great part moulded by their common songs, or by that literature which addresses itself to their imaginations and affections. This, at least, is to be remembered, that by enlightening the popular mind you ensure the eventual establishment of good laws as a necessary consequence ; whereas, if the good law is attempted to be established before a proper foundation has thus been laid for it, the probability is that it will be of little more effect than would a lamp lighted in a place where all present were asleep or blind.

It seems to have fared nearly thus with King Richard's proclamation for the protection of the Jews, issued immediately after the dreadful riot at his coronation. Of the insignificant force it was able to oppose to the rancorous and deep-rooted prejudices of the people we have proof sufficient in the fact, that within a few months the tumultuous and bloody attack upon the Jews, which had taken place in London, was imitated in many of the other principal towns of the kingdom. This renewal of the attempt to exterminate the unhappy race is said by Holinshed to have been begun

at Lynn, in Norfolk. "It fortun'd," he says, "that one of the Jews there was become a Christian, where-with those of his nation were so moved, that they determined to kill him wheresoever they might find him. And hereupon they set upon him one day as he came up through the streets; he, to escape their hands, fled to the next church; but his countrymen were so desirous to execute their malicious purpose, that they followed him still, and enforced themselves to break into the church upon him."

The historian proceeds,—“Herewith the noise being raised by the Christians that sought to save the converted Jew, a number of mariners, being foreigners, that were arrived there with their vessels out of sundry parts, and divers also of the townsmen, came to the rescue, and setting upon the Jews, caused them to flee into their houses. The townsmen were not very earnest in pursuing of them, because of the king’s proclamation and ordinance beforetime made in favour of the Jews; but the mariners followed them to their houses, slew divers of them, robbed and sacked their goods, and finally set their dwellings on fire, and so burnt them up altogether. These mariners being enriched with the spoil of the Jews’ goods, and fearing to be called to account for their unlawful act by the king’s officers, got them forthwith to shipboard, and, hoisting up sails, departed with their ships to the sea, and so escaped the danger of that which might have been otherwise laid to their charge. The townsmen being called to an account, *excused themselves by the mariners, burdening them with all the fault.*” And in this way, it appears, by laying the blame partly upon the foreigners who had fled, and partly upon the Jews whom they had destroyed, the ingenious inhabitants of Lynn contrived to get themselves off altogether.

Holinshed himself acknowledges, that no sooner had Richard set out for Palestine, which he did on the 5th of December, 1189, than "the heads of the common people began to wax wild, and fain would they have had some occasion of raising a new tumult against the Jews, whom (for their unmerciful usury practised to the undoing of many an honest man) they most deadly hated, wishing most earnestly their expulsion out of England." Accordingly, after the tumult and slaughter we have just mentioned had happened at Lynn, "other people," he tells us, "in other parts of the realm, taking occasion hereat, as if they had been called up by the sound of a bell or trumpet, arose against them in those towns where they had any habitations, and robbed and beat them after a disordered and most riotous manner."

He afterwards says, that the Jews were "thus unmercifully dealt with in all places in manner through this realm." Other historians state that the populace rose at Norwich on the 6th of February; at Stamford, on the 7th of March; at York, on the 16th; and at St. Edmondsbury, on the 18th of the same month. There was also a rising at Lincoln. The tragedy enacted at York was frightful. In this city the wretched Jews preferred killing their wives and children themselves, and afterwards being their own executioners, to awaiting a more barbarous and dishonourable death from the hands of their infuriated assailants. "After a number of them," says Holinshed, "had been besieged certain days within a tower of the king's (whither they fled for succour), one of their learned governors caused four hundred of their company to consent to have their throats cut one at another's hands, he himself cutting his wife's throat first, whose name was Anna, then his children's, one after another, and last of all slew him-

self, only rather than he would fall into the hands of the Christians that had thus long besieged them. The rest perceiving what their great Rabbi had done, set fire upon all their goods and substance, which they had gotten into the tower with them, and so consuming the same, would have burnt also the residue of their fellows which would not agree to the Rabbi's counsel in the cruel murdering of themselves, if they had not taken a strong turret hard by within that tower, and defended themselves both from the fire and cruelty of their brethren, who had made away themselves in such manner as I have said ; and that to the number of four hundred, or (as some write) five hundred at the least. On the morrow those that were saved called out to the people, and not only showed how and after what sort their fellows were dispatched, but also offered to be baptized and forsake their Judaism, if they might have their lives saved from the imminent and present danger wherein they saw themselves to be wrapped through the fury of the people. To be short, this thing was granted, and they came forth ; howbeit, they were no sooner entered into the press but they were all slain, and not one of them preserved. After this, also, the people ran to the cathedral church, and broke into those places where their bonds and obligations lay, by the which they had divers of the king's subjects bound unto them in most unconscionable sort, and for such detestable usury as, if the authors that write thereof were not of credit, would hardly be believed. All which evidences or bonds they solemnly burned in the midst of the church. After which each went his way, the soldiers to the king, and the commons to their houses, and so was the city quieted."

The people of York did not escape quite so easily as



those of Lynn; but the manner in which they were punished is exceedingly characteristic. The main object kept in view seems to have been to turn the affair to the advantage of the royal treasury. As soon as the king, who was by this time in Normandy, heard of what had taken place, he wrote over, we are told, to the Bishop of Ely, his Chancellor, charging him to see to the punishment of the offenders. "The bishop," continues Holinshed, "with an army went to York; but the chief authors of the riot, hearing of his coming, fled into Scotland; yet the bishop, at his coming to the city, caused earnest inquiry to be made of the whole matter. The citizens excused themselves, and offered to prove that they were not of counsel with them that had committed the riot, neither had they aided nor comforted them therein in any manner of wise. And, indeed, the most part of them that were the offenders were of the countries and towns near to the city, with such as were crossed into the Holy Land, and now gone over to the king, so that very few or none of the substantial men of the city were found to have joined with them. Howbeit, this would not excuse the citizens, but that they were put to their fine by the stout bishop, every of them paying his portion according to his power and ability in substance, the common sort of the poor people being pardoned, and not called into judgment, sith the ring-leaders were fled and gone out of the way." There can be no question, although it is not expressly stated, that the money thus obtained went all to the king, who was, no doubt, thought to have the best right to whatever could be made out of the Jews, alive or dead. Here, then, we see the real authors of the riot let alone, and, consequently, nothing really done to deter from the repetition of such barbarous excesses—those alone made to

pay for the mischief done whose crime was, not their proved participation in the riot, but their wealth, which marked them as fit subjects for the royal rapacity—and above all, not a thought of any compensation to the unfortunate persons whose property had been plundered or destroyed, or to the heirs of those of them who had been despoiled by the fanatic, but at the same time not altogether disinterested mob, both of their properties and their lives.

After this, however, we read of no more attacks upon the Jews by the populace for some time; the general attempt which had been made to exterminate the unhappy race probably reduced them almost everywhere to an insignificance which was their best protection. But various instances are recorded of the oppression exercised towards them on the part of the crown, and also of the impunity with which they were occasionally ill-treated by other parties. Thus, under the year 1246 Holinshed writes: "On the day of the purification of our Lady, a robbery was committed upon certain Jews at Oxenford, for the which fact five and forty of the offenders were put in prison, but at the suit of Robert Bishop of Lincoln, they were delivered by the king's commandment, because no man impeached them of any breach of peace or other crime." An attack in which more, possibly many more, than forty-five persons were concerned seems to be oddly designated a robbery. It looks much like a tumult—an outbreak of fury on the part of the populace generally. That the robbers (if they are to be so called) had, at any rate, the feeling of all classes of the community with them could not be more distinctly intimated than it is by the two facts mentioned—that no man stood forth as their accuser, and that they had a bishop for their active intercessor.

Of the exactions and cruelties of the crown we may quote the following instances. In 1210 a general tax was imposed upon the Jews by King John, and such of them as could not or would not pay the sums demanded of them were subjected both to imprisonment and torture, in order to force their compliance. "Amongst others," says Holinshed, "there was one of them at Bristow which would not consent to give any fine for his deliverance; wherefore, by the king's commandment, he was put into this penance, that every day till he would agree to give to the king those ten thousand marks that he was seised (assessed) at, he should have one of his teeth plucked out of his head. By the space of seven days together he stood steadfast, but on the eighth day, when he should come to have the eighth tooth and the last (for he had but eight in all) drawn out, he paid the money to save that one, who with more wisdom and less pain might have done so before, and have saved his seven teeth, which he lost with such torments, for those homely tooth-drawers used no great cunning in plucking them forth, as may be conjectured." During the long reign of John's son and successor, the weak and needy Henry III., the property of the Jews was a source repeatedly resorted to in the most arbitrary manner to replenish the king's exhausted exchequer. Thus, in 1230, they were compelled to surrender to him the third part of their moveable goods. Ten years after, on the pretence that a murder had been secretly committed by some of them, their whole body was punished by the deprivation of the third part of all they possessed. In 1241, according to Hume, 20,000 marks were exacted from them; two years after, they were compelled to pay a further sum, and from one of them alone, Aaron of York, above 4000 marks were extorted. "In 1250,"

continues this historian, "Henry renewed his oppressions; and the same Aaron was condemned to pay him 30,000 marks upon an accusation of forgery: the high penalty imposed upon him, and which, it seems, he was thought able to pay, is rather a presumption of his innocence than of his guilt." Under the year 1255, Holinshed writes of this king, "Moreover, whereas he stood in great need of money, he required by way of a tallage eight thousand marks of the Jews, charging them, on pain of hanging, not to defer that payment. The Jews, sore impoverished with grievous and often payments, excused themselves by the Pope's usurers, and reproved plainly the king's excessive taking of money, as well of his Christian subjects as of them. The king, on the other side, to let it be known that he taxed not his people without just occasion, and upon necessity that drove him thereto, confessed openly that he was indebted by his bonds obligatory in 300,000 marks; and again, the yearly revenues assigned to his son Prince Edward arose to the sum of fifteen thousand marks and above, where the revenues that belonged unto the crown were greatly diminished, in such wise, that, without the aid of his subjects, he should never be able to come out of debt. To be short, when he had fleeced the Jews to the quick, he set them to farm under his brother Earl Richard, that he might pull off skin and all." It is added, however, that Richard's pity was moved by their poverty, and he used his powers with lenity.

We notice these facts as illustrating what we have said in regard to the manner in which the fanatical animosity of the populace against this unfortunate race delivered them over bound and helpless to the tyranny of the crown, while, at the same time, that tyranny in its



turn excited, and might almost be said to license, the fury and sanguinary violence of the mob. In the miserable ignorance of the time, when the Christian religion (the light of which has always been dimmed in an age of intellectual darkness) was so grossly misunderstood, that it was almost universally believed to enjoin as a duty the persecution even to extermination of the followers of every other creed,—the possessions, the liberties, and the very lives of the Jews were the victims of the interested cunning of one party and the inflamed passions of another. In them these passions and this cupidity found equally their readiest sustenance. Whenever the king wanted money, the plunder of the Jews was his easiest and most popular way of obtaining it; when the savage multitude wanted excitement, the butchery of a few dozens or a few hundreds of Jews was an indulgence which they claimed in their turn, and which could hardly be well refused to them. Sometimes the blood they thus thirsted for they shed with their own hands; sometimes the government shed it for them. Of the latter mode of procedure we have several instances in the well-known stories of those children whom at different times the Jews were accused by the wretched credulity of the people of having crucified. In the famous case of Hugh of Lincoln, which occurred in the year 1255, eighteen Jews of that city were hanged on the evidence of a person, who, after having been induced to confess himself an accomplice in the alleged murder on a promise of pardon, was, with the same kind of justice that characterized the whole proceeding, hanged along with the rest.

Among the popular risings against the Jews in the thirteenth century, one of the most terrible was that which took place in London on Passion week in the

year 1264. The chroniclers, who allege, as usual, that this attack was provoked by the misconduct of its victims, are very far from agreeing as to what really was the act which inflamed the zeal of the mob. Holinshed's account is, that "the Jews that inhabited in London being detected of treason, which they had devised against the barons and citizens, were slain, almost all the whole number of them, and great riches found in their houses, which were taken and carried away by those that ransacked the same houses." Maitland, however, on the authority of Fabyan, tells us that the occasion of the attack was an attempt on the part of one of the Jews to extort from his Christian debtor more than the interest allowed by law, namely, two-pence per week for twenty shillings. On this "the populace," he adds, "assembling from all parts of the city, fell upon them in a most cruel and barbarous manner, massacring above five hundred of them, and afterwards robbed and destroyed their houses and synagogue; and such of them as were concealed and saved by persons of humanity and conscience were sent to the Tower of London for their greater security." The year before this many of the London Jews had been in like manner plundered and put to death in a tumult, said to have been excited by a Jew having wounded a Christian within Colechurch, in the ward of Cheap.

At length this long series of cruel oppressions was terminated in 1290, the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward I., by the entire expulsion of the Jews from England. The manner and circumstances of this final act of tyranny were highly appropriate. The king was, in the first place, bribed to give his consent to it, the parliament making him a grant of a fifteenth as the price of his compliance. This, however, was but a

small compensation for the permanent loss of revenue which the king thus entailed upon himself. During a space of only about seven years, from the 17th of December, in the fiftieth year of Henry III., till the Tuesday in Shrovetide, in the second year of Edward I., the crown is stated to have extorted from the Jews (amounting in all to probably not more than five hundred families) the immense sum of 420,000*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* Edward, however, could not resist the present temptation. "And so hereupon," says Holinshed, "were the Jews banished out of all the king's dominions, and never since could they obtain any privilege to return hither again. All their goods not moveable were confiscated, with their taillies and obligations (that is, the bonds they held of their debtors); but all other their goods that were moveable, together with their coin of gold and silver, the king licensed them to have and convey with them. A sort of the richest of them, being shipped with their treasure in a mighty tall ship which they had hired, when the same was under sail, and got down the Thames towards the mouth of the river beyond Queenborough, the master mariner bethought him of a wile, and caused his men to cast anchor, and so rode at the same, till the ship, by ebbing of the stream, remained on the dry sands. The master herewith enticed the Jews to walk out with him on land for recreation. And, at length, when he understood the tide to be coming in, he got him back to the ship, whither he was drawn up by a cord. The Jews made not so much haste as he did, because they were not ware of the danger. But when they perceived how the matter stood, they cried to him for help; howbeit, he told them that they ought to cry rather unto Moses, by whose conduct their fathers passed

through the Red Sea, and therefore, if they would call to him for help, he was able enough to help them out of those raging floods which now came in upon them; they cried indeed, but no succour appeared, and so they were swallowed up in water. The master returned with the ship, and told the king how he had used the matter, and had both thanks and reward, as some have written. But others affirm (and more truly, as should seem) that divers of those mariners, which dealt so wickedly against the Jews, were hanged for their wicked practice, and so received a just reward of their fraudulent and mischievous dealing." It is possible enough that both these accounts may be true. The master of the ship might probably be allowed to retain part of the gains of his villainy on condition of handing over the bulk of the plunder to the king; and a show of satisfying justice might, at the same time, be made by the execution of a few of the comparatively guiltless seamen.

The entire number of Jews who were thus driven out of the country is stated to have been 16,511, including men, women, and children. As is well known, the Jews continued from this time to be rigidly excluded from England, till they were again admitted by Oliver Cromwell in the year 1655. When, however, nearly a century later (in 1753), an act of parliament was passed merely permitting Jews, upon application, to be naturalized by parliament without receiving the sacrament, provided that they should have inhabited for three years in his majesty's dominions, without being absent above three months at any one time, such a ferment was thereby excited in the public mind, that it was found necessary to repeal the act the first thing that was done the following session. In such strength did the old



fanaticism still survive. And even to this day, the legislature continues to withhold from this portion of the community those civil rights and privileges which have now been conceded to every other class, without exception, of his majesty's subjects.

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## CHAPTER II.

BUT the story of the outrages and barbarities perpetrated by English mobs in former ages against the Jews, discreditable as it is, has been fully matched in modern and very recent times by the excesses of a fanaticism of a similar character directed against another class of persons.

The most dreadful riots which London ever saw happened about fifty years ago—in the year 1780. The frightful scenes which then occurred—the plundering, the burnings, the wanton destruction of property—the universal terror, while thieves and prostitutes, and the worst miscreants of every description, ranged the streets in bands, having the whole town at their mercy, and doing whatever they pleased—the miserable end of so many of the unhappy wretches, perishing, in the midst of their fury and drunkenness, in the fires of their own raising, or mangled by the shot of the military—and the fate also of those who afterwards died a disgraceful death on the gibbet;—all this mass of calamity grew out of a circumstance in appearance little likely to give rise to such consequences. But a riot, if allowed to go on to a certain height, will often run to as wild an excess, when it has begun in a seemingly trifling

cause of dissatisfaction, as if it had been stirred up by what might be deemed a much more serious grievance : it is as when a house is once fairly in a blaze, it does not matter whether the flames may have been first kindled by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder or by the slow smouldering of a bundle of rags. A riot, in general, very quickly loses its original character, whatever that may have been—and, let it have commenced how it may, becomes nothing but a work of confusion, outrage, and spoliation. Law and order once thrown down, numbers, ready to profit by the occasion, crowd from every quarter to help to trample upon them ; and from this moment the grand object is merely to aggravate and spread the uproar, consternation, and distraction—and, if possible, to tear society, as it were, in pieces—that brute strength may carry all before it. But this will be most forcibly shown by a short account of the origin and cause of the riots we have just mentioned.

And first, as to the cause which provoked so terrible a display of violence and madness. It has certainly seldom happened that a matter which at first drew so little notice has so suddenly started up into threatening importance, and raised such a storm in the state. In the year 1778 a bill had passed through Parliament to relieve the Roman Catholics from a very few of the many severe laws which had previously existed in our statute-book. It is to be remembered that England, like the rest of Europe, was anciently a Catholic country, and that the Protestant faith was only finally established by law on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, about two hundred and eighty years ago. But the Catholics were at that time, and long continued to be, a very numerous and powerful body—as any one indeed might suppose

would be the case—seeing not only that the old religion had been so long rooted in the kingdom, but that the new had really been enabled to take its place at last, more perhaps through the accident of Elizabeth happening to be a Protestant than from anything else. Under her sister Mary, who reigned before her, and who was a bigoted Catholic, the established church was Catholic also, although previously, in the time of Edward VI., it had been Protestant; and, in all likelihood, if Elizabeth had died after reigning only a few years, and the throne had come again to be filled immediately by a Catholic sovereign, an attempt would have again been made to restore the ancient faith. Many of its partizans, no doubt, looked to this chance—and particularly as long as Queen Mary of Scotland lived (who was the next heir to the crown, and a Catholic)—that is to say, for nearly thirty years of Elizabeth's reign, their hopes would be far from being extinguished. We need not wonder that, in this state of things, the Catholics should be regarded as public enemies. The established religion was in fact in considerable danger from them, aided, as they were likely to be, in overturning it by foreign powers. It was natural, therefore, for the Protestants to seek, as far as they could, to break their strength, by subjecting them to certain disabilities, and to endeavour to prevent the spread of their religion by laws discountenancing and laying penalties on the profession of it: accordingly, many such laws were passed in that reign. Under the next king, James I., the danger was thought not to be yet over; the Gunpowder Plot, indeed, which happened almost immediately after James came to the throne, awakened a greater dread and hatred of Popery than ever, and more laws were made against it. The case was nearly

the same a good many years afterwards, in the reign of Charles II. The brother of that monarch, and the heir of the crown, was a Catholic ; and it was deemed necessary to fence round the Protestant Establishment by new laws against persons of that religion, in order to meet this new danger. Again, after the Revolution of 1688 had chased this Catholic king, James II., from the throne, additional restrictions were imposed upon the profession of the Catholic religion. It was thought that its professors, being joined by the other friends and adherents of the deposed sovereign, might prove dangerous disturbers of the new settlement, and therefore ought to be well watched, and completely excluded from political power. Here, then, we have a full hundred years of law-making upon this subject ; and after so many enactments had been directed against them, it may be believed the Catholics were pretty securely bound down, and effectually shut out from having anything to do with the government. At the same time, this is to be said for the severities to which they were in those days subjected—that the laws under which they suffered were all passed while the two religions were, as it were, fighting with each other and struggling for the mastery, and that every new statute had been in some degree provoked by the state of public affairs, and had at least seemed to be called for by some new exigency which it was intended to meet. The passing of such laws at that time, therefore, was a very different thing from insisting upon their maintenance long afterwards, when all the dangers that occasioned them to be made had nearly disappeared. It is very evident that the Protestant Establishment could not need the same protection after it had existed for nearly three hundred years, as it might be supposed to require when it was compara-



tively new—nor when all the Catholics in the country amounted only to a few thousands, as when they were nearly half the population—nor when none but a Protestant king could sit on the throne, as when it might be filled by a Catholic—nor when the power of the pope was reduced almost to nothing, as when he ruled over the greater part of Europe—nor, in one word, when an attack by popery upon our institutions, either from within or from without the realm, was a thing which nobody even pretended to dream of, as when there was really great and acknowledged danger of such an attempt.

But the law which the Parliament repealed in 1778 was, at any rate, not one of those which any body could decently pretend to think ought to be kept up either for the security of the state or for any other good purpose whatever. It was not made at any of the difficult or alarming emergencies which we have mentioned, but after they had all passed away, when the Catholic religion had been put down for much more than a hundred years; and when the settlement effected at the Revolution, and now firmly established, had placed the existing institutions of the kingdom in a state of much greater security than they had ever before enjoyed. Yet this was the time chosen to pass against the Catholics by far the most cruel law to which they had yet been subjected; it was thought fit to bind them in the straitest fetters when their power to work any mischief, supposing them to have been inclined to do so, was the least. The history of this law is disgraceful. It was brought forward in the year 1699, ten years after the Revolution, and, strange to say, was passed, it may be literally asserted, *against the wish of all parties in the nation and in the legislature.* The thing happened

is this way. The party in opposition to the king and the ministry laid a scheme to get their adversaries into a difficulty, by forcing them either to do what was very bad and absurd in itself, and contrary, besides, to their well-known principles, or to make themselves unpopular by seeming to protect the hated Papists. "We will offer them a new law against Popery," said these plotting politicians, "more severe than any that has yet been proposed; they will of course reject it, and then we will represent them to the people as the friends of Rome, and the enemies of the Protestant interest." So to work they went upon this plan. They brought in the bill of which we are speaking, "and made it," says an eloquent writer, "purposely wicked and absurd, that it might be rejected. The then court-party, discovering their game, turned the tables on them, and returned their bill to them stuffed with still greater absurdities, that its loss might lie upon its original authors. They, finding their own ball thrown back to them, kicked it back again to their adversaries. And this Act, loaded with the double injustice of two parties, neither of whom intended to pass what they hoped the other would be persuaded to reject, went through the legislature, contrary to the real wish of all parts of it, and of all the parties that composed it. In this manner, these insolent and profligate factions, as if they were playing with balls and counters, made a sport of the fortunes and the liberties of their fellow-creatures."

Such was the scandalous origin of this law. We will avail ourselves of the language of the same writer to describe its nature and import. By this statute, "the saying mass (a church-service in the Latin tongue, not exactly the same as our liturgy, but very near it, and containing no offence whatsoever against the laws,

or against good morals) was forged into a crime, punishable with perpetual imprisonment. The teaching school, an useful and virtuous occupation, even the teaching in a private family, was in every Catholic subjected to the same unproportioned punishment. Your industry and the bread of your children were taxed for a pecuniary reward to stimulate avarice to do what nature refused—to inform and prosecute on this law. Every Roman Catholic was, under the same Act, to forfeit his estate to his nearest Protestant relation, until, through a profession of what he did not believe, he redeemed by his hypocrisy what the law had transferred to the kinsman as the recompense of his profligacy. When thus turned out of doors from his paternal estate, he was disabled from acquiring any other by any industry, donation, or charity; but was rendered a foreigner in his native land, only because he retained the religion, along with the property, handed down to him from those who had been the old inhabitants of the land before him.”

“The effects of the Act,” the writer afterwards remarks, “have been as mischievous as its origin was ludicrous and shameful. From that time, every person of that communion, lay and ecclesiastic, has been obliged to fly from the face of day. The clergy, concealed in garrets of private houses, or obliged to take a shelter (hardly safe to themselves, but infinitely dangerous to their country) under the privileges of foreign ministers, officiated as their servants, and under their protection. The whole body of the Catholics, condemned to beggary and to ignorance in their native land, have been obliged to learn the principles of letters, at the hazard of all their other principles, from the charity of your enemies. They have been taxed to their ruin, at the pleasure of necessitous and profligate relations, and ac-

cording to the measure of their necessity and profligacy. Examples of this are many and affecting." In fact, the law was in every way so monstrous, such an outrage upon common sense and common humanity, that it could not be enforced without shocking the whole community. Think of a son being permitted, upon merely swearing himself a Protestant, to seize upon his parent's estate, and to turn out that parent from his home, and the home of his ancestors, to spend the rest of his days a wandering beggar. The operation of such a law, it is plain, could not be often publicly exhibited without rousing a spirit which would have compelled its removal from the statute-book. All the better feelings of society were united in throwing obstructions in the way of its action; and the judges themselves, when called upon to apply it, did everything they legally could do, and perhaps in some cases even stretched their powers a little beyond their due limits, to save those who would have suffered by it from the injustice and cruelty with which they were threatened. Still, as the law stood unrepealed, and any man who was black enough in heart to do such a thing might take advantage of it, if he was next heir to an estate held by a Catholic, it could not be always prevented from taking effect. Many Catholics only retained their estates by consenting to pay large sums of money to those at whose mercy they were, whenever the latter threatened to exert their powers. Besides this, any common informer, by the Act, might prevent a Catholic from continuing to hold an estate which he had inherited or purchased, by merely denouncing him as a person who had not made the declaration against Popery; or, if the unfortunate man had ever been guilty of the new-made *crimes* of celebrating mass, or acting, however



privately or unobtrusively, as a schoolmaster or a family tutor, could by a word consign him to the most dreadful of all dooms, perpetual imprisonment. To exist thus in subjection to the very lowest and most worthless members of society (for such these informers *might* be), buying their forbearance from time to time by the payment of almost any tribute they chose to extort, was a slavery at once the most cruel and the most degrading.

This was the oppressive law which the parliament repealed in 1778, after it had disgraced the character of English justice for nearly fourscore years. The bill for its repeal passed through both houses of the legislature without a vote being given or a voice raised against it—the best evidence of the conviction that was entertained by all parties of the propriety and equity of the measure, and of its having no tendency to endanger the Protestant interests. Nor did it excite, at first, any alarm in the nation at large, or any other feeling except that of general satisfaction that so severe a law was abolished. Two bodies, indeed, composed of obscure individuals, were formed in London and Edinburgh about the time when the repealing bill was brought in, to watch, as they professed, the growth of Popery, and to guard the Protestant interests; but their existence was hardly known for a long while to any one except their own members. Some months afterwards, however, the Edinburgh Association began to make more noise. It was generally understood that it was intended to propose to parliament the extending to the Catholics of Scotland the same relief which had been granted to their English brethren, for it was only the latter to whom the recent bill referred. The report of this intention excited considerable alarm in Scotland, particularly in the western

parts of the country, where the hatred of Popery had always been extremely strong. It is not easy to conceive how any body could be brought seriously to fear the overthrow of the Protestant faith, professed by ninety-nine out of every hundred individuals in the country, from a much greater relaxation of the bonds of the Catholics than was now contemplated; but so it was—the notion that their religion and their liberties were in danger took possession of the minds of the people, and speedily inflamed them to a wild fever of terror and rage. Busy zealots encouraged this phrenzy, often by the grossest misrepresentations. In particular, the members of the Association which sat at Edinburgh, or Committee for the Protestant Interest, as they called themselves, left no means untried to stir up the worst passions of their fellow-countrymen against the unhappy Catholics. They established other societies in every part of the kingdom, with which they corresponded; they collected large funds by means of the subscriptions of those whom they terrified into the belief that the days of Popery and persecution were again at hand, unless averted by their exertions; and they were in this way enabled to scatter about everywhere vast numbers of the most violent handbills, pamphlets, and other writings, calling upon the people to do nothing less than to extirpate the whole body of their Catholic brethren from the land. One of the publications, for instance, which was extensively dispersed, either by the Association or by some of their partizans, gave the following directions for the treatment of this unfortunate class of persons:—"Have no dealings with them; neither buy from them, nor sell them anything; neither borrow nor lend with them; give them no visits, nor receive any from them. . . . . In order to do this effectually, let the

ministers, elders, heritors, and heads of families, of any parish in Scotland who have declared against the repeal, and who approve of such declarations, meet by themselves; and let them make a list of the papists within their bounds, containing their names, callings, and places of abode, and publish it, that all men may know them; and let each parish make a solemn public resolution to drop all intercourse with papists; particularly bearing in mind that they will not for the future employ papists in any business whatsoever; that they will not buy nor sell with them, nor willingly keep them company; and that whosoever within their bounds acts contrary to this resolution shall be reputed a papist, and dealt with accordingly." This is, in plain language, as much as to say, "Do not gather together and hunt the Catholics out of the country, that is not necessary—starve them out of it. If they and their children are hungry, and come to you to purchase bread, refuse their money—turn from them, however long or closely you may have been connected with them in the intercourse of business or of acquaintanceship, and leave them to perish. They are few and utterly helpless; a single family, perhaps, is all the parish contains; it is evident, therefore, that if you follow this plan of treating them, they will not be able to hold out long. If they do not take flight, they must lie down and die where they are." But instigations such as this were not the only ones by which the bigots who were now at work stirred up the passions of their deluded followers. The more violent among them did not hesitate to point out more active measures, and to excite the people to the most bloody vengeance against not only the Catholics, but every individual who ventured publicly to blame or oppose their proceedings. Principal Robertson, one of the clergymen of the city,

and one of the most eminent men his country ever produced, was suspected to have exerted his influence in forwarding the apprehended measure of relief: he had, in fact, done no such thing, but, on the contrary, liberal as were his own principles and feelings, as soon as the temper of the people became manifest, he advised the government to give up their intention of bringing in the bill. The manner in which he was treated, as afterwards described by himself, in consequence of this unfounded suspicion, may serve as a sample of the persecution to which every man was exposed whom these agitators chose to point out as marks for the popular hatred and fury. "My character as a man, as a citizen, and as a minister of the gospel, has been delineated in the most odious colours; I have been represented as a pensioner of the pope, as an agent for Rome, as a seducer of my brethren to Popery, as the tool of a king and ministry bent on overturning the Protestant religion: in pamphlets, in newspapers, and handbills, I have been held out to an enraged mob, as the victim who deserved to be next sacrificed, after they had satiated their vengeance on a popish bishop. My family has been disquieted—my house has been attacked—I have been threatened with pistols and daggers—I have been warned that I was watched in my going out and my coming home—the time has been set beyond which I was not to live—and for several weeks not a day passed on which I did not receive incendiary letters."\*

These atrocious means, adopted to inflame the public mind, at length produced their natural effect—an effect not the less natural and inevitable that the wretched zealots who had laboured so hard to blow up the fire

\* Speech in General Assembly on 25th May, 1779.



were, or pretended to be, astonished when they saw it at last burst out into a flame.

Late in the evening of Sunday, the 31st of January, the following incendiary letter was communicated to one of the magistrates, having been, we suppose, picked up in the street:—"Men and brethren, whoever shall find this letter will take (it) as a warning to meet at Leith-Wynd on Wednesday next, in the evening, to pull down that pillar of Popery lately erected there. A PROTESTANT. Edin., January 29, 1779. P. S.—Please to read this carefully, keep it clean, and drop it somewhere else. For king and country—UNITY." The paper was addressed on the back, "To every Protestant into whose hands this letter shall come, greeting."

The "Pillar of Popery," as it was absurdly designated, which the people were thus invited to pull down, was in fact a house which had been erected, a year before the bill for the relief of the Catholics had ever been mentioned in parliament, for the residence of the Catholic bishop, and in which one room was appropriated as a place of worship for his small congregation. Four other Catholic families lodged under the same roof.

The letters scattered about the streets on Saturday and Sunday, the two last days of January, had called upon the people, as we have seen, to proceed to the business of demolishing this building on the Wednesday following; but, worked up to fury as they had been, their impatience was too great to wait till the appointed day. Between three and four in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 2nd of February, a mob, which in the first instance consisted principally of boys, collected around the devoted house. The provost (or chief magistrate of the city) was not long in coming with some of his brethren to the place; but, although they came attended

by the city guard, a force powerful enough, there can be no doubt, to have effectually quelled the tumult at this stage if it had been allowed to act, the rioters felt probably no great dread of being seriously interrupted in their proceedings by these functionaries; for the town council had all along openly leagued themselves with the Protestant Committee, in whose name, and at whose incitement, the work of destruction was now about to be commenced. In fact, nothing beyond what we may call the acting of a few mutual civilities seems to have passed between the two parties: the provost, by his own account,\* exhorted the crowd to disperse, not because they were violating the laws, but because, as he told them, their point had been already gained, inasmuch as he had received an assurance from London that the bill for the relief of the Catholics would not be brought in. The rioters, on hearing this announcement, it is said, withdrew in a body;—they could hardly do less in return for the politeness of their magistrates, who on their part withdrew also, leaving indeed the show of a guard to protect the building, but taking care that no one of themselves should remain to give the men authority to act. It happened, accordingly, as was to be expected; as soon as the official personages were fairly out of sight, the rioters, who had considerably refrained from beginning the outrage they had met to perpetrate so long as these nominal guardians of the law were actually looking on, returned to the scene of action, overpowered the guard, says the narrative, and proceeded without further opposition to execute their purpose. The families who lodged in the house with difficulty escaped with their lives; fire was applied

\* See Narrative of the late Riots at Edinburgh, and Vindication of the Magistracy. 4to. Lond. 1779.

to the lower part of the building, while the timber-work in the upper floors was at the same time beaten in to give it more fuel and readier vent ; and in a short time the whole was a blazing ruin. It continued to burn till noon the following day, the people not permitting any attempt to be made to extinguish the fire ; and a party of soldiers, who were marched to the place and detained there for some time, not having been allowed to do anything more than stand by. A few persons indeed were taken prisoners, but apparently only to keep them out of harm's way ; for, strange to tell, all those who were captured, both here and at other parts of the town, during the continuance of the disturbances, were, soon after their termination, set at large by the authorities, without ever being brought to trial, or any inquiry being made into their conduct.

This, however, was only one of many points at which the tumult was raging, and the work of destruction going forward. Soon after the commencement of the attack upon the chapel in Leith Wynd, another multitude collected around the old Catholic place of worship, a house likewise inhabited by several families, in Blackfriar's Wynd. Here likewise they were at first met by the magistrates, attended by a party of fencibles ; and by means, we suppose, of the same supplication and coaxing which had answered its purpose in the other case, were induced to make a pretence of departing. But they went off only to return again when they should find a more suitable moment, and in the mean time to carry their ravages over other parts of the city. The inconsiderable number of Catholics then in Edinburgh belonged chiefly to the very poorest classes. Their unprovided lodgings it was no object to attack. Plunder had now become the order of the day among the rioters ; and they were not, of course, to spend their

time in work which would not pay them for their pains. However, they directed their course to the houses and shops of some tradesmen of the obnoxious persuasion, stripped them of whatever they contained, and then set them on fire—the inmates barely escaping with their lives. Several other Catholics, particularly two or three ladies, were insulted and threatened in the streets, and obliged to take shelter in the castle.

Already, then, we see the character of the mob changed. At first the sole passion by which they were, or seemed to be, moved was a hatred of Popery, which blinded them indeed to justice and common humanity, but still did not permit them to add theft to their other crimes. In truth, however, the thieves had been among them at first as well as now; they only kept their true character and object concealed till they had helped the deluded populace, with whom the riot commenced, to bring about that state of universal confusion and terror in which they might carry on their depredations. Such, as we have already had occasion to remark, is the natural course of a riot, begin how it may.

Finding no more of the poor Catholics worth the plundering, the ringleaders of the mob now resolved to seek other victims. Still leading on their followers, therefore, by the cry of “No Popery,” they took their way to the houses of some of the most distinguished Protestants who were known or believed to be favourable to the proposed mitigation of the Catholic disabilities. It was now that they attacked the residence of Principal Robertson, in the College. But they found that gentleman so well prepared for their reception, a number of his friends well armed having assembled to defend him, that, after smashing a few windows, they deemed it best to retire without attempting any further outrage. They also went to the house of Mr. Crosbie,



an eminent advocate, who, it was understood, had been employed to draw up the bill of relief; but here, also, they were intimidated by the arrangements which had been made for resisting them, and they did not venture upon any actual violence.

During part of the night, the town was generally tranquil—at least the magistrates say that they walked through many of the streets about three or four o'clock in the morning, and found every thing quiet. But the rioters, indeed, seem to have throughout the whole affair always stopped proceedings till these gentlemen had turned their backs. Between eight and nine on Wednesday morning, however, information was brought that the mob had again attacked the old chapel in Blackfriars Wynd, from which they had been persuaded to retire the evening before. Some soldiers were immediately dispatched to the place, who, the magistrates tell us, not only dispersed the crowd, but actually captured some women, with articles which they had pilfered in their possession. The dispersion of the crowd, however, it turns out, was not effected till it could be done, we may suppose, with a very gentle exertion of force, namely, after they had plundered the house of everything it contained, destroying or carrying away, along with other effects, a valuable library belonging to the bishop, and reduced the whole to a heap of ruins. After taking their own time to commit all this devastation, the soldiers looking quietly on all the while, they were no doubt very easily dispersed.

The two "Pillars of Popery," however, having been now pulled down, the mere zealots probably thought that the affair had gone far enough. But they had raised a tempest which was rather too strong for them to guide. Their Protestant mob had turned to a mere band of plunderers. They were attacking the shops in

various parts of the town, which, in fact, seemed wholly at their mercy. All who had anything to lose began to be afraid. In these circumstances an additional military force was sent for, and a proclamation was printed and dispersed, announcing that, if the tumult should continue, the soldiers would now certainly fire. The mob, however, do not seem to have greatly heeded this threat, for the riot lasted all the day. The soldiers, indeed, are stated to have done what they could to protect the shops that were attacked, but their services appear to have been confined to an endeavour to keep off or to terrify the assailants by merely showing themselves. They were forced, we are told, to stand still, without being allowed to use their arms, while the mob pelted them with stones, by which many of them were severely wounded.\*

These dreadful disorders were not, in fact, put down until the rioters had obtained the full concession of all they demanded. The magistrates thought proper to announce by proclamation to the triumphant, because entirely unresisted mob, that their wishes would prevail, and that no bill for the relief of the Catholics would be brought into parliament. The Lord Provost, it was declared, had received from London the most complete assurance to this effect. It was hoped, therefore, the proclamation went on to say, that there would now be an end of those riotous proceedings which had arisen from the misapprehensions of "well-meaning people." Any future disorders, however, they added, would be considered as proceeding "only from the wicked views of bad and designing men;" and would, therefore, be repressed by the most vigorous measures. After this nobody could deny that the mob were well entitled to look upon themselves as having obtained a complete

\* Annual Register for 1780, p. 30.

victory over their magistrates at least, if not over the government of the country itself. Any doubt that might remain upon this last head was removed a few days after by the appearance on the walls of another proclamation from the Lord Justice Clerk, the first criminal judge in Scotland, intimating in still more decided terms than the former one, that the Relief Bill would not be brought in—his Lordship, as he chose to inform the people, having just had a letter conveying that piece of intelligence from Lord Weymouth, Secretary of State. Not a syllable was to be found in the paper expressing any disapproval of the recent excesses. On the contrary, the perpetrators of those outrages must naturally have conceived that the motives at least of their conduct were considered praiseworthy by the government, so praiseworthy, that anything illegal they might have done was on that account overlooked and pardoned. They would be still more convinced of this when, soon after, as we have already mentioned, all the prisoners who had been taken in the riots were discharged without being ever brought to trial.

The magistrates of Edinburgh took great credit to themselves for the manner in which they had contrived to allay these disturbances—by gentle words, as they would have made it out, instead of by the shedding of blood. All good men will abhor bloodshed, and will regard the destruction of human life, when not called for by a great necessity, as one of the greatest of crimes. Even in the suppression of a tumult, the employment of fire-arms is not to be hastily resorted to, nor till all other means of asserting the sovereignty of the law have been tried and failed. But still, as the grand interest of society, the law must be maintained in its authority, even if it should be at the expense of the lives of some of its violators. Let the daring wrong-doers have all

manner of warning of the fate to which they expose themselves ; let them be with all earnestness and anxiety exhorted and besought to withdraw from a course which is leading them to destruction ; but if after all this they will persist in their wild attacks upon the rights of all around them, pillaging every man's goods on which they can lay their hands, or destroying with merciless fury whatever they can approach, there is a necessity for stopping their desolating progress, and such of them as may perish in the contest which they have so recklessly provoked have as little claim upon our pity or regret as any malefactors whose crimes have ever brought them to a violent death.

The Edinburgh mob no doubt went very far beyond the views of those by whom it had been excited to pull down the chapels, when it proceeded to the indiscriminate plunder of Catholic and Protestant, and seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole city. But it was not now to be subdued by the voice of the law ; the law had been thrown down at its feet, and the only expedients left for the restoration of the public tranquillity were either the application of force—now certain to be met with a ferocious resistance, and to be followed by a profuse waste of life, in proportion to the time that had been lost and the weakness of the temporising measures that had been adopted—or the complete submission of the authorities, and their concession of all the mob's demands. The latter course was taken ; the magistrates consented to enter into a formal treaty with the victorious rabble, and a few days afterwards the government of the country ratified this disgraceful surrender. The array of the rioters was thus broken up and dispersed ; the complete triumph they had gained left them nothing more to wish for ; quiet was restored to the streets, which had lately rung with such terrific confusion and



uproar ; the two popish chapels, besides, were in ashes ; the professors of that faith and their friends had been terrified and humbled, and received a lesson which they were not likely soon to forget ; and best of all, the hated Catholic Relief Bill had been smothered before seeing the light. It may perhaps be thought by some that all these benefits were cheaply purchased at the cost merely of a temporary prostration of the law : let such as are disposed to take this view of the matter mark what followed.

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### CHAPTER III.

No sooner had the news of what had taken place in Scotland—of the victory, as it was openly and truly called, which the Protestant Committee there had obtained over the Catholics—reached the Society of the same name which was established in London, than these zealots seemed to have determined, if possible, to rival the exploits of their northern brethren. Scotland, by the spirit she had shown, had forced the government to draw back from its intention of relieving the Catholics, in so far as she was concerned ; and was England, it was said, to submit to an indignity which Scotland had successfully resisted ? The legislature must be forced to retrace its steps, and repeal the law passed in the last session of parliament. The work of stirring up the passions of the people by the dissemination of inflammatory addresses was now pursued with new zeal and activity. Every expedient was at the same time employed to augment the numbers of the Association, and to gain an imposing notoriety for its proceedings. At

the first institution of this body, as we have already stated, it consisted of only a few obscure individuals, whose meetings for a long time were nearly quite unnoticed; but now large crowds were wont to assemble to hear their debates, and many were induced to inscribe their names as members. In these preparations for the grand effort passed the summer of 1779; at length, in the month of November of that year, the heads of the Society conceived that their scheme was sufficiently advanced to entitle them, by a new stroke, to crown their rising importance.

Lord George Gordon, the brother of the Duke of Gordon, then in his twenty-ninth year, had been for some time in parliament, but had only of late begun to distinguish himself by his vehement zeal for what he called the Protestant interest. He had been a member of the House of Commons when the bill for the relief of the English Catholics passed; but so far from opposing this measure, he is said to have expressed his approval of it. Another account, however, says, that he afterwards excused himself for his silence on that occasion, on the ground that he had not then "taken to speaking." When he did take to speaking, which happened soon after this, he made himself very remarkable by the oddity of his style of oratory, as well as by many other singularities of manner. He was, in fact, a source of great amusement to the House, and was generally looked upon by the sober-minded part of the community as a little insane. However, as he had a great flow of words, made a profuse use in all his harangues of the language of scripture, and professed an extraordinary zeal for the Protestant religion, and an equally bitter hostility to the Catholics, he had already acquired for himself considerable popularity, both among enthusiasts of his own principles and with the more ignorant classes

of the nation in general. Other peculiarities in his situation and conduct, besides his bigotry against the Catholics, contributed to recommend him to the popular favour. His rank gave him consideration in the eyes of the multitude, which was not diminished but rather increased by his being known to be very poor; especially as he was in the habit of boasting that he had rejected several opportunities of mending his fortunes at the expense of his principles. Then, his ardour in the cause of Protestantism itself was scarcely more fierce than that which he avowed on all occasions for the political rights and privileges of his humbler fellow-countrymen. To these professions was added the studied practice of various external affectations, such as the artful demagogue generally finds useful for his purposes. Contemporary accounts, for instance, describe him as wearing his hair, by way of suiting his religious pretensions, combed stiff and flat over his forehead and temples, after the fashion of the old Puritans—a singularity which would look more ostentatious in those days when it was usual for gentlemen to have their hair more ornamentally dressed than now. Such a personage, heated with zeal, not ungifted with talents of a certain sort, and hungering after the distinction and power of a popular leader, was just the man whom the Protestant Association now wanted to head their proceedings. Accordingly, on the 12th of November, the council wrote Lord George a letter, soliciting him to become their president; and he at once accepted the proffered honour.\* He was now exactly in the situation which, with his temper and ambition, he probably most coveted. Unfortunately, it was also that in which, with such dispositions, his power of doing mischief was immense.

\* Evidence of the Rev. E. Middleton on Trial of Lord George Gordon—Howel's State Trials, vol. xxi. p. 563.

His lordship is said to have been an eye-witness of the riots which had recently taken place at Edinburgh;\* and there can be little doubt as to the sort of impression made upon his mind by the victory then obtained by the rabble over the legislature. Indeed, the consequences likely to flow from the feebleness shown by the government on that occasion were foreseen by many persons of very different principles from the president of the Protestant Association. Very soon after the termination of the Edinburgh riots, when it was announced by the ministers in parliament that they no longer intended to bring in the bill formerly spoken of for the relief of the Scotch Catholics, they were warned that their submission to the dictation of the Edinburgh populace was setting a fatal example to that of London: yet the government proceeded in the same timid and short-sighted course. An eminent member of parliament, having moved that Catholics should be exempted in future from a very absurd burthen which an old law had imposed upon them—namely, the obligation of paying certain taxes twice over—it was thought proper to resist this reasonable proposal, not indeed by attempting to show that it was other than reasonable, but on the hardly disguised ground that, notwithstanding its justice, it would displease the Protestant Associators, were it adopted. In like manner, when a petition was presented from the Edinburgh Catholics, praying for compensation for their losses in the late riots, even this demand the ministers were not ashamed to meet by moving the previous question; that is to say, they did not pretend that the claim was not a perfectly equitable one, but only resisted its being taken into consideration at all. In other words, the wrongs of these innocent sufferers were to remain unredressed, because to notice

\* *Fanaticism and Treason*, &c. 8vo. Lond. 1780.



them might probably give offence to those by whom they had been inflicted. It would have been wonderful indeed if all this mistaken lenity had not encouraged the mob-leaders to further assaults upon the legislature—though the daring lengths to which they actually proceeded, and the lamentable scenes which attended the renewed explosion of the popular fury certainly far exceeded all that any one had predicted or apprehended.

The Protestant club having got Lord George for their president, exerted themselves now in their work of inflaming the passions of the multitude with more activity and more success than ever. The attraction of his lordship's name, no doubt, helped greatly to swell their ranks. The grand scheme upon which they were for the present intent was the getting up of a petition to parliament for the repeal of the late Relief Bill. In this, of course, there was nothing unconstitutional, or for which any person had a right to blame them. They were entitled to express their sentiments and wishes, be they what they might, in this way, to the legislature, and also to endeavour to give weight to their appeal by procuring as many signatures to it as they could. But the leading members of the Association, or at least a majority of them, carried their views as to the means to be taken, in order to obtain their demands, much farther than this. Their plan was nothing else than to terrify, or rather actually to compel, the parliament to grant them what they sought, by the employment of physical force—by arraying an immense multitude of their followers, and leading them against the two houses like an invading army. It is true that they did not in so many words declare such to be their design; nay, that after they had failed in their main object, and were in danger of being called to account by the law for the deplorable mischiefs which their insane rashness had occasioned,

they were most earnest in denying that any intention either to force or to frighten the legislature had ever entered their thoughts. But men's motives and purposes must be judged by their acts, not by their professions or their apologies; and, if we go by this safe rule, we fear the facts about to be related can leave but one opinion as to what was the real aim of the president of the Protestant Association and his colleagues.

It was at a meeting held at a public-house called the Crown and Rolls, on the 4th of May, 1780, (Holy Thursday,) that it seems first to have been proposed that the members of the Association should be called upon to carry up their petition to the House of Commons in a body. This meeting, however, was a thin one; Lord George himself was absent; and nothing was decided upon. According to a member of the committee, when the proposal was made "there was a great deal of confusion; some were for it, and some against it." Most of the members of the committee, indeed, are asserted at this time to have been inclined to put off the presenting of the petition altogether till another session of parliament. If such was really their mind, they were not long in being persuaded to adopt a different course. Lord George having learned what was going forward assembled them; and "after two or three meetings," says the witness we have just quoted, "they were so convinced by his lordship's arguments of the expediency of presenting the petition in the present session, that they unanimously agreed to it." Another public meeting was then advertised to take place on Monday, the 29th of the same month, in Coachmakers' Hall, Noble Street.

Accordingly, on that day a very large crowd of people convened in the appointed place. Lord George having made his appearance took the chair, and immediately

proceeded to address the assembly. In the course of his harangue, having read over a number of the old penal laws against the Catholics, he told the people that his Majesty, by giving his assent to the late Bill of Relief, had broken his coronation oath, and brought himself to the same pass in which James II. was after his abdication.\* He reminded them of the success with which the efforts of the Scotch had been crowned, and hoped that no one of those who had signed the present petition would be ashamed or afraid to show himself in the cause. For his own part, he said, he was ready, if necessary, to go to the gallows in it; but he would not present the petition of a lukewarm people; if such was their disposition, they must find another president; he would not carry up the petition to the House of Commons unless he were met on the occasion in St. George's Fields by at least twenty thousand people; if there should be one man less, he would decline the office. He recommended to them the example of the Scotch, who, by their firmness, as he was pleased to call it, had carried their point; and he begged them to remember that he was not asking them to go into any danger which he would not himself share.†

This address produced upon the audience the effect that might have been expected. When his lordship, telling them that he had been informed that many of them were against going up with their petition, desired to know from themselves if it were so, cries of "O no, my lord; no, my lord," were immediately returned from all parts of the hall.‡ He then formally moved that they should all meet at the place he had named at ten o'clock on the morning of the following Friday (the

\* Evidence of William Hay.

† Evidence of Mr. Metcalf and Mr. Anstruther.

‡ Evidence of the Rev. E. Middleton.

2nd of June)—that every petitioner and real Protestant should wear a blue cockade in his hat—and that, for the better preservation of order, they should arrange themselves in separate divisions, the Protestants of the city of London placing themselves on the right, those of the city of Westminster on the left, those of the borough of Southwark forming a third body, and the Scotch residing in London and its neighbourhood making the fourth and last. These resolutions, as soon as they were proposed, were carried by acclamation. They were immediately afterwards printed, and posted up and dispersed in all directions over the metropolis.

Lord George Gordon and his associates in these proceedings had no intention, it may be admitted, of overturning the existing institutions of the state, or of introducing the horrors of general confusion. But their rashness, notwithstanding, was exceedingly foolish and criminal. In the first place, it is perfectly evident that they wished and expected, by means of their array of the populace, to overawe the legislature into the granting of the particular demand which they were about to urge; or for what purpose were the multitude to assemble at all? There may be some meaning and propriety in the people collecting and forming into gay or imposing processions on an occasion of national rejoicing, or any other at which a mere show is appropriate; but here no festive display could be intended; the sole object manifestly was a display of numbers and physical strength. Those to whom the petition was addressed were known to be almost to a man opposed to its prayer; but it was hoped that the sight of the vast army of its supporters, drawn up in battalions, headed by their captains, and evidently in earnest, would make them feel it to be prudent to vote, not as they wished, but as they were desired. That the views of Lord George and the other conveners



of the mob went to this extent, we think there can be no doubt. He himself and some of the more heated of his confederates, it is probable, looked even to something a little way beyond this; at least, the strange language he used in regard to the example which had been set by the Edinburgh rioters, and his own willingness to go to the gallows in the cause, would incline one to suspect that he would not have been sorry to see a popish chapel or two pulled down or burnt by his followers before they separated. But the grand mistake of these presumptuous zealots was the common one that is made by all who think to work any good end through the agency of mobs. They were letting loose a whirlwind which was sure, ere long, to be as much beyond their control as any tempest of the elements that ever raged. In their printed advertisement they expressed their expectation that a much larger crowd than even that mentioned by Lord George in his speech would assemble on the occasion of presenting the petition; "Inasmuch," the paper began, "as no hall in London can contain FORTY THOUSAND PERSONS;" and then it went on in the words of the motion to announce that the meeting would be held in St. George's Fields, and to give directions as to the cockades and the divisions. What was to be expected from so immense a gathering of people, animated by one purpose, and inflamed as these Protestant petitioners were known to be (such, indeed, was the boast of their leaders) by the most intense zeal for their opinions,—what, we say, was to be expected, especially in the event, which was in the highest degree probable, of their demands being rejected, except disorder and tumult? The noble demagogue, it is true, at whose bidding they were to assemble, had, we are told, according to the form commonly observed in such cases, mixed up or ended his fiery harangue about the example set them by

the Scotch with sundry exhortations to avoid all breaches of the peace, and not even to return a blow if they should receive one. "If they smite you," said his lordship, in his usual pious style, "on the one cheek, turn the other also."\* But he could not be weak enough to suppose that such crumbs of good advice would go any great way in restraining the passions of his numerous followers. Such as the recommendation was, it was addressed only to a very few hundreds of the many thousands who were expected to be present on the grand day. But even if all the forty thousand members of the Association had been well ascertained to be the most peaceably disposed persons in the world (of which, however, they must themselves have had some doubts), who or what was to prevent many others of a different temper from mixing with their meek array? The opportunity was a tempting one for evil-intentioned persons of all descriptions to endeavour to take advantage of; any one had merely to put a bit of blue ribbon in his hat if he wanted to be taken for one of the associators; or he might dispense with that ceremony, and come forth, as well as they, to make confusion on his own account. Disorderly characters in plenty were, in fact, sure to be there, let the forty thousand petitioners demean themselves as they might. Lord George, indeed, professed a wonderful reliance on the orderly habits of his followers. At the meeting on the 29th, when some one expressed his fears that if they should assemble in St. George's Fields at so early an hour as was proposed, they might fall to drinking, his lordship answered, that "the Protestant Association were not drunken people, and he apprehended no danger on that account." But, as we have said, many other persons besides the members of this sober club were certain

\* Evidence of Rev. E. Middleton.

to be in the crowd; and for the character and dispositions of these strangers the noble lord could hardly pretend to vouch. Besides, the associators themselves, it ought to have been considered, were to be exposed on this occasion to unusually strong temptation; collected as they would be in great force, if a tumult should by any chance spring up, and their own favourite war-cry should be heard at its head,—they too, soberly and peaceably inclined as they ordinarily were, might be caught by the contagious excitement, and borne along, hardly knowing what they did, even into the very thick of the plunder and devastation. Was it to be expected that, agitated with indignation at the rejection of their demands by the legislature, they should hear the inspiring yell of “No Popery” on every side of them, and not rush to join the bands of wild avengers by whom it was raised in their work of rage and destruction? In this way it is that riots, commence with whom they may, have almost always swept into their vortex many who, when they were first drawn to mix in the crowd, little thought of the excesses and crimes in which they were shortly to bear a part. What had lately taken place in Scotland ought to have warned Lord George and his friends of this danger. But that example, as we have already seen, appears to have been taken by them as anything rather than a warning, both in this point of view and in every other.

We now proceed to detail the deplorable events which all this reckless fanaticism brought about—taking our notices, as far as possible, from the statements of those who were present, or the accounts which were drawn up and published at the time.

By ten o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 2nd of June, the multitude, as directed, had assembled in great force in St. George's Fields. Their numbers are stated

to have amounted to forty or fifty thousand. Many of them wore blue cockades; and they were arranged, as Lord George Gordon had desired, in four divisions, under banners inscribed with the words "Protestant Association," "No Popery!" and other party mottos. During the interval before Lord George made his appearance, they employed themselves in singing psalms and hymns.\* His lordship, however, did not keep them very long waiting. A friend, who called on him this morning at his house in Welbeck Street, about nine, found him at breakfast, with his hat lying beside him on the table, adorned with an immense blue cockade, and his sword drawn near it.† He came in a coach to St. George's Fields about eleven. He seems, on his arrival, to have delivered a short address to those immediately around him; after which he drove off to the House of Commons: the people at the same time leaving the ground in three bodies, with the purpose of crossing the river, and after marching through the heart of the town, meeting again in Palace Yard, around the Houses of Parliament. The first division accordingly proceeded over London Bridge, the second over Blackfriars' Bridge, and the third over Westminster Bridge, with colours flying and bagpipes playing. The petition was carried before one of the divisions (which, is somewhat uncertain), on a man's head. During their march the several bodies conducted themselves with perfect decorum. By about half-past three they had all arrived and taken their stations in Palace Yard. They celebrated their re-assembling here by giving a general shout.

Before this time, however, symptoms of disorder had begun to show themselves, if not among the members of the Association, yet among the mixed crowd, who

\* Fanaticism and Treason, &c.

† Ibid.



had also gathered to the principal scene of proceedings. Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, a member of the House of Commons, who rode from St. George's Fields to Westminster, between one and two, says, in his evidence, "There was a vast number of people upon the road, and many coming back from the Fields, for the great body of them had marched away to the city; but I met vast numbers returning to the Fields, and many were going from the Fields, and there were great numbers in the Fields." As yet, the throng seemed to Sir Philip to consist of the better sort of tradesmen: "They were all," he says, "well-dressed decent sort of people." Another witness, however, Alexander Fraser, tell us, that so early as eleven o'clock many of the persons who were assembled in groups on Westminster Bridge were in liquor. These persons had all blue cockades; but Fraser, who was himself a member of the Association, is unwilling to allow that any of them were his fellow-members. Between three and four, when the Association came up (we suppose he means the last squadron of the petitioners), "these people," he says, "were going along the bridge promiscuously, in the greatest confusion; I suppose a hundred of them were passing continually both from the Borough and to the Borough." He adds, that when he asked them if they were of the Association, "one, with a great stick, who seemed to be in liquor, held up his stick, and said, 'No, damn it, *this* is all our Association.'"

The thieves and others whose interest it was to create disorder were probably, in fact, already at work. Of course, however, their plan was to assume the popular colours, to vociferate the popular watch-words, and to confound themselves in every other way with those who formed the bulk of the multitude, that they might draw in the latter to aid them in their attempts to produce com-

motion; just as at Bristol, a few years ago, the persons who led on the populace to the perpetration of the terrible outrages of which that city was the scene, deluded the crowds in which they mixed, first to applaud and then to join in their violence, by being louder than any body else in bawling out Reform! and hissing at and reviling Sir Charles Wetherell. These are the well-known ways by which collected masses of people are inflamed, and transformed from quiet and orderly assemblies into ungovernable mobs. But, indeed, from other causes, as well as the one just mentioned, the multitude was now fast falling into disorder. The more idle and unsteady members of the different bands were, in all likelihood, by this time beginning to tire of merely marching about and standing still. The day had been excessively hot, and many we may suppose were now seeking refreshments after their fatigue, and indulging themselves on such an occasion with perhaps less moderation than they might have been expected to display. Besides, in the state of excitement in which they were, every moment they remained together, contemplating their formidable numbers and brooding over the imaginary grievances they came to redress, was of itself increasing the fermentation of their spirits and ripening them for tumult and violence.

Their first outrages were committed upon the persons of several members of the two Houses of Parliament. They obliged almost all who passed to put blue cockades in their hats, and to call out "No Popery!" "Some they compelled," says one account, "to take oaths to vote for the repeal of the obnoxious Act; others they insulted in the most indecent and violent manner. They took possession of all the avenues up to the very doors of both Houses of Parliament, which they twice attempted to force open. The Archbishop of York was

one of the first they attacked: as soon as his coach was known coming down Parliament Street he was saluted with hisses, groans, and hootings. The Lord President of the Council, Lord Bathurst, they pushed about in the rudest manner, and kicked violently on the legs. Lord Mansfield had the glasses of his carriage broken, the pannels beat in, and narrowly escaped with life. The Duke of Northumberland had his pocket picked of his watch. The Bishop of Litchfield had his gown torn. The wheels of the Bishop of Lincoln's carriage were taken off, and his lordship escaped with life, being obliged to seek shelter in the house of Mr. Atkinson, an attorney, where he changed his clothes, and made his escape over the leads of the adjacent houses. The Lords Townshend and Hilsborough came together, and were greatly insulted, and sent into the House without their bags, and with their hair hanging loose on their shoulders. The coach of Lord Stormont was broken to pieces, himself in the hands of the mob for near half an hour; he was rescued at last by a gentleman, who harangued the mob and prevailed on them to desist. Lords Ashburnham and Boston were treated with the utmost indignity, particularly Lord Boston, who was so long in their power, that it was proposed by some of the Peers to go as a body and endeavour by their presence to extricate him; but whilst they were deliberating his lordship escaped without any material hurt. Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord St. John, Lord Dudley, and many others, were personally ill-treated; and Mr. Welbore Ellis was obliged to take refuge in the Guildhall of Westminster, whither he was pursued, the windows of which were broke, the doors forced, and Justice Addington with all the constables expelled: Mr. Ellis escaped with the utmost hazard." \*

\* Annual Register, vol. xxiii. p. 258.

But the chief scene of turbulence and outrage was the lobby of the House of Commons. So many of the crowd had forced themselves into this apartment as completely to fill it, and to make it almost impossible for the members to enter or leave the house by the usual door. The conduct of the persons collected here grew more and more riotous every moment. They kept up a constant noise by means of one cry or another, and chiefly by merely chiming over and over the words "Lord George Gordon! Lord George Gordon!" When the Speaker appeared, as he with difficulty made his way into the House, they assailed him with a deafening clamour of "Repeal! Repeal!" Every other member who ventured among them was pursued by the same cry. After some time it was with the utmost difficulty that the door-keepers could keep them back from pressing the doors open and rushing into the House. Sir Philip Clerke, whose evidence as to the respectable appearance of the generality of the crowd in the earlier part of the afternoon we have already quoted, tells us that those who now filled the lobby did not seem to him, either from their appearance or behaviour, to be the same sort of people he had seen in St. George's Fields. They struck him as being "a lower kind of people," he says; "more a mob of blackguards." He went out two or three times to the gallery or staircase over the lobby, and looked down upon the crowd, "but the stench," he adds, "from the bottom was so bad, nobody would have chosen to have stayed long." Another witness, Sir James Lowther, who was in the lobby after the people had left it, tells us there was still "a prodigious smell" there, which made it excessively disagreeable. However, these persons are stated to have almost all worn blue cockades; so that, if they did not actually belong to the Protestant Association, they at least found



it convenient to pretend that they did, and may be therefore said to have been, to all intents and purposes, an Association mob. It is evident that, by assuming the common badge, they secured the forbearance, if not the actual favour and co-operation, of Lord George's numerous followers—of whom we do not hear that any one lent the least assistance to put down their turbulence, notwithstanding the recommendation his lordship is said to have given them to be the first to aid the authorities in capturing whosoever should show any disposition to riot. But it is likely that many of the persons who now besieged the doors of parliament were actually what they pretended to be—members of the Association. Many who left their homes in the morning without any mischievous intention would be drawn on, as the general excitement increased, and the example of others led the way, from one manifestation of angry feeling to another, until they found themselves at last irretrievably embarked in the work of illegal violence, and driving along in the full tide of tumult and insurrection.

Lord George showed by his conduct that he looked upon these rioters in the lobby as his own Protestant mob. When the House first met, a debate naturally arose on the extraordinary situation in which the legislature was placed, thus blockaded and all but actually attacked by the populace. Lord George afterwards brought up his petition, which he described as signed by a hundred and twenty thousand persons, and moved that it should be taken into consideration immediately. This motion was warmly opposed, and in the course of the debate which ensued several members expressed themselves very indignantly on the state of subjection in which it was attempted to place them to the orders of a tyrannic mob. During this discussion, Lord George

went repeatedly to the door of the House, and announced to the crowd in the lobby the names of the speakers who were opposing the immediate consideration of the petition. In thus pointing out objects for the popular vengeance, he would remark with characteristic insidiousness, "I give you no advice as to what you should do; only be temperate and firm." One would think that in the circumstances his lordship need not have been so sparing of his advice; his hearers, conducting themselves as they were doing, might have been the better for a few good counsels from one to whom they were willing to listen. At another time, coming out to the gallery overhead, he told them that they had been called a mob within the House; and again, bidding them to recollect how the Scotch by their steadiness and firmness had carried their point, said he had no doubt his Majesty would send to his ministers, desiring them to repeal the act when he found the confusion it created. When several of the people called to him to say if he wished them to disperse, he told them that they were themselves the best judges of what they ought to do; but added, that if the consideration of their petition was deferred, as their adversaries proposed, till the following Tuesday, the parliament might be in the mean time prorogued or dissolved. This was a tolerably plain intimation to them that their only chance of obtaining their object was to endeavour to force it from the House before they withdrew—and in that sense his words were taken. The people, instead of departing, became more riotous than ever. The noise they made was so great, that for some hours all speaking in the House was impossible, and the members sat still in their places, an assembly of silent and helpless prisoners. They could not even divide upon the motion which had been made, the forms requiring that the voters on one side of the

question should separate themselves from their opponents by going into the lobby, which was crammed nearly to suffocation by the crowd. Meanwhile some members endeavoured to address the mob from the gallery stairs, but were not listened to. Others appealed to Lord George to use his influence to induce the people to disperse, but with as little success as the former had found in trying to reach the reason of the excited rabble. To an earnest request to that effect from the chaplain of the House his lordship made no reply, but left the room where he was, and going to the gallery made a speech to those below about the attempt that had been made to introduce a Popery Bill into Scotland. "The Scotch," said he, "had no redress till they pulled down the mass-houses; Lord Weymouth then sent official assurances that the act should not be extended to them, and why should they be better off than you?" When one of his relations, General Grant, a member of the House, came behind him, as he was going on at this rate, and implored him for God's sake not to lead the poor people into danger, he merely called the attention of his auditors to the interruption he had met with as an instance of the difficulties he had to encounter in pursuing the path of his duty from "the wise men of this world." Another of his relations, Colonel Gordon, appealed to him in a somewhat different tone, and perhaps with more effect. "My Lord George," said he, "do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, the first man of them that enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his, but into your body."

It was found necessary, at last, to send for the military; and between eight and nine o'clock a party of Horse and Foot Guards arrived under the command of

Justice Addington. On the appearance of this force the mob dispersed.

They only left this scene of action, however, to commit still greater outrages elsewhere. Duly remembering their president's repeated exhortations touching the example of the Scotch and the destruction of mass-houses, they immediately proceeded, some to the Sardinian Ambassador's Chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, others to that of the Bavarian Ambassador in Warwick Street, Golden Square. Both of these buildings they almost entirely demolished. A witness, who saw them at work in Duke Street about ten o'clock, tells us, that of the persons who were within the chapel and engaged in the work of destruction none had any blue cockades in their hats; the one who was most active, indeed, had no hat at all; but he saw many people with blue cockades standing in the street, looking on, and encouraging the actual perpetrators of the mischief. These thoughtless zealots were the true authors of the devastation which they thus senselessly applauded, and which could not have been carried on but for their countenance and support. Another witness, Mr. Rainforth, who was at the same place at a later hour—about half past eleven—says, "I made my way into the chapel; it was not then on fire; they had torn down the organ, and had made fires in the street; some were throwing the inside of the chapel out, and other people threw it into the fire; there were not above five or six people in the chapel." This witness had the courage to seize one of these persons, a young fellow, by the collar. "Mr. Maberly," he says, "who was along with me, joined me; we brought him almost as far out of the mob as Mr. Carpue's, a silk-dyer's door; some of the mob said of me, 'Damn him,



that is the late high constable, knock him on the head ;' then they rescued the man." The witness made his escape with great difficulty, and immediately proceeded to Somerset House Barracks, where he obtained a party of a hundred men armed with bayonets from General Winyard, the commanding officer of the Guards. He at the same time directed Mr. Maberly to get together a number of the Westminster constables, and, returning to the chapel, to seize some of the ringleaders, in the performance of which duty he would come and support him with the soldiers. "Upon my going up," he continues, "I desired every person in the chapel might be taken into custody. The gentlemen there thought I understood something of rioting business. I formed the soldiers round three deep, and made a prison in the street." The result was, that the mob were eventually dispersed, and thirteen prisoners taken, who were lodged in the Savoy.

At Warwick Street the military had also to be called out. Mr. Hyde, a justice of the peace, proceeded thither about twelve o'clock at night, with a party of twenty soldiers under his command. When he entered the street, he found it filled with a vast number of people having blue cockades in their hats. On getting to the front of the chapel, he saw a man bringing a portion of the furniture out—for the purpose, probably, of burning it in one of the bonfires in the street. "I struck at him," says Mr. Hyde, "knocked him down, and sent him to the watchhouse." The inside of the chapel, however, was by this time completely sacked. At both these scenes of devastation the crowd kept up the cry of "No Popery! Down with it!" while the destruction of the building was going forward.

These were the principal acts of riot which were perpetrated this night. On the following day (Saturday)

there were few or no disturbances, and it was generally imagined that the mob had been completely put down by the check it had received. So confidently was this opinion entertained, that no precautions seem to have been taken either by the government or by the magistracy against the renewal of the tumults. The rioters who had been taken were examined in the morning at one of the police offices; one was discharged, and the rest were remanded back to prison till Monday.

The mob, however, and their ringleaders had no intention of terminating their operations quite so soon. Indeed, although they attempted scarcely any actual outrage during this day, they did not disband, but paraded about through different streets of the town in great force. This might have put the authorities more on their guard, and have made them provide themselves with the means of effectually preserving the public peace against any attempt that might be made to break it. While they were doing nothing, the mob-leaders were, no doubt, concerting their plans actively enough. It was not reasonably to be expected that they should stop, after having gone so far, without going farther. They had accomplished quite enough to give them a notion of how much they could effect, and of the extent of popular favour and aid they might count upon; their dispersion by the military at the two chapels had only taken place after they had finished, or all but finished, the work they came to do, and could hardly be regarded as a victory gained over them by the public authorities. The only thing that could have greatly galled them in the result of these affairs, or impressed them with any sense of having sustained a defeat, was the circumstance of several of their comrades having been captured. One of their main objects now, accordingly, seems to have been to rescue these prisoners from

the hands of justice, and to avenge themselves on the individuals who had been principally instrumental in seizing them.

This was not, however, the first work to which they applied themselves. On Sunday afternoon they again broke out into actual violence in a quarter of the city at a considerable distance from the scene of their former exploits, namely, in the district of Moorfields, the part of London in which the greatest number of Catholics resided. They here destroyed both a Popish chapel and several houses belonging to persons of that persuasion. Some accounts, indeed, speak of several chapels as well as houses of the Catholics having on this occasion fallen a sacrifice to their fury. "They stripped their houses," says one writer, "of furniture, and their chapels not only of the ornaments and insignia of religion, but tore up the altars, pulpits, pews, and benches, and made huge fires of them, leaving nothing but the bare walls, and in many places not even them."\* All this was done in open day, in the presence of a large multitude of people, many of whom cheered the perpetrators with the cry of "No Popery!" although others, no doubt, looked on their conduct with the abhorrence it deserved. But the entire inactivity of those whose duty it especially was to protect the property of the unoffending sufferers discouraged all others from attempting to interfere. The soldiers were indeed brought out, but only to grace the scene of devastation by standing by and doing nothing. No magistrate would take upon himself the responsibility of ordering them to act. Thus employed, it would have been much better that they had

\* 'A Plain and Succinct Narrative of the Late Riots,' &c., by William Vincent. This account was really written by Thomas Holcroft, the well-known novelist and dramatist, under whose name, therefore, we shall in future refer to it.

not made their appearance at all. "The mob," says one writer, "knew the military did not dare to fire without the command of the civil power. The military, seeing they were not to be used effectually, endeavoured to keep upon good terms with those who might with impunity, as they did in many places, pull their noses and spit in their faces. Hence reports at the time, as if the soldiery had in some measure joined with the mob."\*

These men were, in fact, openly making war upon society. The crimes which they were perpetrating greatly exceeded others for which the law would have held the person against whom their fury was directed justified in resisting them with bloodshed. If any one of those poor Catholics, whose dwellings were thus mercilessly sacked and demolished, had shot a dozen of his assailants dead in attempting to defend his property against them, neither in the view of the law nor in that of common sense would he have been regarded as having done anything more than he had a perfect right to do. Yet this crew of wholesale destroyers and plunderers were to be allowed to continue their devastations undisturbed, under the very muzzles of the soldiers' guns. What gave them a claim to this extraordinary indulgence? Not the insignificant amount of their ravages: the worst burglaries could have occasioned nothing like the extent of waste and ruin which they were spreading around them. Not any readiness which they showed to acknowledge and submit to the authority of the law when called upon to discontinue their excesses, even on pain of instant death; they laughed at this threat, and proceeded with the wild work they had in hand under the very eye of the law, daring it to do its worst. But the motives from which they acted, some will say, gave them a title to compassion.

\* *Fanaticism and Treason, &c.* p. 51.



On the contrary, passions more dangerous to society than those which instigated these furious and reckless rioters cannot be named or imagined. They were such as could not be allowed to rage uncontrolled without all society being quickly torn in pieces. The outcry that is so often raised when a mob is put down by force is one of the weakest or most dishonest of the clamours of faction. The persons from whom we hear this senseless cant are almost always the more intemperate or more ignorant partizans of those opinions which the mob was understood to favour—persons, in other words, who differ from those that actually composed the mob only in this, that, with the same spirit of intolerance and violence, they have been prevented by want of courage from exposing themselves to the same dangers. They are the cowardly and sneaking instigators of the crime which they prefer that others should take the risk of executing. It is, indeed, very natural that, after having done their best to excite the populace to disorder, such persons should inveigh against the employment of the severe means necessary to put them down. This is another display of their zeal which they may make with perfect safety to themselves. But when people thus express a silly or affected horror at the adoption of energetic measures against a mob at the commencement of its career of outrage, they are in reality objecting to the only humane course to be followed. The tumult must be met and suppressed at one stage or another; if not resisted with decision at first, it will spread and become more terrible every moment; not only will the devastation committed by the rioters be prodigiously augmented, but their numbers will rapidly grow more formidable, their phrenzy more inflamed, their courage more bold, reckless, and desperate, and their strength in every way more obstinate and difficult to be subdued. Yet, after

all, subdued they must be ; highly excited as they are, flushed with victory, intoxicated with wine, hardened against the thought of yielding by the plunder they have accumulated, their front of defiance must at last be overthrown by the most crushing force that the law can command. The military execution, which, earlier applied, would have cost but a few lives, is now a protracted and wide-spread carnage. This is all that humanity gains in the end from any indulgence accorded to the first determined efforts of a mob to overthrow the law, whether that forbearance spring from a mistaken tenderness of disposition, or, as much more frequently happens, from sympathy, in those whose duty it is to protect the public peace, with the passions by which the mob are actuated. These truths will be found to be abundantly illustrated by the sequel of the narrative with which we are now engaged.

On Monday the rioters continued their outrages. Returning to the different chapels which they had already sacked, as if in contempt of the authorities, they completed the work of demolition wherever there remained anything more to destroy. Some of them bore various fragments of the furniture of these buildings, in a sort of triumphal procession, from Moorfields to Lord George Gordon's house in Welbeck Street ; ending the ceremony by making a bonfire of them in the neighbouring fields. They also proceeded to Virginia Lane, Wapping, and Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield, and destroyed the Catholic chapels there.

The reports in the newspapers of the examination of the prisoners taken on Friday having by this time informed them of the names of the individuals by whom they had been captured, they next went to the house of Mr. Rainforth, in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, and to that of Mr. Maberly, in Little Queen Street, Lincoln's

Inn Fields, stripped them of every thing they contained, and made bonfires of the furniture in the streets. They finished the work of the day by attacking and treating in the same manner the house of Sir George Saville, member of parliament for the county of York, in Leicester Square. The offence of this gentleman, one of the most sterling patriots and upright characters that ever did honour to the name of Englishman, was his having moved the Bill for the Relief of the Catholics.

We thus see the riot, in pursuance of the natural and usual course of such movements, breaking over the boundaries within which it seemed at first disposed to confine itself, and directing its rage against one object after another, lying quite out of its original range. Sir George Saville's house might have been attacked on Friday, or Saturday, or Sunday, as well as now; but the mob had not then contemplated the notion of carrying their violence against Popery to this extent. Their views were then bounded to the destruction of the chapels: now, however, that they had begun to enlarge, they were likely soon to take in a still wider field. Of this the government seems at last to have become sensible; for on this day a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of 500*l.* for the discovery of the persons concerned in the demolishing and setting fire to the Sardinian and Bavarian chapels. Notwithstanding, however, that the town might now be said to have been in the possession of the rioters for more than three days, it does not appear that any more decided measures were adopted to put them down.

Their audacity and violence, as might have been expected, increased under this treatment. On Tuesday afternoon and evening the most terrible excesses were perpetrated. Notwithstanding that a considerable military force was stationed around and on the way to the

Houses of Parliament, several of the members were again insulted and maltreated in the grossest manner. Indeed, the mob by this time seem to have got over all apprehensions of the interference of the soldiers. Early in the afternoon several thousands of them made their way down Whitehall and Parliament Street to Palace Yard, shouting out "No Popery!" having flags borne before them, and brandishing oaken sticks. This appears to have been the first occasion on which they were thus armed. As before, they were mostly decorated with blue cockades in their hats. As the coaches of the members made their appearance, some were allowed to pass on after having had the words "No Popery!" chalked upon them; others it was attempted to stop altogether. Lord Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was in particular severely injured. Mr. Hyde, a Justice of the Peace, who was in command of a small party of light horse, stationed at Charing-Cross, having received intimation that his lordship was in the hands of the crowd, immediately hastened to his rescue. They found him, at the end of Parliament Street, cut on the head, and with the glasses of his carriage broken. "One man," says Mr. Hyde, "a resolute, impudent fellow, had a stick with a large head, with a leather apron or something twisted round the top of it; he said, 'If he did not murder him then, he would before he had done with him.'" The soldiers, however, succeeded in rescuing his lordship, and conducted him back to his house. They also attempted to disperse the mob; but when they began to ride among them, one of the persons, bearing a flag, named James Jackson, hoisted his ensign, and called out "To Hyde's house a-hoy!" On which, some hundreds of them followed him to that gentleman's residence in St. Martin's Street. They were not long in pulling it down, and destroying every



thing it contained. When they had finished this work, Jackson again displayed his flag, and calling out, "A-hoy for Newgate!" headed them in a general rush to that prison.\*

Their professed object in attacking Newgate was to effect the release of their comrades who were confined there. We will quote the description of the attack from one of the narratives before us.

"When they arrived at the door of the prison, they demanded of Mr. Akerman, the keeper, to have their comrades immediately delivered up to them; and upon his persisting to do his duty, by refusing, they began, some to break the windows, some to batter the doors and entrances into the cells with pickaxes and sledgehammers, others with ladders to climb the vast walls, while others collected firebrands, and whatever combustibles they could find, and flung into his dwelling-house. What contributed more than anything to the spreading of the flames was the great quantity of household furniture, belonging to Mr. Akerman, which they threw out of the windows, piled up against the doors, and set fire to; the force of which presently communicated to the house, from the house to the chapel, and from thence, by the assistance of the mob, all through the prison. A party of constables, nearly to the amount of a hundred, came to the assistance of the keeper; these the mob made a lane for, and suffered to pass till they were entirely encircled, when they attacked them with great fury, broke their staffs and converted them into brands, which they hurled about wherever the fire, which was spreading very fast, had not caught. It is almost incredible to think that it were possible to destroy a building of such amazing strength and extent

\* Evidence of Mr. Hyde and Mr. Norton on trial of Lord George Gordon.

with so much swiftness as they accomplished this. As soon as the flames had destroyed Mr. Akerman's house, which was part of Newgate, and were communicated to the wards and cells, all the prisoners, to the amount of three hundred, among whom were four under sentence of death, and ordered for execution on the Thursday following, were released. The activity of the mob was in this instance, as well as every other, amazing. They dragged out the prisoners, many of them by the hair of the head, by the legs, or arms, or whatever part they could lay hold of. They broke open the doors of the different entrances, as easily as if they had all their lives been acquainted with the intricacies of the place, to let the confined escape. Great numbers were let out at the door that leads to the Sessions-house; and so well planned were all the manœuvres of these desperate ruffians, that they had placed sentinels at the avenues to prevent any of the prisoners from being conveyed to other jails. Thus was the strongest and most durable prison in England, that had been newly erected, and was not yet finished, and in the building of which the nation had expended immense sums, demolished,—the bare walls excepted, which were too thick and strong to yield to the force of fire—in the space of a few hours.”\*

Another writer tells us, that on Mr. Akerman's refusal to open his doors, “A little boy was lifted up (the method they used to fire all the prisons), who stuck five or six handfuls of tow, dipped in turpentine, upon the door. At the first touch of fire the door was in flames, which instantly communicated.”† The building thus destroyed had just been erected at the cost of 140,000*l*.

The New Prison, Clerkenwell, was also broken open this evening, and all the prisoners set at large. Attacks

\* Holcroft.

† Fanaticism and Treason.

were likewise made upon several other private houses—that of Justice Cox, in Great Queen Street, was destroyed; that of Sir John Fielding, the magistrate, was stripped of whatever it contained; and some, inhabited by Catholics, in Devonshire Street, Red-Lion Square, were treated in the same manner. But the most lamentable of all the acts of destruction yet perpetrated by these infuriated ruffians was that with which they closed the day of madness and crime—the entire demolition of the residence of Lord Mansfield, the venerable Lord Chief Justice, in Bloomsbury Square. They came here soon after twelve o'clock at night, and immediately proceeded to force their way into the house. “They began,” says one account, “by breaking down the doors and windows; and from every part of the house flung the superb furniture into the street, where large fires were made to destroy it. They then proceeded to his lordship’s law-library, &c., and destroyed some thousand volumes, with many capital manuscripts, mortgages, papers, and other deeds. The rich wardrobe of wearing-apparel, and some very capital pictures, were also burned; and they afterwards forced their way into his lordship’s wine-cellars, and plentifully bestowed it on the populace. A party of Guards now arrived, and a magistrate read the Riot Act, and then was obliged to give orders for a detachment to fire, when about fourteen obeyed, and shot several men and women, and wounded others. They were ordered to fire again, which they did without effect. This did not intimidate the mob; they began to pull the house down, and burn the floors, planks, spars, &c., and destroyed the outhouses and stables; so that, in a short time, the whole was consumed. Lord and Lady Mansfield made their escape, through a back door, a few minutes

before the rioters broke in and took possession of the house.”\*

A gentleman, who, on the first irruption of the mob, conducted Lady Mansfield to a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on his return to Bloomsbury Square, found the detachment of the Guards arrived: on requesting the officer, however, to enter the house with his men, he was told in reply, that the justices of the peace had all run away, and that consequently it was impossible for the military to act.† It seems, in fact, to have been some hours after this before a magistrate was found; and during the time that was thus lost the fury of the mob was increased to such a pitch by the liquor they had drunk, that, when the soldiers at last fired, even the sight of their companions falling dead beside them produced little or no effect. The business certainly could not have been worse managed. This, it will be observed, was the first time the rioters had transformed themselves almost into actual madmen by drink; and it was when they were in this state, careless of what befell them and almost unconscious of what they were doing, that the authorities, hitherto so patient, for the first time determined to use force against them. How much more effective, in the way of intimidation and repression, would something like this vigour have been if earlier resorted to—how much less cruel in reality to its infatuated objects themselves!

The scene here appears to have been altogether terrific in the extreme. The violence and ferocity of the ruffians, armed with sledge-hammers and other instruments of destruction, who burst into the house—the

\* Annual Register, vol. xxiii. p. 261.

† Evidence of Sir Thomas Mills on trial of Mr. Maskall.—State Trials, vol. xxi.



savage shouts of the surrounding multitude—the wholesale desolation—the row of bonfires blazing in the street, heaped with the contents of the sacked mansion, with splendid furniture, books, pictures, and manuscripts, the loss of which was irreparable—the drunken wretches staggering against each other or rolling on the ground—the pealing of the musketry, followed the next instant by the screams of the wounded and the dying, and the roar of vengeance from ten thousand throats—soon after this, the fires lighted in every room, and finally the flames rushing upward from windows and roof in one magnificent conflagration;—all these horrors may well be conceived to have formed a picture, or rather a succession of pictures, which, thus exhibited under the dark sky of midnight, would seem hardly of this world. The inhabitants thronged from every part of the town to the spot; and during this night indeed all London was awake, the houses in many parts being lighted up as in a general illumination.

Lord Mansfield, whose dwelling was thus barbarously pillaged and destroyed, and who on the first day of the riots had even been personally attacked and buffeted, was at this time in the seventy-sixth year of his age. The mob by whom the destruction we have just described was perpetrated are said, one writer tells us, “to have brought a rope wherewith to have executed immediate vengeance on his lordship, had they found him.” After having set fire to the house, it seems, the miscreants armed themselves with the iron rails by which it had been surrounded, and marched off; the person at their head ringing his lordship’s dinner-bell to keep them together. “Conversation passed among them of cutting the pipes whereby the devoted city was supplied with water—of proceeding to burn Lord Mans-

field's villa at Caen Wood—and to destroy the Bank.”\* In point of fact, they attempted to execute all these atrocities; but, fortunately, as we shall find, owing to the energetic measures that were now adopted, without success.

The scenes that took place on Wednesday were still more dreadful than those by which Tuesday had been marked. The town indeed was now in a state of complete insurrection; and it was felt by all that the mob must be put down at any cost, if it was intended to save the metropolis of the kingdom from utter destruction. This day, accordingly, the military were out in all quarters, and were everywhere employed against the infuriated multitudes who braved their power, with a vigour as unsparing as the forbearance which had preceded it had been indulgent. The King's Bench Prison, the New Gaol, the Borough Clink, the Surrey Bridewell, were all burned to-day. The toll-houses and the gates on Blackfriars' Bridge were also set on fire and consumed. A party, on their way to burn Lord Mansfield's house at Caen Wood, were met and turned back by a detachment of Horse, which had been sent off to protect the place. The Mansion House, the Museum, the Exchange, the Tower, and the Bank, were all, it is understood, marked for destruction. Lists of these and the other buildings which it was intended to attack were circulated among the mob. The Bank was actually twice assaulted; but a powerful body of soldiers, by whom it was guarded on both occasions, drove off the crowd, though not without great slaughter. At some places the rioters returned the fire of the military. The citizens, however, roused from their first indifference and the consternation which had succeeded it, were now everywhere forming them-

\* Fanaticism and Treason, p. 56.

selves into armed associations, to co-operate with the military, so that the mob had no chance at any point where they were firmly met and anything like a contest took place. Still, in certain of the less protected parts of the town, they continued for some time longer to carry everything before them. All Holborn, in particular, seems to have been kept by them, during the whole of this day, in a state of complete terror and subjection.

One account says, "Three boys went through the streets, and in particular down Holborn, in the middle of the day, with iron bars, got from the railing before Lord Mansfield's house, extorting money at every shop, huzzaing and shouting 'No Popery!' and though numbers were passing and re-passing, the inhabitants durst not refuse them money; nor durst anybody attempt to secure them to have them punished. Small parties, of the like daring nature, were formed in other parts, and the whole city was laid under like contribution. One man in particular was mounted on horseback, and refused to take anything but gold. Two men, in the broad day, not contented with the former mischief, got into Mr. Maberly's house, in Queen Street, and stayed for upwards of an hour, knocking down the wainscoting, and every bit of wood-work they could with safety to themselves; and though a great many peaceable, well-dressed people looked on, no one molested them. In the afternoon all the shops were shut, and bits of blue silk, by way of flags, hung out at most houses, with the words 'No Popery' chalked on the doors and window-shutters, by way of deprecating the fury of the insurgents, from which no person thought himself secure."\*

Among other houses which were set on fire in Holborn were the extensive premises of Mr. Langdale, the

\* Holcroft.

distiller, who was a Catholic. The loss which this gentleman sustained is said to have amounted to nearly a hundred thousand pounds. The worst consequence of this outrage, however, was the additional excitement which the phrenzy of the mob received from the quantities of spirits with which they were here supplied. Many indeed drank themselves literally dead; and many more, who had rendered themselves unable to move, perished in the midst of the flames.

Six and thirty fires, it is stated, were this night to be seen, from one spot, blazing at the same time in different quarters of the town. The writer whom we have last quoted gives us the following description of the general consternation and confusion which prevailed.

“Men, women, and children were running up and down, with beds, glasses, bundles, or whatever they wished most to preserve. In streets where there were no fires, numbers were removing their goods and effects at midnight. The tremendous roar of the insatiate and innumerable fiends who were the authors of these horrible scenes was heard at one instant, and at the next the dreadful report of soldiers’ muskets, as if firing in platoons, and in various places: in short, everything that could impress the mind with ideas of universal anarchy and approaching desolation seemed to be accumulating. Sleep and rest were things not thought of—the streets were swarming with people, and uproar, confusion, and terror reigned in every part.”

All the prisons in London were burned in the course of this day, except the Poultry Compter. Nothing could be more daring than the systematic manner in which these atrocities were perpetrated. Notice was in every case sent to the prisoners by the mob, some time before they made their approach, to prepare to evacuate their lodgings. It was at first intended to attack the



Fleet Prison on Tuesday night, and an announcement to that effect was made to the inmates; but they requested, as a favour, not to be turned out at so late an hour, or without more time for preparation; and the mob consented to give them twenty-four hours longer to remove their goods. The prison was destroyed on the evening of Wednesday. It seems to have continued to burn during the night and a great part of the following day. The soldiers, who had not been able to prevent it from being set on fire, were at last, on the Thursday, obliged to discharge their muskets upon the crowd, who were still collected around the blazing pile, and had tossed into the flame a fire-engine which had been brought to play upon the contiguous buildings.

“Among others,” says Mr. Holcroft, in his account, “there were four people seated upon the roof of the market-house, who refused to obey the military, who were therefore ordered to fire. The discharge of the muskets came from three directions, in the front and at each side, so that it seemed impossible for any one to escape, and for a considerable time they all four lay dead, as it was supposed: at length, however, one of them was observed to raise his head a little, and instantly clap it down and lie still again; he repeated this manœuvre two or three times, till at last he ventured to slide down, and ran away with great alacrity. He was by far the genteelest in appearance of the four. The three were shot dead at the instant, and two were on one side of him and one on the other. One of the dead was a chimney-sweeper, about sixteen years old, and had forty guineas in his pocket.”

The last-mentioned circumstance may give us some idea of the extent to which plundering had already been carried by the mob; while the fate of the chimney-sweeper, who, after having filled his pockets with gold,

had not so much sense or self-command as to withdraw himself from the scene of crime and danger, affords an instructive example of how little good commonly comes of such dishonest gains.

In addition to the buildings we have already mentioned as understood to have been marked for destruction by the mob on Wednesday, great apprehensions were entertained, on the evening of that day, for the safety of the Royal Palaces, the Arsenal at Woolwich, and the different Inns of Court: all possible precautions, therefore, were taken, which the number of troops in town would allow, to guard these several posts. The members of each of the Inns of Court armed themselves for their own protection. A strong guard was also stationed at the New River Head, to prevent the mob from executing their threatened design of cutting off the large supply of water derived by the town from that source.

A witness, Mr. Turner, who was examined on the trial of Lord George Gordon, gives us some details of encounters which took place this evening between the mob and a body of the armed citizens, called the London Military Association, which he commanded. About six or seven o'clock, they found the rioters destroying the house of a Mrs. Donovan, in Broad Street. They were in great numbers, and employed in throwing the furniture from the windows and burning it in the street. "We halted a little," says Mr. Turner, "before we came to them, and I, as commanding-officer of that detachment, used all the arguments I could to disperse them without force, but I found it ineffectual, and we were afterwards obliged to fire; after firing for four or five minutes, the mob dispersed, and some prisoners were taken in Mrs. Donovan's house." During the rest of this night, and till six o'clock on Thursday morning,

the Association were employed in marching against the mob, wherever they heard they were assembled, and dispersing them. Mr. Turner describes them as still everywhere wearing blue cockades in their hats, and shouting "No Popery!"—"Down with the Papists!"—and other such cries. They were armed, some with iron bars, some with spokes of wheels, and a few with cutlasses. One or two were also seen with fire-arms.

Lord George Gordon is stated to have been in the city this day, and although he did not actually put himself at the head of the mob, his conduct was sufficiently extraordinary. A curious document was produced on his trial, being a sort of protection which he had signed in favour of a person who had applied to him to prevent the mob from setting fire to his house. "All true friends to Protestants," it said, "I hope will be particular and do no injury to the property of any true Protestant—as I am well assured the proprietor of this house is a staunch and worthy friend to the cause." His lordship, therefore, if he did not actually head the mob, may be said to have in some measure controlled and directed their operations. He had this morning, indeed, presented himself at Buckingham House, and desired to see the King; because, he said, he could be of essential service in suppressing the riots. The interview which he solicited with his Majesty was refused; but he still declared, as he went away, that his best endeavours should be employed to restore the peace of the town. Nor is there any reason to suppose that after this he used his influence for any other purpose, except the protection of individuals by giving them such papers as we have mentioned. Even he seems by this time to have been satisfied with the length to which matters had gone. While speaking of these protections granted by his lordship, we may mention that, if any-

thing could excite a smile in the midst of such horrors, some of the devices employed to propitiate the mob were ludicrous enough. In many of the streets every house displayed an announcement, in one form or another, that the inhabitants were Protestants; and in Houndsditch and the neighbourhood, even the Jews, in imitation of their neighbours, had all chalked the words "This house is a true Protestant," in large letters on their doors. On the other hand, the promoters of the riot also had their proclamations. "Every hour," says one of the accounts, "produced handbills of the most inflammatory kind—accounts of the bloody massacres committed by the soldiers upon many hundreds of his Majesty's Protestant subjects, now lying dead in the streets—lists of all the fooleries and villanies of the Roman Catholic religion, &c. The effects of these were taken off, as much as possible, by papers of a different kind, distributed, as it seemed, by Government, and the friends of Government."\* All the shops throughout the town were shut this day, and the several courts of justice in Westminster were only opened for the sake of form by a single judge in each. Many families fled in terror to the country, and many more eagerly sought the means of leaving the devoted city; but in the universal uproar and consternation the ordinary conveyances were scarcely to be obtained. Five guineas are stated to have been refused for a chaise to go ten miles.

By Thursday morning, however, the exertions of Government, now thoroughly alarmed, had succeeded in bringing up from different parts so large a force of regular troops and of militia as to make it certain that the rioters would be speedily overpowered. We have no very minute account of the scenes of this day; but

\* Fanaticism and Treason.



there is no doubt that it was marked by much bloodshed, and the loss of many lives. The soldiers attacked the mob in various places, and everywhere with complete success. One of the principal of these engagements took place in front of the Borough Compter, which the rioters were proceeding to demolish, in the same manner as they had done all the other prisons in London, when they were fired upon and driven back with considerable slaughter. The military were also obliged, as already related, to fire upon the crowd of violent and tumultuous desperadoes that remained collected around the burning ruins of the Fleet. At Newgate, too, about fifty miscreants were this day apprehended in the cells, trying to rekindle the fire there. In all, above two hundred persons were ascertained to have been shot dead in the streets by the Associated Citizens and the soldiers during this and the preceding day; and a great many more, who were carried to the hospitals, afterwards died of their wounds. It was not, however, in this way that the greatest number of lives were lost. "Powder and ball," says an account published at the time, "do not seem to have been so fatal to them as their own inordinate appetites. Numbers it is said, and at various places, died with inebriation; especially at the distilleries of the unfortunate Mr. Langdale, from whose vessels the liquor ran down the middle of the street, was taken up by pailfuls, and held to the mouths of the besotted multitude; many of whom killed themselves by drinking non-rectified spirits, and were burnt or buried in the ruins. Eight or nine of these miserable wretches have been found and dragged out. The same scenes of beastly drunkenness happened in many other places; at Mr. Cox's, at Lord Mansfield's, where an ill-looking fellow, about nineteen, that was wounded and had his hair clotted with blood, was

too drunk at one o'clock the next day to be made sensible: at Newgate, likewise, many of them had made so free with liquor, that they could not get away, and were burnt in the cells. In the streets, men were lying upon bulks and stalls, and at the doors of empty houses, drunk, to a state of insensibility, and to a contempt of danger; boys and women were in the same condition, and many of the latter with infants in their arms."

The shops this day, we are told, still continued universally shut from Tyburn to Whitehall; but before evening the riot might be said to be completely put down, and the public tranquillity restored. This effect had been accomplished by the energetic exertions of only a few hours, and after both the numbers and the boldness of the mob had been immensely increased by several days of almost entire success and impunity—a striking and memorable proof of how feeble is a mere tumultuous rabble, however numerous, to make any considerable stand against the natural strength of established society, when rightly aroused and directed. This mob, which so long as it was unresisted had seemed irresistible, was now, as soon as it was courageously met, scattered like chaff before the wind; so that, to use the language of one of the narratives before us, "those who, upon the appearance of such a numerous banditti, wondered whence they came, now expressed as much wonder whither they could be gone." But how much was it not to be regretted that the same determination and firmness, which were in the end found to be so effective, had not been earlier applied—that so the great destruction of property, and especially of human life, which actually took place, might have been averted. It is not too much to say, that had the force by which these rioters were eventually dispersed been in

readiness (as it easily might have been) to meet their first attempts at disorder, the mere sight of it would have been sufficient to prevent any actual disturbance. Or even if the military who were drawn out on Sunday evening had been allowed to fire upon the daring villains who were sacking the chapels and dwelling-houses at Moorfields before their eyes, instead of being compelled to stand by, the patient and inactive witnesses of the devastation, under the command of magistrates, in all probability, but too largely sharing themselves in the bigotry and passion of the populace, there is every reason to conclude that the mischief would have ended here—with the loss, it may be, of a few lives, but certainly not of more than one in a hundred of those that were actually destroyed.

On Friday the courts of justice were again opened for business, and the House of Commons met in the evening. On its being observed, however, that the city of Westminster was under martial law, it was considered to be injudicious for the legislature to continue its sittings, and an adjournment took place to the 19th, the same day to which the House of Lords had previously adjourned. On this first day after the close of the riots, “the metropolis,” says the *Annual Register*, “presented in many places the image of a city recently stormed and sacked—all business at an end, houses and shops shut up—the Royal Exchange, public buildings, and streets possessed and occupied by the troops—smoking and burning ruins—with a dreadful void and silence—in scenes of the greatest hurry, noise, and business.”

We have not yet stated the whole of the deplorable waste of human life occasioned by these riots. The law also demanded that some of the criminals should, by their conspicuous punishment, read a warning lesson to

all who might in future be tempted to plunge into the same guilt. Of the persons apprehended and brought to trial, fifty-nine were capitally convicted ; and of these more than twenty were executed ; the others were sent to expiate their offences by passing the remainder of their days in hard labour and bondage in a distant land.

The subsequent history of the person who had the chief share in leading on so many of his countrymen to these fatal excesses affords a fit commentary on the folly of those who allowed themselves to be hurried along in an attempt to overawe the Government at the bidding of such a conductor. Lord George Gordon, in consequence of the part he had borne in the measures which led to these riots, was sent to the Tower, and some time afterwards brought to trial on a charge of high treason ; but as it appeared to the jury, that, whatever might have been the imprudence of his conduct, and the disastrous effects by which it was followed, he had probably no intention of actually levying war against the State, they returned a verdict of acquittal. A very general impression, however, remained on the public mind that his lordship was scarcely to be considered as altogether in his senses. The strangeness of much of his subsequent conduct tended greatly to confirm this opinion. After continuing to attract notice by a succession of freaks, he at last thought proper to venture upon another rather dangerous display of his theological zeal, by endeavouring to persuade the prisoners in Newgate that the sentences that had been passed upon them were contrary to the Scriptures. He had just before this been convicted of publishing a very violent libel upon the French ambassador ; and being brought to trial also on this new charge, he was again found guilty. His sentence was a lengthened term of imprisonment for each offence—a



doom which even his friends, in all probability, hardly regretted, as it was likely at least to save him from further follies. He contrived, however, to disappoint even this expectation; for while in Newgate, notwithstanding all his old ardour for Protestantism, he chose to turn Jew, and to practise scrupulously all the observances of the Hebrew religion. He died in prison, in 1793; and the thought that most troubled him on his death-bed was the apprehension that his remains would not be interred in the burying-ground of the ancient community whose faith he had adopted.

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## SECTION II.—TUMULTS OF POLITICAL EXCITEMENT.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT.

IF there be any one feeling which more than another marks the difference between a noble and a mean spirit, it is the love of freedom. Every man, of course, would rather be himself a freeman than a slave; and in one sense, therefore, all men may be said to be lovers of freedom—they desire the blessing for themselves, at least, if not for any body else. They are lovers of freedom as they are lovers of money, or lovers of ease, or of any other thing which it is convenient or pleasant to have. But the true love of freedom is the admiration of it wherever it is found, whether in our own possession or in that of others. In the first place, no doubt, we wish to secure so excellent a good for ourselves, and our children, and our fellow-countrymen; but if we love it in the manner we ought to do, we shall wish also that the people of other lands should enjoy it as well as we—that it were spread abroad over the whole earth abundantly as the air of heaven. Such a love of freedom is like what we call the love of religion, or the love of justice: by which expressions we do not mean a desire to obtain religion and justice for ourselves only, but a disinterested admiration of, and affection for, these good things on account of their own beauty and excellence, and an ardent wish that they should everywhere flourish and prevail.

Such a love of freedom as this, indeed, has its root

in a love of justice ; and this is what makes it the noble sentiment it is. You hate to see one man tyrannize over another, because it is not just that it should be so. If it were your own case to endure the tyranny, you might feel the weight of it in many ways, all irritating enough ; but above all, you would feel the infliction to eat into your heart, as being an outrage upon your natural rights as the fellow-man of your oppressor. And when your indignation is kindled by the sight or the thought of others suffering under a tyranny from which you are free, this sense of injustice is then also the strong emotion that rises up within you. You suffer no actual hardship or inconvenience from the state of things which in this case shocks your feelings and your reason ; your own freedom is not infringed upon, nor any of your possessions touched, by the tyranny which you denounce ; you suffer nothing along with the unhappy slaves whom it oppresses, except the pain of knowing that a portion of your fellow-creatures are so treated. It is not, therefore, any mere selfish consideration which prompts you to feel as you do : it is a sentiment of a much more exalted character ; you cannot patiently endure to see the triumph of injustice and wrong ; it is your love of what is right and just, without any view to what are called your own interests, that makes your heart burn with the love of freedom, and impels you passionately to desire, that all men, even those who are neither of your kindred nor of your country, should be free.

This popular feeling springs, therefore, from a generous source, and indicates only the best qualities in those natures in which it is found. The very name of liberty, accordingly, has been among every people a word capable of calling into action their strongest passions and noblest powers, and of strengthening them



to those exertions and achievements which cast the brightest splendour over their history. Even when it has been used only for national independence, or freedom from subjection to a foreign yoke, it has roused alike the most barbarous races and those subjected in reality to the worst government at home, to the most extraordinary enthusiasm. No difficulties have been too formidable for them to encounter, no deeds of daring so perilous as to daunt their heroism, no toils and miseries tedious and severe enough to wear out their patience, no losses and disasters sufficiently crushing to break their hopes—so long as the thought that they were struggling for their liberty lived within them. Quickened and inflamed by this magic sound, orators, in every age and country, have uttered their most stirring appeals, and bards poured forth many of their grandest and many of their sweetest strains. “Oh, Liberty!” fervently and beautifully exclaims our own Cowper—

“ Oh, Liberty ! the prisoner's pleasing dream,  
The poets's muse, his passion, and his theme ;  
Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse ;  
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse ;  
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires  
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.”

The inhabitants of this land of Britain have, from the earliest times of which history has preserved any record, distinguished themselves by their fond attachment to their national liberties, and the noble ardour they have shown in their defence. We find the same spirit in every one of the successive races by which the island has been occupied—as if there were something in the soil or climate favourable to the growth of a sturdy love of freedom. This spirit may, indeed, have sometimes sprung more from a mere proud dislike of

foreign laws and manners than from any very enlightened views of civil liberty. Those who scorned to submit to a foreign yoke may have tolerated a good deal of misrule in their native princes contentedly enough. But still the feeling was in every way an eminently beneficial one. In those days, at least, a foreign dominion was in reality the greatest of national misfortunes ; and the popular patriotism, therefore, which looked upon the infliction as an evil to be averted at any cost, was far from being an unwise sentiment. Even in modern times, when the advance of civilization has softened much of the hatred by which one nation used to be divided from another, the subjection of a free people to a foreign yoke would still be a terrible calamity. The success of the invasion might not be followed by the actual oppressions and cruelties that would formerly have been practised ; but the national spirit would in all probability be effectually broken by such a disgrace, and all those springs of action which had most contributed to the prosperity and greatness of the people lamentably weakened. On this subject, however, we need not dwell. There is no great chance that we shall be called upon in our day to repel an invading host from the shores of England. But we may remark, that in the long space of nearly eight hundred years, during which we have been exempt from this visitation, that hatred of oppression, which may be said to be natural to our soil, has not withered and died because it may not have had the defence of the national independence to keep it alive. The free spirit of the people has remained the same as ever ; it has only found other work to do. The national independence being established and secured, the maintenance and improvement of the constitution, and the confirmation and extension of the popular rights and liberties, furnished the next

great field for the efforts of patriotism. Hence, after a struggle of many ages, frequently intermitted for a time, but always begun again on the part of the nation with new vigour, and marked as it proceeded with successive victories, the free constitution we now enjoy—a constitution which, whatever additional defences it may be thought to require in order to secure its permanence, or whatever may be the partial incumbrances that still remain to clog its perfect working, he must be very ignorant or very prejudiced indeed who will deny it to be, with all its defects, one of the noblest systems of regulated liberty the world has ever seen. We have had, it is true, our seasons of weariness and dejection, when the heavy hand of despotic authority has pressed us down, like other nations ; but rarely, and never long, have we sat quiet, as many have done, under that burden. And who have risen up again from temporary subjection with a more unbroken courage than we have always shown, or righted themselves with so manly, and at the same time so wise a spirit? Well does one of our poets say, addressing his country—

“ O ne’er enchained, nor wholly vile—

O Albion ! O my mother isle !

Thy valleys, fair as Eden’s bowers,

Glitter green with sunny showers !

Thy grassy uplands’ gentle swells

Echo to the bleat of flocks :

Those grassy hills, those glittering dells,

Proudly ramparted with rocks ;

And OCEAN ’mid his uproar wild

Speaks safety to his ISLAND CHILD !

Hence through many a fearless age

Has social Freedom loved the land ;

Nor alien despot’s jealous rage

Or warped thy growth or stamped the servile brand.”

We believe that the present generation of Englishmen, if any attempt were made to invade their liberties,

would evince at least as much resolution in defence of that sacred inheritance as was ever shown by their ancestors. The feeling that would pervade and animate all ranks of the population would be still, as it has ever been,—“ We must be free, or die.” No king, no minister, that might dare to usurp powers unsanctioned by the law, but would be met by such an instant and determined resistance from all that constitutes the life and strength of the country, as, if it did not quail the arrogant aggressor and stay him in his designs, would most probably shatter him in pieces on the first encounter. If, for example, as lately happened in France, the king and his ministers were, by an edict or proclamation, to abolish the liberty of the press, commanding that no man should dare to print anything except what might have been first submitted to and approved of by the government; or were, by a similar act of despotic violence, to take from the people their great right of electing their representatives in parliament; there is, we may confidently say, no party amongst us the members of which would not almost to a man resist such a violation of the constitution—with arms, if necessary, as the people of France did. The occurrence of a case like this would at once make rebels of us all; or rather would rally us all around the standard of the constitution and the law, against which the government had rebelled. There is no class of our population, we are well persuaded, which would be found to separate itself from the rest at such a crisis. The aristocracy, the middle classes, and the working man, might have different places to fill, and different parts to act, in the grand national confederacy; but they would be united by the same aim and determination, and their movement would be all in a mass in one direction. The whole of the national will and strength, gathered, as it



were, into a single wave, would pour itself against the daring assailant of the public liberties, and overwhelm him with swift destruction.

In the case, indeed, of such an undisguisedly despotic attempt as we have here supposed, the conflict would probably be a very short one. No aid which the tyrant could derive from any portion of the army which might adhere to him, or even from foreign troops whose services he might purchase, could enable him to hold out long against the universal opposition of the people. But in other circumstances the matter might not be so speedily or so easily decided. The aggression on the part of the government against the rights of the nation might be much less open and daring—might consist rather of a long course of misrule, without any absolute violation of the letter of the law, than of any single audacious attack on the universally recognized liberties of the country. Even here, there can be no doubt, there *might* be ample occasion for popular resistance; the abuse of its powers by the ruling authority, whether strictly legal or not, might be such as to constitute the most grievous oppression, and, therefore, to give the people just as good a right to rise in their own defence, and to endeavour to rid themselves of their thralldom, as if the most direct outrage had been offered to the constitution. But still it is obvious that, in such a case, the resistance would not be likely to be either so instant or so unanimous; the growth and spread of the national discontent, like the progress of the wrongs which called it forth, would be gradual; some, from natural ardour or boldness, or from quicker discernment of the tendency of public measures, or from having been themselves peculiarly affected by any of the oppressive acts of the government, would be excited to desire its overthrow sooner than others; and might even be provoked to

commit themselves in an actual attempt to effect that object before their countrymen generally were ready to rise along with them. The result of such a partial insurrection would depend on circumstances, and even on accidents. Managed with consummate skill or good fortune, it might even succeed completely and at once. The choice by its leaders of a happy moment wherein to strike their blow, an imposing first display of their strength, or great alacrity in seizing important advantages, might so stupefy and overawe those who were opposed to the enterprize, and at the same time bring over so many of the wavering to its side, as to give it all the effect of a universal rising. Less fortunately conducted, it might entirely fail, and only occasion the ruin of its authors, and the discomfiture for the time of the national cause. Or, lastly, without producing any decisive result immediately, in either way, it might make the commencement of a general contest, arraying one part of the nation against the other, and destined not to be terminated without the cost of torrents of blood, and many years of confusion. Our own history affords us examples of all these different issues of such attempts.

But the circumstance to which we wish particularly to call attention is this :—no insurrection against an established government ever either succeeded, or deserved to succeed, which was waged only by some one class of the people. In even the most simple forms of society, the inhabitants of a country which has made any considerable advancement in civilization and wealth are of necessity divided into several classes, not distinguished from each other perhaps by any difference in political powers and privileges, but still occupying practically very different positions in the state. Take the instance of the United States of America, where there

are no nobility or privileged orders, and all men are not only equal before the laws, but invested by the constitution with an equal share in the right of making the laws: yet even in this republic there are different classes of citizens. There is the great body of the labouring population, comprising farm and domestic servants, many descriptions of working mechanics and manufacturers, and all others whose lot it is to gain their daily bread by hard labour with their hands; there are the middle classes, consisting of persons engaged in various ways in a higher walk of industry, merchants and dealers in different articles, farmers, master-manufacturers and tradesmen, literary men, clerks, schoolmasters, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, &c. All of these may perhaps be best described as half-labourers and half-capitalists; for such of them as may not have capital in money, have it in something else—in superior talents, which they have received from nature—or superior knowledge and skill, which they have procured by an expensive education or by many years of study and experience. It makes no difference whether their capital is of the one description or the other; the benefit which they derive from it, and to which it fairly entitles them, is the same—namely, a higher remuneration for the same expenditure of their time than is given to labourers who have no capital. Lastly, to notice none of the more minute subdivisions, there is the class of persons of so considerable property that they can afford to live, and do live, at least as expensively as any other class of their countrymen, without actually giving their time to any particular profession or occupation.

Now, undistinguished from one another as these several classes are in the eye of the law, and comparatively easy and common as it is for the members of one to

pass over into another—for the working-man, for instance, to rise to be a master in his trade or branch of industry; or for the tradesman to retire from business and become a mere landholder or other capitalist—it is evident, nevertheless, that even a man's political condition must in certain respects be very much affected by the class to which he belongs. Thus there is no legal disqualification attached to the condition of a working-man which prevents him from being chosen a member of the legislature; but still while he remains what he is, he has manifestly just about as little chance of being elevated to that dignity as if he were legally disqualified. It is fit that it should be so. A member of the legislature, it is felt, ought to be a person both having a much larger interest in the country than is possessed by a common workman, and endowed with a degree of mental cultivation which, generally speaking, a person in that rank can have had no time or opportunity to acquire. If there be any labourer whose intellectual attainments so far excel those of the rest of his class as to fit him to be a legislator, his way to that distinction is first to apply his superior powers to raise himself from the condition of a labourer, and thus to place himself on that higher ground in society the occupants of which alone are considered entitled to aspire to such honours. We might give many other instances of the same kind; but this one will sufficiently explain our meaning. Let legal distinctions be abolished as completely as you choose, other distinctions will remain, arising from the necessary constitution and relations of society, which no law can destroy. And the effect will be, let the law say what it may, to occasion a really very unequal distribution of political power throughout the community. In no state where individual property is allowed to exist, is it possible by any laws to give to



the common labourer the same importance and influence which will belong to the man of large possessions ; or even to place him generally in that respect on the same level with the manufacturer or tradesman, who, although in one sense a labourer too, is yet at the same time the employer of labourers.

Among ourselves, and in all the other countries of the old world, such distinctions among the various classes of the population are much more strongly marked than they yet are in the United States. Independently of what particular institutions have done to give to one class more political power than to another, the greater extent to which the accumulation of property in the hands of individuals has proceeded amongst us than in the American republic, has of necessity established a still greater inequality in regard to their respective degrees of weight in the state between one man and another, here, than is found to exist in that comparatively young community. Here, along with a numerous labouring population, for the most part entirely dependent upon their daily toil for their daily bread, we have also a large class composed of the proprietors of great wealth in land or in money, and on that account alone necessarily the possessors of great political power. By this term we do not mean merely power which has been deposited in their hands by the laws, but power which they would have had under any laws, and which, to a considerable extent, they would be able to exercise even in the midst of such a civil convulsion as might threaten to lay all laws in the dust. Then, between these two bodies, occupying the two extremes of the commonwealth—the labouring population, individually poor, but of great weight and importance in the state from their numbers ; and the very rich, whose inferiority in numbers is compensated by their large posses-

sions and their advantages of position—we have the powerful body of the middle classes, who, both on account of their numbers, of their property, and above all of their intelligence, may perhaps be regarded as forming already the most influential order in the state.

But it is not at present our purpose to consider these three great divisions of our community as balanced the one against the other; or to endeavour to determine the exact amount of the strength that may belong to each, and which would be likely to be victorious in the event of a general contest. What we wish to observe is merely, that each of the three is, and ever has been, and ever must be, possessed of very great inherent strength and power. These divisions, be it remembered, are not so many separate orders established by the law, in particular countries; but are in reality the institution of nature herself, in every society and under every form of government. You may have no titled or privileged nobility, for example, no order of hereditary legislators—and we are not at present saying whether such an order is a good or a bad thing in the state—but whether you have such an order or no, if you allow the accumulation of property in the hands of individuals and families, you must very soon come to have an aristocracy in reality, if not in name; that is to say, a class of citizens raised above the generality of their countrymen by the actual possession of greater political influence and power, in proportion to their greater wealth. They may not be formed into a House of Peers, and invested by the constitution with any rank or legislative authority as such; but still this will not hinder them from being an aristocracy in the sense of the word which has just been explained. A very open aristocracy they may, and, in such a case, will be; that is to say, no citizen will be excluded from their ranks who, by his

industry, or in any other way, may have acquired that wealth which alone is necessary. An aristocracy constituted in this natural way, it may also be allowed, will melt more gradually and insensibly into the general mass of the population than one the members of which are placed by law on an elevated platform, as it were, by themselves, and fenced round with privileges and ensigns of dignity. But all this will only render a natural aristocracy in reality more powerful than one made by the law; and more able, in case of a convulsion taking place in the state, to maintain its ground. All except those who have absolutely no hope whatever of rising in society may be expected to feel themselves directly and deeply interested in the preservation of a class up to which each of them may soon be able to work his way himself. So that, in either case—that is to say, whether your aristocracy be one made by the law, or arising without any law out of the natural working of society—such a body must occupy a position of great strength in the state, and one which cannot but give it the power both of acting a most effective part in any national struggle, and of defending itself stoutly in the event of its being attacked.

We shall not stop to consider the circumstances which constitute the strength of the labouring and of the middle classes. The importance of each of these divisions of the community, and the power which each would be capable of exerting if all its energies were called into action, are sufficiently obvious, and are questioned by nobody. It may, however, be well to suggest that that description of strength which peculiarly belongs to the labouring population, and which on a hasty view of the matter might perhaps seem to be more formidable than any other—namely, numerical force—would certainly be found the least available that would be brought

into the field in any contest with the other orders of society. All history testifies this, and we shall have frequent occasion to adduce proofs of the remark in the course of this little book.

The strength, then, of each of the several orders which compose every community being such as we have described, it may be conceived what would be the probable result of any attempt to overthrow an established government which should be made only by one class of the people. Such an attempt may indeed succeed, and often has done so, when made by the upper classes, in countries where they were and had long been almost the sole depositories of political power, and the rest of the people never thought of taking any share in public affairs. But an insurrection of the mere labouring population, uncoun tenanced and unassisted by the upper classes, never has succeeded, and, it may be confidently prophesied, never will. The only national movement, which, in such a country as our own, for example, could have any chance of bringing about a revolution, supposing so sad and terrible a remedy necessary for the disorders of the state, would be one in which numbers of all ranks among us took part—in which the merchant and the master-manufacturer, the landed gentleman and the nobleman, should join with the mechanic and the peasant. We do not mean, of course, that it would be necessary for all persons belonging to the superior ranks to unite themselves to the insurgents in order to secure their success ; in that case, there would be no contest at all. But, assuredly, without the aid and support of a powerful section of the wealthier classes as well as of the multitude, the revolt would fail.

And it would deserve to fail. That attempt at a reformation of the state must be a very needless or a very wild one—uncalled for by the actual amount of the



grievances which are to be redressed, or exceedingly unreasonable in the sort of redress which it proposes—that can command no support, or next to none, beyond the class of the labouring population. Whatever may be the case with individuals, the removal of real abuses in the government is the general interest of every class of men in the community. Nor could a really good government be established which would not shed its blessings upon all ranks; indeed, the very circumstance of its benefiting only one rank would be the best proof that it was anything but a good government. A scheme of reform, therefore, which took the imagination of the working classes only, or which, notwithstanding the great diversity of political opinion and feeling which has always prevailed throughout society generally, should be able to engage nobody to rise in its favour except persons belonging to that particular rank of the population, would, we may be sure, be something both of quite impracticable execution and pregnant with the most disastrous consequences, even to its deluded votaries themselves, if it could be realized.

Here, then, we have one easily discernible and decisive mark whereby to distinguish what may be a just and necessary national insurrection from a mere popular tumult or riot. In support of the former, you would be certain to see openly advancing and arrayed a large proportion of individuals from every grade of the community. When it came to actual hostilities between the government and its adherents on the one side, and the friends of the revolution on the other, the hardy sons of industry that people our towns and villages would, indeed, probably constitute the main part of the armed host that would be brought out to carry on the contest. But the middle classes and the gentry of the land in large numbers would also be there, mingling in

the same ranks with their poorer fellow-countrymen, or taking whatever other posts in the enterprize the talents, intelligence, or activity of each might best fit him for. The rich man would give of his money to sustain the charges of the common cause. The great landed proprietor and the nobleman would be there at the head of their tenantry to combat and shed their blood, as they have often done ere now, for the liberties of England. It would be a vast and splendid assemblage of the rank, the wealth, the intellectual power, as well as of the mere physical force, of the country. Hence a spirit of noble and enlightened patriotism directing all its aims and movements. In the very process of attacking and overthrowing the government, everything would be done in the spirit of order. There would be no wild uproar, no needless devastation, no burning or plundering of property, either public or private, no bloodshed except in resisting the arms of the public enemy. Every possible care, in short, would be taken that in the necessary work of relieving the incumbered wheels of society the risk should not be run of breaking to pieces the whole machine.

The unhappy times have been in many countries, and in our own among the rest, when good men have felt themselves called upon to take part with heart and hand in such an enterprize as this. But what resemblance in almost any one respect is there to be discerned between a national insurrection thus supported and thus conducted, and those displays of popular violence and madness which sometimes pretend to have the same ends in view? A riot, indeed, is also a defiance and resistance of the authority of the government; but this is the only point in which there is any likeness between the two cases. Instead of a mixed association of men from every rank in the community, a riot presents us only

with a mob composed of the very lowest orders—lowest, we mean, not merely in station, but in mental culture and in character. It would be to libel the labouring classes if we were to speak of them generally as making up the furious and destroying bands which a riot lets loose upon society;—it is only the most ignorant and the most worthless of them who are usually found to make any part of such assemblages. But to compensate for the absence of all the sounder and more respectable part of the population—of the more sober, industrious, and intelligent labourers, as well as of all the middle and the higher classes—there are blackguards of all sorts in plenty, the idler, the vagabond, the prize-fighter, the prostitute, the thief—all, in short, who love mischief for its own sake, or who have an interest in throwing everything into confusion, that they may prey with the more success upon the rest of the community. These desperadoes and miscreants are generally in the first instance the chief instigators of disturbance, inflaming and stirring up the thoughtless multitude among whom they mix to acts of excess and outrage which, but for their excitement, never would have been ventured upon; and often in a more advanced stage of the riot it is the most daring of these villains who become the ringleaders of the now infuriated throng, directing their destructive rage as best suits their own purposes of devastation and plunder. And such being the actors in a riot, what are their actions? They profess a desire to reform certain abuses or disorders in the state; but the whole of their own conduct is a career of disorder and abuse. They cry out against the exactions and oppression of those in power, and at the same time exercise their own wild power in a more arbitrary, licentious, unjust, and tyrannical manner than the most insolent despot that ever reigned. They would establish a better

government, having among themselves no government or discipline of any kind, except perhaps that of a blind servility to the whistle of some self-appointed commander, such as a herd of cattle are wont to show in following the beast that snorts at their head. Instead of establishing or regulating anything, their only object seems to be to break down and destroy whatever comes in their way. While they pretend to be vindicating the popular rights and liberties, they show no respect to the liberty or the rights of any but themselves. Instead of anything like regularity and order, the wildest license and confusion marks all their movements. Their march over the land is like that of a scouring tempest. Fear and flight go everywhere before them. Ruin and desolation follow their footsteps. Their atrocities multiply and grow more enormous the longer they are suffered to rage unchecked. They are at the height of their dissoluteness and ferocity when they are at the height of their success. At last, impunity in a long course of crime, aided by the effect of intoxicating liquors greedily drunk up in every wine-cellar and spirit-depôt into which they have been able to break, makes them as mad and reckless as so many wild beasts; and the miserable, worn-out wretches perish by dozens or by hundreds before the fire of the soldiers, upon whose guns they rush, or amid the breaking and falling rafters of the blazing piles which their own torches have kindled.

A popular tumult always begins in a strong feeling entertained by the people that they have some heavy wrong to redress or to avenge. But for the general discontent and irritation spread abroad among them by this conviction, those who should attempt to stir them up to acts of violence would have no materials on which to work. This makes the fuel which is so ready to be blown into a flame. Now sometimes, no doubt, the



people are quite misled and in error in the persuasion they have taken up, that some wrong has been done to them ; but frequently, also, they have abundant ground for entertaining this feeling, and are only mistaken in regard to the manner and the means of righting themselves. They are disposed to think, perhaps pretty generally, that it might not be amiss to take the law, as the expression is, into their own hands ; and although with most of them this may be merely a loose, ill-considered notion, or a habit of talking, and will go no farther, yet others who hold the opinion will be more ready, if occasion occur, to act upon it ; and all will, at any rate, be inclined by the influence of the common sentiment to look at least upon the commencing excesses of those who attempt to resist the law with more favour and sympathy than they ought to do. In former times, when the law in England was neither so powerful nor so equitable as it now is, and when much horrid oppression was really practised in its name and under its sanction, this distrust and disregard of it was more excusable than it now would be. Yet in the result no good ever came of the wild and desperate efforts which were frequently made by the lowest orders of the population to resist its authority. On the contrary, much mischief and calamity was always occasioned by these risings, a heavy portion of which never failed to fall upon the heads of the insurgents themselves. Their riots and tumults were generally marked by all the folly, extravagance, and crime which we have described as almost necessarily accompanying the progress of such irregular movements ; and, therefore, with whatever feelings they might have been regarded at first by those who wished well to the cause of the public liberty, they very soon inspired only universal disgust and horror, so that all classes were ready to join with their best energy in effecting their suppression.

One of the most memorable of these insurrections was that commonly known by the name of *Wat Tyler's Rebellion*. It happened in the year 1381, in the beginning of the reign of Richard II. The kingdom at this time was far from being in a prosperous state, and the working classes especially felt themselves heavily oppressed by a poll-tax which had been imposed the year before, and which, being farmed by several noblemen, was exacted by their collectors with great severity. Tyler, who lived at Dartford, in Kent, and was, according to some accounts, a blacksmith, according to others of the trade which his name designates, having been used with insolence by one of these collectors, struck the man with a hammer which he held in his hand, and knocked out his brains. The action was universally applauded by the peasantry and the working people; and such was the temper in which they were, that nothing more was wanted to bring them in throngs from all the neighbouring towns and villages, resolved both to protect Tyler from punishment, and to make a general effort to rid themselves of the hated impost. In this view they chose Tyler for their captain—and such was the rapidity with which the flame spread, that he soon found himself at the head of nearly a hundred thousand men, composed chiefly of the peasants of Kent and Essex.

According to other accounts, however, the Essex men were not, in the first instance at least, under the command of Tyler; and some writers assert, also, that the insurrection really commenced with them. "Thomas Walsingham," says Holinshed, "affirmeth, that the first sparks of this rebellion kindled in Essex, where the inhabitants of two towns only at the first, that were the authors and first stirrers of all this mischief, did send unto every little town about, that all manner of men, as well those that were aged, as others that were in their

lustiest time and youthful years, should come to them with speed, setting all excuses apart, in their best array and furniture for war, threatening to such as came not that their goods should be spoiled, their houses burnt or cast down, and they to lose their heads when they were taken. The terror of this threatening caused the ignorant people to flock to them by heaps, leaving all their business, letting plough and cart stand, forsaking wife, children, and houses, so that in a short time there were five thousand gotten together of those commons and husbandmen, of which number many were weaponed only with staves, some with rusty swords and bills, and others with smoky bows, more ruddy than old ivory, not having past two or three arrows, and the same haply with one feather apiece. Among a thousand of those kind of persons, ye should not have seen one well armed ; and yet, by reason of their multitude, when they were once got together, they thought the whole realm had not been able to resist them ; and supposed that they could with facility (in respect of the adverse part) make the states of the land stoop to them, and by their permission to retain, or compulsion to resign, their rooms of dignity.”

These peasants, who formed the chief part of this disorderly array, were almost all either bondsmen—that is, slaves—or what the law called *villains*, that is to say, labourers who were considered as forming part of the manor or estate on which they resided, and might be sold along with it. It was natural that, collected as they now were in such immensē numbers, and buoyed up by their excited feelings and the idea which their vast array was calculated to give them of their own power, they should very soon extend their views beyond their original object, and think of taking advantage of what seemed so favourable an opportunity of asserting

their political freedom. This intention, accordingly, they made haste to proclaim—being excited to take that course, it is said, in a great measure through the exhortations of a priest named John Ball, whom they let out of Maidstone Jail, where he had been long confined, and who in return for this favour proffered them his services as their chaplain. Ball's political notions seem to have been of a very extravagant description; but they were probably not the less acceptable on that account to his present flock. He took for the text of a sermon which he preached to them the two doggrel lines—

“ When Adam delled, and Eve span,  
Who was then a gentleman?”

And in the spirit of these words he endeavoured to prove to them that all men were by nature equal, and that therefore it was both their right and their duty to insist upon the abolition of all distinctions of rank, and to accomplish that reformation by their swords if they could in no other way. This discourse, as might be expected, was received with great applause.

Meanwhile, the signs of what the affair was about to turn to were fast showing themselves. The outcasts of society were flocking from all parts to join the insurgents; and the depraved and disorderly multitude began to perpetrate the most savage atrocities. Ball had instructed them that the best way of putting an end to the oppression under which they laboured was to destroy all the nobility and lawyers; and these principles being cordially embraced both by the mob and their captain, they were immediately and remorselessly acted upon. They cut off the heads of all persons thus denounced who fell into their hands—and, to make the surer work, they served every man in the same manner whom they found to be possessed even of pen and ink.



“Stopping the way that led to Canterbury,” says Holinshed, “and arresting all such as passed by the same, they caused them to swear that they should be ready to come to them whensoever they sent for them, and induce all their neighbours to take part with them. And further, that they should never yield to any tax to be levied in the realm, except a fifteenth only. Thus it came to pass, that after it was spread abroad what stir these Essex and Kentish men kept, the commons also in the counties of Sussex, Hertford, Cambridge, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and other shires about, bustled up and ran together on heaps, so that the number of those unruly people marvellously increased, in such wise as now they feared no resistance, and therefore began to show proof of those things which they had before conceived in their minds, beheading all such men of law, justices, and jurors, as they might catch and lay hands upon, without respect of pity or remorse of conscience, alleging that the land could never enjoy her native and true liberty, till all those sorts of people were dispatched out of the way.” The old chronicler’s marginal summary here is also worth preserving for the sake of a singular expression which he uses: “Lawyers, justices, and jurors, brought to blockam-feast by the rebels.”

Signalizing their progress by these shocking barbarities, they advanced upon the capital, and, at last, encamped on Blackheath. Having sent from hence a message to the king, desiring him immediately to repair to their camp, on receiving a refusal, they forthwith set out for London, and entered Southwark on the 10th of June. Here they immediately proceeded to the wildest excesses. All the houses which they could learn were tenanted by lawyers were with all speed laid in ruins—and the archbishop’s palace at Lambeth, with all the stores of furniture, books, and manuscript documents

which it contained, met with the same fate. To help them in these destructive outrages, and to augment the force with which they hoped to pull down the whole fabric of the state, they had on their first entrance into Southwark broken open the two great prisons of the King's Bench and the Marshalsea, and released all the prisoners. These persons, most of them hardened villains, all joined the ranks of their deliverers.

An insurrection, of which such were the instruments, and which resorted to such courses to attain its end, never could have come to good, let its objects have been ever so reasonable or praiseworthy. But in this case the schemes of our political reformers were in many respects as absurd as the way in which they attempted to bring about their accomplishment was bloody and barbarous. The day after their arrival in Southwark, they forced an entrance into the city of London. Here they were joined by a new rabble, and, inflamed by success, were ready to prosecute their career of destruction with increased boldness and violence. Their first object of attack was the palace of the Savoy, belonging to the Duke of Lancaster, the king's uncle, "to the which," says Holinshed, "in beauty and stateliness of building, with all manner of princely furniture, there was not any other in the realm comparable:" this magnificent edifice they set on fire and burned to the ground. Their conduct on this occasion well illustrates the usual rise and course of mob phrenzy and crime. At first the multitude, it may be, are too full of their grand political projects, too much exalted by the visions of liberty, reform of abuses, and revenge on the supposed authors of their wrongs, to care much about mere plunder. Besides, the ringleaders of enterprises of this kind always find it necessary to keep up for some time the cry by which they had first collected their followers, for obvious rea-

sons. It is of importance in the commencement of such attempts to impose upon the world as far as possible by specious pretences, that the more may be deluded to join the mob, and the sympathy of others may be enlisted in its favour. Men must be led on gradually to such utter abandonment as characterizes a riot in its latter stages. And the power and self-confidence both of the leaders and the led must be established by a series of successes achieved in the name of some imposing principle or profession, before they can safely throw off all disguise or all restraint, and plunge into the mere baseness of open and indiscriminate pillage. Such a course, if proposed at first, would revolt many who will nevertheless be found quite ready to join in it after they have inflamed and brutalized themselves, and at the same time drawn down on their heads the ban and threatened vengeance of society, by many previous excesses. Accordingly, when the Savoy was set on fire, Tyler caused proclamation to be made, that whoever should be detected appropriating any article should suffer death; and one man, it is said, on a piece of plate being found in his possession, was actually, in conformity with this announcement, thrown into the flames. One temptation, however, assailed them here, which they could not resist. Having broken into the wine-cellar, many of them made themselves so drunk, that even the conflagration roaring over their heads called upon them in vain to effect their retreat; and thirty-two unhappy wretches, whose cries for help, it is affirmed, were heard for seven days, perished under the ruins. All this while no one, in that stern and ruthless age, would lend a hand to extricate them from their miserable, but, as was deemed, amply merited fate.

Maddened more than ever by the new stimulus to which they had now begun to have recourse, the tri-

umphant destroyers of the Savoy lost no time in following up this grand exploit by other similar atrocities. The Temple and the other inns of court were next attacked, and burned with all that they contained. Many of the most ancient and curious records, relating to our national history, perished in these conflagrations. The priory of St. John of Jerusalem, in Clerkenwell, one of the richest religious buildings in London, and the prior's house at Highbury, were also destroyed in the same manner. Soon after, the prisons of Newgate and the Fleet were broken open, and all the prisoners released; whence a new and formidable augmentation of desperadoes to the desolating crew.

As yet, neither the government nor the citizens had made any attempt to resist the rioters. Their prodigious numbers, and the terrible excesses by which they gave demonstration of their temper and their strength, seem to have struck all powerless with consternation. The city, indeed, was completely in their hands, and at their mercy—if such an expression can be employed of those who showed none. In addition to the lawyers and the nobility, they now extended their fury to almost all who were in any way distinguished from the generality of their fellow-citizens. In this wild and barbarous attempt to realize the chimera of universal equality, whatsoever or whosoever was deemed to stand out from the dead level to which it was wished to reduce society, was remorselessly cut down. All the richest and most influential citizens who did not secure their safety by flight were hanged or beheaded. Another of the ferocious antipathies of these root-and-branch reformers was directed against the foreign residents in London. The Flemish merchants, in particular, were sacrificed by them in great numbers. The process by which they detected these unfortunate objects of their resentment



was of the same summary sort with that which they applied, as already mentioned, to persons whom they suspected to be guilty of the crime of belonging to the profession of the law. The poor Flemings were desired to pronounce the words *bread and cheese*, and whenever any one failed to give the true English sounds, his head was struck off without further loss of time. Many of these foreigners had fled for safety to the churches; but they were at once dragged forth from thence, on being convicted by this shibboleth, and murdered in the streets.

The following are further extracts from the narrative in Holinshed:—"On the same day, also, they beheaded many others, as well Englishmen as Flemings, for no cause in the world, but only to satisfy the cruelty of the Commons, that then were in their kingdom; for it was a sport to them, when they got any one amongst them that was not sworn to them, and seemed to mislike of their doings, or if they bare but never so little hatred to him, straightways to pluck off his hood, with such a yelling noise as they took up amongst them, and immediately to come thronging into the streets, and strike off his head. Neither had they any regard to sacred places; for, breaking into the church of the Augustine Friars, they drew forth thirteen Flemings, and beheaded them in the open streets; and out of the parish churches in the city they took forth seventeen, and likewise struck off their heads; without reverence either of the church or fear of God. But they continuing in their mischievous purpose showed their malice specially against strangers, so that, entering into every street, lane, and place where they might find them, they brake up their houses, murdered them which they found within, and spoiled their goods in most outrageous manner.... They that entered the Tower used themselves most presumptuously; and no less unreverently against the Princess

of Wales, mother to the king; for, thrusting into her chamber, they offered to kiss her, and swasht down upon her bed, putting her into such fear that she fell into a swoon, and being taken up and recovered was had to the water-side, and put into a barge, and conveyed to a place called the Queen's Wardrobe, or the Tower Rial, where she remained all that day and the night following, as a woman half-dead, till the king came to re-comfort her."

While one division of the mob was employed in thus ranging through the city, and filling it with burnings and slaughter, another division had encamped on Tower Hill, and a third, consisting of the men of Essex, had retired to Mile End. The king and the royal family had by this time taken refuge in the Tower, which was garrisoned by twelve hundred men. But, upon a message being received from the Mile End mob, desiring a conference with his Majesty in person, it was resolved that he should repair thither, unarmed and unattended, in the hope that some effect might be produced upon them by this proof of confidence. The gate of the Tower was accordingly opened for his Majesty to pass out; and of this, advantage was immediately taken by the assemblage, who had stationed themselves in the neighbourhood to make a rush for the interior of the building, which they gained, in spite of all the resistance that could be made to their sudden and unexpected assault. Forcing their way into the royal apartments, they seized there the Lord Chancellor Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Robert Hales, the Prior of St. John's; both of whom they dragged forth and immediately put to death, notwithstanding all their prayers for mercy. The manner of the archbishop's slaughter was particularly barbarous, for, in the impetuosity of their fury, they did not succeed in depriving

him of life till they had given him eight blows with the axe, and shockingly mangled different parts of his body.

This was on the fifteenth. The king meanwhile had presented himself to the body of insurgents at Mile End, and invited them to state their wishes. They demanded the abolition of bondage, a general pardon, and several other concessions, the majority of which were by no means unreasonable. Indeed, this Essex mob appears, throughout the course of these transactions, to have been animated by a much less savage spirit than their allies who remained in London, under the more immediate command of Tyler. All the recent violence and bloodshed had been the work of the latter. On this occasion, when Richard intimated his assent to their propositions, they professed themselves satisfied, and at once dispersed.

On the return of his Majesty to town, and his report of his success with the Mile End assemblage, it was resolved that an attempt should be immediately made to effect the dispersion of those who occupied the city, in the same manner. Most of our readers probably have heard and recollect the singular result of this attempt. It was arranged that the king should proceed, for the purpose of holding a conference with the rioters and their chief, to West Smithfield, where they were then collected. His Majesty accordingly made his appearance, attended by William Walworth, Lord Mayor, and a few other followers. Tyler, who also sat mounted in front of his rabble, as soon as he perceived the king approach, put spurs to his horse, and dashing forward did not stop till he had placed himself close by Richard. "Sir King," he then said, "seest thou all yonder people?—they be all at my command, and have sworn to me their faith and truth to do all that I would have them." He followed up this speech by indignantly

commanding one of the king's attendants, Sir John Newton, to dismount and remain on foot in his presence; and on the knight's refusal, drew his dagger and rushed to stab him—an intention which he was only prevented from putting into execution by the king requesting Newton to come down from his horse. The arrogant mob-captain, whom the height of power to which he had been raised had thus intoxicated and made giddy, then proposed the conditions on which he would consent to disband his men. Of these the most remarkable was, that he should have a commission given him to put to death all the lawyers in the kingdom. Of course, such a demand as this could not decently be assented to even in appearance, and although there had been no intention on his Majesty's part of adhering to the forced agreement. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the article was insisted upon by Tyler merely for the purpose of breaking off the negotiation. Several efforts were made by the king and those with him to prevail upon the haughty rebel to come to more reasonable terms; but he only replied to their remonstrances with scorn and defiance. At last, incensed at his insolent bearing, the royal attendants called upon his Majesty, without more ado, to have him arrested. Richard, with some hesitation, pronounced the bold order: when Walworth, immediately advancing, struck Tyler a blow upon the head with his sword, which at once brought him to the ground; a few more strokes from the rest soon dispatched him. The mob, meanwhile, as soon as they saw their leader fall, raised a shout of vengeance, and were preparing to rush against the king and his friends. One instant, however, of surprise and indecision still retained them where they stood, when Richard, with extraordinary resolution and presence of mind, especially for one so young (he was



only as yet in his fifteenth year), rode up to them, and exclaimed, "What, my friends, will you kill your king? Be not troubled for the loss of your leader; I will be your leader, and all you desire shall be granted!" This address acted upon them like a spell: with wild acclamations they one and all followed their new captain to St. George's Fields, across the river. No sooner were they gone, than Walworth, who had already acted so bold a part, proceeded, with the aid of a few friends, to raise such a force as he could among the citizens; and his active exertions succeeded, in a wonderfully short space of time, in bringing together a body of a thousand men in arms.

Holinshed's graphic account is as follows:—"In the meantime, the Lord Mayor of London was returned into the city, with one man only attending upon him, and cried to the citizens,—‘Oh ye good and virtuous citizens, come forth out of hand and help your king, ready to be slain, and help me your mayor, standing in the same peril; or if you will not help me for some faults committed by me against you, yet forsake not your king, but help and succour him in this present danger!’ When the worshipful citizens, and others, that in their loyal hearts loved the king, had heard these words, incontinently they put themselves in strong and sure armour, to the number of a thousand men, and gathering themselves together into the streets, tarried but for some lord or knight that might conduct them to the king; and by chance there came unto them Sir Robert Knolles, whom all of them requested that he would be their leader, lest, coming out of array and order, they might the sooner be broken."

Sir Robert Knolles having accordingly placed himself at their head, they were immediately marched to the place where the rioters, full thirty thousand in

number, had been already conducted by the king. While his Majesty still held them in parley, the band of armed citizens made its appearance. Instantly a conviction fell upon the alarmed and confounded multitude that they were betrayed—that their cause was lost—that they were about to be overpowered and destroyed. They were too much stupified even for flight, or their unwieldy numbers seemed to make such an attempt hopeless. They therefore threw from their hands the bows with which they were armed; and, addressing themselves to the king, begged for mercy. Richard was too well pleased with the victory he had obtained over them to refuse their prayer; he even offered them the same terms which he had already granted to those of Essex, that they might disperse the more readily. But these promises of pardon and enfranchisement were all soon after revoked by royal proclamation; and an army of forty thousand men having been collected from every part of the kingdom, was sent into the two counties to which the rioters had chiefly belonged, to execute terrible vengeance upon those who had dared to rise against the law. Some resistance was made by the people, but it was quite unavailing against the powerful force by which they were now assailed. Great numbers were slaughtered by the swords of the military, being found with arms in their hands; and many more, whom the soldiers spared, afterwards expiated their crimes on the scaffold. A historian relates, that of those who were tried and convicted before a commission sent into the recently disturbed counties, above fifteen hundred actually died by the hands of the hangman—a horrid and sickening waste of life, altogether useless for any of the salutary purposes of example, and having only the tendency to make the law, which revelled in such bloody butchery, not respected, but abhorred. Among

the victims who thus perished was a fellow named *Jack Straw*, Tyler's chief coadjutor. Straw, before his execution, made a confession regarding the designs which had been entertained by himself and his associates. On the very evening of the day, he said, on which Tyler was killed, the mob were to have commenced the general pillage and burning of the city. It had been arranged, that at the conference in Smithfield, all the attendants on the royal person should be seized and killed; and that then the rebels, having his Majesty in their hands, should proceed through the different parts of the kingdom, proclaiming everywhere, that what they did was done by the king's orders; by which means it was thought that the people generally would be induced to join them. All the nobility, gentry, and clergy were to have been destroyed—the mendicant friars only excepted, who, it was considered, would be quite sufficient for the performance of the offices of religion to all the people. The old laws were to be everywhere wholly abolished. Finally, the king himself was to be put to death, as soon as it was conceived that he could be of no more use in forwarding the purposes of the revolutionists; and then every county was to be formed into a separate kingdom, with one of the ring-leaders of the mob for its monarch. Tyler himself, under this precious scheme, was to have had the throne of Kent.

Such was the end of this famous outbreak of popular fury, which, from the vast numbers of the insurgents and the sweeping political changes which they aimed at accomplishing, has been often styled a rebellion, but which, in the suddenness of its commencement, the description of persons who engaged in it, the savage destruction and bloodshed which marked its progress, the wretched extravagance and folly of the views entertained

by its leaders, and its brief duration, exhibited all the characters of a mere riot. The people, no doubt, were goaded to rise as they did on this occasion by severe oppression; but nothing, for all that, could have been worse contrived than the plan they adopted, either to cast off the yoke by which they were weighed down, or to effect any permanent improvement of their condition. We have seen that, instead of succeeding in their objects, they only by their wild revolt brought down upon themselves new miseries, and gave to the tyranny under which they groaned additional force and ferocity. And such is almost always the disastrous result of such attempts. The effort applied to pull down an existing government, when so signally defeated as it was here, rarely fails to strengthen and consolidate what it would have overthrown. All the natural friends of things as they are seize the occasion to demand new supports and defences for the institutions which had been attacked and exposed to danger. Many who have hitherto been jealous of the encroachments of power are now drawn to join in the same cry, struck with sudden terror by a convulsion which had threatened the very existence of society. Those, on the other hand, who still abide by their old unwillingness to impose more fetters upon the freedom of the subject, weakened by the desertion of their former associates, and embarrassed by the folly, violence, and crimes by which the very name of freedom has recently been disgraced, are dispirited, cowed, and without power to make any effectual stand against the prevailing clamour. In this way, both in other countries and in our own, has the public liberty often received its severest wounds from the precipitation and intemperance of its mistaken friends.

Insurrections of the working classes, similar to that which took place under Wat Tyler, were for a long



time afterwards frequent in England. None of them, however, were distinguished by the repetition of such atrocities as those which were perpetrated on that occasion. It may be doubted if these commotions, indicative as they were of a lamentably diseased and uneasy condition of society, were, even after the lapse of centuries, of any service in bringing about a better order of things. The improvements which were eventually introduced among the relations of the different classes of the community have indeed been attributed to the fears excited in the minds of the wealthy and powerful by these often-recurring attempts of the labouring population to throw off the oppression by which they felt themselves to be weighed down; but it does not seem that the effect in question can really be satisfactorily traced home to that cause. It would rather appear to have been the result of that general advancement of civilization which may be said to have been steadily going on for the last three centuries, and which has brought so many benefits of every kind along with it—softening the minds and the manners of men of all classes, and at the same time largely augmenting the comforts and enjoyments of the whole community. Certain it is, at any rate, that the unhappy persons who from time to time were tempted to engage in the frantic efforts of which we now speak never themselves reaped any advantage from the terror which their excesses occasioned. To them the consequence was constantly only unsparing chastisement, and, at least for a time, a severer and more vigilant system of repression and exaction than they had before known. If their exertions tended in any way to produce a mitigation of that lot to which they were born, the good effect was destined at the best only to be felt by their remote descendants, after they themselves should have long mouldered into dust.

But, in truth, tumultuous risings of this description, confined to a small part of one class of the population, and generally to a single town or a single district of the kingdom, have no pretensions to be considered as great national movements; nor would the overthrow of an established government by such an assault be anything else than the most deplorable of national calamities. What, for example, would England have been turned to if Wat Tyler and his levelling crew had got the country into their own hands? We may judge from the wild conduct by which they signalized their short period of power. The besom of destruction would have swept from the land alike whatever encumbered and whatever adorned it—not only the feudal oppression whose yoke was felt to be so burdensome, but at the same time all the wealth and all the civilization of the kingdom—not only all bad laws, but all laws of every kind. Of liberty, no doubt, there would soon have been enough, if that meant merely the absence of all legal restraints. But it would quickly have been found that the worst of all tyrannies was that of the reign of universal disorder and confusion—when the strong man did what he chose by his weaker neighbour, and, all the ordinary securities of social existence being gone, all the regular industry by which alone human beings are clothed and fed, was also fast drawing to an end. Those ignorant, deluded, and violent disturbers might have succeeded in overturning the existing government; but they certainly never would have succeeded in establishing another in its place. That is a task requiring understandings of a very different stamp from theirs, and to be gone about by far other methods than the burning of houses, the beheading of their occupants, and the pilaging of their wine-cellars, in which reformers of their sort have always shown themselves most expert.

## CHAPTER II.

## BIRMINGHAM RIOTS OF 1791.

NOT many years after the Protestant Riots of 1780 had almost laid the capital of England in ashes, a tumult broke out in another of the chief towns of the empire, which showed that the populace might even still be carried to acts of as great violence and frenzy by political as by religious excitement. We refer to the famous Birmingham Riots of 1791. A number of gentlemen, residing in that town and the neighbourhood, had announced their intention of dining together on the 14th of July, to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution. Similar meetings were intended to be held on the same day in London and various other places. The country, as most of our readers must be aware, was at this time violently divided in opinion upon the subject of the great events which had recently taken place in France. One party beheld, in the success of the national revolt against the ancient order of things, only the overthrow of despotism; the other, the overthrow of all government whatever. The friends of reform in this country, then much less numerous than they now are, espoused, as might naturally be expected, the first of these views. Rejoicing that a great nation like France had at last risen from the political subjection and degradation of so many ages, and boldly asserted its right to be free, they hailed so noble an example as pregnant with the promise of universal liberty to mankind. Even in England, hitherto the

only free country in Europe, many of the most tried and attached friends of the constitution believed that such an example was fitted to produce the most beneficial effects. The political improvements introduced in France would rouse their countrymen, they hoped, to insist on the amendment of whatever might be defective in the practice of their own government; and liberty, they thought, would be all the more secure at home, if it were also generally established in foreign countries.

The party, however, who entertained these sentiments in the town of Birmingham consisted, at this time, of but a small number of the inhabitants. Not only the great majority of the wealthier classes, but the labouring population generally, who were in their employment, were violently opposed to all change both at home and abroad. They were Church-and-King men, as they called themselves; that is to say, they would hear of no alteration whatever in the present order of things in church or state—and professed to look upon the friends either of revolution abroad or of reform at home as the enemies of the British constitution.

The announcement of the dinner to take place on the 14th of July gave great offence to a large portion of this party. They regarded it as nothing less than an insult offered to themselves and their principles. Most undoubtedly nothing could be more unreasonable than this feeling; for let the persons who proposed commemorating the French Revolution have been right or wrong in their admiration of that event, their dining together was certainly a matter, with which those who differed from them in opinion had nothing whatever to do. The wish to restrain them from so meeting was conceived in the very spirit of the most odious tyranny.

Some days before the 14th, a hand-bill was scattered



over the town, of a very seditious and inflammatory tendency. It professed to come from the projectors of the intended anniversary dinner, which it invited all the enemies of despotism to honour with their presence. Its real object, however, was to excite the alarm and indignation of the rest of the community against the reformers, by the extravagant opinions and violent language which it put into the mouths of the latter. It spoke of the meeting on the 14th, in fact, not as a mere social festival, but as meant to present an imposing exhibition of the numerical force of the supporters of the new opinions. "Extinguish the mean prejudices of nations," it said, "and let your numbers be collected, and sent as a free-will offering to the National Assembly. But," it then went on, "is it possible to forget your own parliament is venal—your ministry hypocritical—your clergy legal oppressors—the reigning family extravagant—the crown of a certain great personage becoming every day too weighty for the head that wears it, too weighty for the people that gave it," &c. &c. It concluded by recommending, with sufficient inconsistency after these stimulating appeals, that in the mean time the public tranquillity should be respected; but of the day, it added, when the majority of the people shall have declared themselves in favour of an insurrection, "let tyrants beware!"

As soon as the committee for the anniversary dinner were informed of the existence of this hand-bill, they disavowed all connexion with it, by an advertisement in the public papers. They also offered a reward for the discovery of its fabricators. But all this by no means did away with the effect which the authors of the wicked imposition had counted upon producing. So much were the minds of men blinded by their political animosities, that many, perhaps most, people still per-

sisted in believing the seditious hand-bill to be the genuine production of the reformers. Others, again, whose clearer or cooler judgments saw through the trick, were not perhaps very unwilling that their neighbours should remain deceived. They thought it well that, whether by fair means or the reverse—whether by true representations or by false—the popular mind should be inflamed as much as possible against the party whom it was thus attempted to bring into discredit. A most dishonest and detestable policy—but which has too often been practised by all political parties against their opponents. It is, in truth, one of the chief methods usually resorted to by those who aspire to be the leaders of the mere rabble, or who have purposes which they expect to carry through their aid. Such persons rarely pay their eager supporters the compliment of supposing that they are to be swayed merely by truth and reason. These, in their opinion, would be very insufficient excitements. The passions of the populace, they hold, must be to a certain extent aroused by exaggerations and delusions; or, at any rate, if such notions have taken possession of them as, no matter how unfounded, have a tendency to inflame them with more of what is deemed the right spirit, the erroneous impressions are to be carefully left undisturbed. Even many well-meaning people think all this perfectly fair and proper. The end, in their estimation, justifies the means. But in this, as in every other case in which it is applied, that maxim is a most false and pernicious one. No moral end really can be advanced by the employment of immoral means; nor can the interests either of liberty or those of good government be promoted by any act which goes to abuse the understandings of the people.

From the moment of the appearance of this hand-bill

the evidences of the popular exasperation, which it had so greatly contributed to heighten, began to show themselves in so alarming a manner, that the gentlemen who had proposed dining together on the 14th were almost induced to abandon their design. Upon full consideration, however, it was thought best that the dinner should take place ; although, for the sake of avoiding offence, in as quiet and unostentatious a manner as possible. Accordingly, on the day appointed, about eighty individuals assembled at one of the inns. They sat down to dinner at three in the afternoon ; and they had all again left the house before six.

Even during this short space of time, however, a considerable mob had collected in front of the house, and under the windows of the room where the company were. Still, up to the time of their departure, no actual outrage was committed ; but after that, the crowd continued to increase in numbers and in violence, till about eight or nine o'clock, when, restraining themselves no longer, they began a general attack with stones upon the windows of the inn, and soon smashed them all to pieces. On its being announced that they were thus employed, the magistrates repaired to the place, and of course endeavoured to dissuade them from proceeding with the work of destruction. It has been alleged, however, that the manner of their interference for this purpose was somewhat extraordinary. They had themselves, it would appear, dined in a body at a neighbouring tavern, from which they issued forth upon the mob, waving their hats, and huzzaing " Church and King ! " in a style of vehement vociferation not very well calculated to calm or overawe the passions of an excited multitude, who were at the moment employed in perpetrating an act of lawless violence to the very same cry. There can be no doubt whatever, indeed, that these gentlemen were

rather pleased than otherwise with the sort of spirit displayed by the mob. They probably thought that the whole mischief likely to result from so gratifying an ebullition of loyalty would be merely the breaking of a few panes of glass ; and if the pulling down of one or two dissenters' meeting-houses should follow, there would not be much to regret.

From the inn, in fact, the mob proceeded directly to one of these buildings, called the New Meeting-House, a place of worship in which the celebrated Dr. Priestley, one of the most eminent men of the age, officiated. Dr. Priestley's political sentiments were well known to be favourable to the extension of civil and religious liberty ; and the mob, accordingly, had expected that he would be present at the anniversary dinner, and had anxiously inquired for him while assembled around the inn. He had not, however, been there ; and it was to revenge themselves for the disappointment they had thus met with in missing the opportunity of inflicting some conspicuous insult or outrage on the most distinguished individual belonging to the party against which their hostility was directed, that the rioters now took their way to his meeting-house. After having torn to pieces all the pews and furniture of the building, which was a very large one, they set it on fire ; and every part of it except the walls was in a short time consumed. They then proceeded to the chapel of another dissenting congregation, known by the name of the Old Meeting, and destroyed it in the same manner.

A mob always becomes the bolder and more ferocious the longer it is permitted to range unchecked, and the farther it has gone in its course of violence and crime. An hour or two ago this crew of miscreants, in all probability, had no intention of carrying their fury against Dr. Priestley farther than the destruction of his chapel ;



if they could accomplish that, they thought they should be satisfied. Had they originally contemplated making an attack upon his private residence, they would have proceeded thither immediately; but this scheme, we may suppose, only entered their heads after they found with how much ease they succeeded in their less atrocious attempt of destroying the chapel. Their imaginations were now heated, and their confidence in their strength greatly elevated both by their triumphal performance of this exploit and by their increasing numbers. They therefore no longer hesitated to do that which at first perhaps the boldest of them would have shrunk from. They set out in a body for the Doctor's house at Fairhill, about a mile from the town; and as soon as they had reached the place they commenced their attack with such eager impetuosity that the family had hardly time to escape with their lives. Everything which the house contained having been torn to pieces or carried away, it was set on fire, as the two chapels had been, and quickly reduced to a mass of smoking ruins. But what rendered the destruction which was committed here most deplorable was, that among much else which perished in the flames were not only a large library and an extensive and most valuable collection of philosophical instruments, but all the Doctor's papers and works in manuscript—the labour of many studious years, and which no money could ever restore. Thus, in one moment, by the act of this handful of villains, were lost, irretrievably, discoveries which might perhaps have benefited the whole of mankind in every future age.

Here the mob ceased from their devastations for this night. But as they had been hitherto wholly unopposed in their audacious proceedings, it was not to be expected that their career of mischief would finally ter-

minate here. At an early hour on the morning of the following day, which was Friday, they were again to be seen parading the streets in different bands. Mr. William Hutton, bookseller, one of the most influential inhabitants of Birmingham, and a gentleman who had raised himself to the wealth and distinction he enjoyed from the lowest possible beginnings, entirely by his own efforts, has, among other valuable works which he wrote, left us an interesting account of these riots; by which, as we shall see immediately, he was one of the principal sufferers. He had spent the preceding afternoon and the night, as usual, at his house in the country, and knew nothing of what had happened till his servant told him when he rose that morning. "I was inclined," he says, "to believe it only a report, but coming to the town I found it a melancholy truth; and matters wore an unfavourable aspect, for one mob cannot continue long inactive, and there were two or three floating up and down, seeking whom they might devour—though I was not under the least apprehension of danger to myself. The affrighted inhabitants came in bodies to ask my opinion. As the danger admitted of no delay, I gave this short answer,—‘Apply to the magistrates, and request four things—to swear in as many constables as are willing, and arm them; to apply to the commanding-officer of the recruiting parties for his assistance; to apply to Lord Beauchamp, to call out the militia in the neighbourhood; and to write to the Secretary-at-War for a military force.’ What became of my four hints is uncertain, but the result proved they were lost.”

It appears, in fact, not to have been till some hours after this that the magistrates adopted any decided measures to protect the town from the alarming dangers with which it was threatened. Some time in the course

of the day, indeed, they determined upon sending to London for the aid of a military force; but it was not, in fact, till two o'clock on Saturday afternoon that their express arrived in the metropolis. In the mean time, the rioters had renewed their devastations. Towards noon a body of about a thousand of them proceeded to Easy Hill, the residence of John Ryland, Esq., a gentleman known, indeed, for his liberal political principles, but who had not attended the dinner any more than Dr. Priestley. They broke into the house, and the scene soon became one of universal destruction and plunder. "Every room," says Hutton, in his account, "was entered with eagerness; but the cellar, in which were wines to the amount of 300*l.*, with ferocity. Here they regaled till the roof fell in with the flames, and six or seven lost their lives. I was surprised at this rude attack, for I considered Mr. Ryland as a friend to the whole human race. He had done more business than any other within my knowledge, and not only without a reward, but without a fault. I thought an obelisk ought rather to have been raised to his own honour, than his house burnt down to the disgrace of others." Other accounts state that the number of the rioters who perished here, by the falling in upon them of the burning floors and roof while they were carousing in the cellar, was much greater than Mr. Hutton mentions. Ten dead bodies, it appears, were soon after dug from among the ruins; together with six other poor wretches, terribly bruised and wounded, although still retaining the breath of life. About four o'clock, while the mob were still engaged here, a number of constables who had been sworn in by the magistrates came up to attempt to disperse them. They were armed with mop-staves, and their first attack had the effect of driving off the crowd. But, comparatively few in num-

ber, and unsupported as they were, they were not able to maintain their ground when the battle was soon after renewed with more determination on the part of the rioters. After many severe wounds had been received on both sides, and one gentleman killed by the mob, the constables were obliged to retire.

Had this been a Reform instead of a Church-and-King mob, it is probable that the Birmingham magistrates would have acted with more energy in repressing it. At this time "many solicitations," says Mr. Hutton, "were made to the magistrates for assistance to quell the mob, but the answer was, 'Pacific measures are adopted.' Captain Archibald, and Lieutenants Smith and Maxwell, of recruiting parties, offered their services; still the same answer. A gentleman asked if he might arm his dependents?—'The hazard will be yours.' Again, whether he might carry a brace of pistols in his own defence?—'If you kill a man, you must be responsible.' Thus sentenced and tied, we were to suffer destruction without remedy. Had the inhabitants been suffered to arm, there were people enough willing to oppose the rioters; but every degree of courage was extinguished, and an universal damp prevailed."

After completing the demolition of Mr. Ryland's house, the mob proceeded to Bordesley Hall, the residence of John Taylor, Esq., and set it likewise on fire. The house, with everything it contained, the out-offices, and stables, were all reduced to ashes. Mr. Taylor was the son of a gentleman to whom the trade and industry of Birmingham were largely indebted. "No man," says Hutton, "could cultivate peace and social harmony more. His is the art of doing good by stealth. Offence was never charged against him; but, alas, he was a dissenter! The sons of plun-



der, and their abettors, forgot that the prosperity of Birmingham was owing to a dissenter, father to the man whose property they were destroying. He not only supplied thousands of that class who were burning his son's house with the means of bread, but taught their directors the roads to invention, industry, commerce, and affluence—roads which no man trod before him."

About noon this day a person had come to Mr. Hutton in tears, and told him that his own house was condemned to fall. "As I had never," says he, "with design offended any man, nor heard any allegations against my conduct, I could not credit the information. Being no man's enemy, I could not believe I had an enemy myself. I thought the people, who had known me forty years, esteemed me too much to injure me." Soon after, however, some of his friends came to him to advise him to take care of his goods, it being determined that his house must come down. "I treated the advice," says he, "as ridiculous, and replied, '*That* was their duty, and the duty of every inhabitant, for my case was theirs: I had only the power of an individual. Besides, fifty waggons would not carry off my stock-in-trade, exclusive of the furniture of my house; and if they could, where must I deposit it?' I sent, however, a small quantity of paper to a neighbour, who returned it, and the whole afterwards fell a prey to rapine."

"All business," he continues, "was now at a stand. The shops were shut. The town prison, and that of the Court of Requests, were thrown open, and their strength was added to that of their deliverers. Some gentlemen advised the insurgents assembled in New Street to disperse; when one whom I well knew said, 'Do not disperse, they want to sell us. If you will pull down Hutton's house, I will give you two guineas to

drink; for it was owing to him I lost a cause in the court.'” Hutton had been for some years a commissioner in the Court of Requests, where he had given ungrudgingly his time and labour to the public without any remuneration; and he attributed much of the popular fury that was now directed against him to the decisions pronounced by him in his judicial capacity, by which of course he had displeased many individuals. Although a dissenter, he had never taken any active part either in religion or in politics.

“About three o’clock,” he proceeds, “they approached me. I expostulated with them. ‘They would have money.’ I gave them all I had, even to a single halfpenny, which one of them had the meanness to take. They wanted more, ‘nor would they submit to this treatment,’ and began to break the windows, and attempted the goods. I then borrowed all I instantly could, which I gave them, and shook a hundred hard and black hands. ‘We will have some drink.’ ‘You shall have what you please, if you will not injure me.’ I was then seized by the collar on both sides, and hauled a prisoner to a neighbouring public-house, where, in half an hour, I found an ale-score against me of 329 gallons. The affrighted magistrates were now sitting at the Swan, in Bull Street, swearing constables, whom they ordered to rendezvous in St. Philip’s Church-yard, ‘where they would meet them.’ Here the new-created officers, armed with small sticks, waited with impatience, but no magistrates came. They then bent their course, without a leader, to New Street, attacked the mob which had been with me most furiously, and in a minute dispersed it.” It was after this that these constables proceeded, as already mentioned, to Mr. Ryland’s, whose house, however, was nearly burnt down before they arrived.

About five o'clock, Mr. Hutton deemed it best to retire himself to his country-house at Bennett Hill, where his wife and daughter were, leaving his son to do the best he could for the protection of the house and property in town. On reaching home he found that his family and servants had made various attempts to induce the neighbours to give shelter to some of the furniture, but all had declined through fear of their own dwellings being burned in consequence about their ears.

One person had consented to allow the things to be put into his barn, but before midnight he too became impressed with the universal terror, and again ordered them away. Meanwhile, after Hutton had left Birmingham, his son, by giving money to the leaders of the mob, had three times succeeded in saving the premises when they were on the point of being attacked. But, about nine o'clock at night, they came back for the fourth time, when nothing would prevail upon them to withdraw. "They laboured," says our author, "till eight the next morning, when they had so completely ravaged my dwelling, that I write this narrative in a house without furniture, without roof, door, chimney-piece, window, or window-frame. During this interval of eleven hours, a lighted candle was brought four times with the intent to fire the house, but by some humane foot was kicked out. At my return, I found a large heap of shavings, chips, and faggots, covered with about three hundred weight of coal, in an under kitchen, ready for lighting. The different pieces of furniture were hoisted to the upper windows to complete their destruction; and those pieces which survived the fall were dashed to atoms by three bludgeoners, stationed below for that service. Flushed with this triumphant exercise of lawless power, the words 'Down with the Court of Conscience!'—'No more ale-scores to be paid!'—were

repeated. A gentleman remarked to the grand slaughterers of my goods, 'You'll be hanged as the rioters were in 1780.' 'O damn him,' was the reply, 'he made me pay fifteen shillings in the Court of Conscience.' This remark was probably true; for that diabolical character which could employ itself in such base work was very likely to cheat another of fifteen shillings, and I just as likely to prevent him."

Such were the achievements of these destroyers on Friday. At four o'clock on Saturday morning, a party appeared before Mr. Hutton's country-house, and immediately commenced an attack upon it. They threw out all the furniture, and consumed it in three fires; after which they set fire to the house itself. "It expired," says its unfortunate proprietor, "in one vast blaze. The women were as alert as the men: one female, who had stolen some of the property, carried it home while the house was in flames; but returning, saw the coach-house and stables unhurt, and exclaimed, with the decisive tone of an Amazon, 'Damn the coach-house, is not that down yet?—we will not do our work by halves!' She instantly brought a lighted faggot from the building, set fire to the coach-house, and reduced the whole to ashes."

Various other houses in the neighbourhood of Birmingham were destroyed, with similar barbarity, in the course of this day. That of Mr. Humphrys, at Sparkbrook, was completely sacked and gutted, but not set on fire. This gentleman had in the first instance driven off the mob by merely firing a pistol among them charged with powder; but they afterwards returned in greater numbers, and although he was well prepared for a vigorous defence, the fears of the ladies in the house would not permit him to make any further resistance. From Mr. Humphrys's the rioters proceeded to



Mr. Russell's, at Showell Green, whose residence, with all it contained, they burned to the ground. The houses of Mr. Hawkes and of Mr. Thomas Russell, at Moseley-Wake Green, were next attacked; both were plundered and greatly injured, but not burnt. From thence the multitude took their way to Moseley Hall, the residence of the Countess Dowager of Carhampton, mother of the Duchess of Cumberland, but the property of Mr. Taylor, whose house had been destroyed the preceding day. Lady Carhampton having been ordered to remove herself and her furniture, the house was set on fire as soon as she had left it, and consumed to the bare walls. Finally, the houses of a Mr. Hobson, a presbyterian minister, at Balsall Heath, and of a Mr. Harwood, a baptist, at King's Heath, both in the neighbourhood of Moseley Hall, were soon after to be seen accompanying, with their humbler blazes, the conflagration of that building. The occupants of both these houses were poor men, and lost on this occasion all that they possessed in the world.

The mob, it will be observed, during this day had carried on their ravages principally without the town. The consternation in the interior of Birmingham, however, continued unabated; and there also the rioters might still be said to bear supreme sway. Small parties of them, wearing blue cockades in their hats, went up and down many of the streets, levying contributions from the inhabitants; nor, insignificant as the numbers of these plunderers were (the party consisting in most cases of only three or four individuals), did any person dare to resist their demands, any more than in ordinary times they would have done those of the collector of the king's taxes. The strangest soothing system was adopted by the authorities, with the view of staying the career of the savage and triumphant rabble.

Some of the magistrates harangued them and requested them to desist from further violence, on the ground that they had now done enough to show their loyalty and attachment to the government. The same style was adopted in sundry printed proclamations, which were stuck up on the walls and distributed. "Friends and brother Churchmen," began one of these effusions,—headed "Important Information to the Friends of Church and King," and subscribed by sixteen magistrates and other gentlemen. These gentle counsellors then went on to call to the recollection of their *friends*, that the damage they were doing would fall, not upon the persons whose houses they were destroying, but upon the respective parishes, and would have to be paid out of the rates—a circumstance, they remarked, with which they were conscious that their said good friends were unacquainted. "We, *therefore*," continued the address, "as your *friends*, conjure you immediately to desist from the destruction of any more houses; otherwise, *the very proceedings of your zeal for showing your attachment to your Church and King* will eventually be the means of most seriously injuring innumerable families *who are hearty supporters of Government*, and bring on an addition of taxes, which *yourselves and the rest of the friends of the Church* will feel a very grievous burthen. And we must observe to you," it concluded, "that any *further* violent proceedings will more offend your King and Country than serve the cause of him and the Church." What must the innocent individuals, who had actually suffered from the fury of the populace, or who were threatened with the destruction of their property and the burning of their houses, by the lawless violence which was abroad, have felt on reading this silly and infamous proclamation! The rioters—their drunken and merciless persecutors—they here found styled the

peculiar friends of the Church, the King, and the Government. It was exactly the same thing as if they themselves had been expressly denounced as the enemies of the State. And so, undoubtedly, would the mob themselves understand the language addressed to them. The proclamation may have been well intended; but anything better adapted to encourage the blackguard multitude in their criminal career, and to spur them on to new excesses, could not well have been contrived.

Sunday rose a cloudless and beautiful morning. "Ranting, roaring, drinking, burning," remarks Mr. Hutton, "is a life of too much rapidity for the human frame to support. Our black sovereigns had now held it nearly three days and nights, when nature called for rest; and the bright morning displayed the fields, roads, and hedges lined with *friends and brother churchmen*, dead drunk." The work of devastation, however, still went on; the mob bending their course to the village of Kingswood, about seven miles from Birmingham, where they burned several houses, pillaged several wine-cellars, and extorted money from every person they met. They probably, however, did less damage in this country excursion than they would have done had they remained in the town; and one most fortunate result of their absence was, that the Wednesbury colliers, who had assembled in a body for the purpose of joining them, were deterred from entering Birmingham when they found it thus deserted by those whom they came to support.

At last, about ten o'clock at night, the anxiously expected military force from London arrived. It consisted of three troops of the 15th Light Dragoons, and was welcomed with the universal acclamations of the citizens; all parties of whom were by this time thoroughly frightened, and much more than satisfied with the expe-

rience they had had of mob domination. The town was immediately illuminated in token of the general thankfulness and sense of deliverance. It was felt that the risk of any further destruction or depredation being committed in the town was now over.

In the country, however, the rioters were still pursuing their course unchecked, although in diminished numbers, for drunkenness and fatigue had by this time completely worn out many of them. They had now nearly thrown off altogether their Church-and-King pretensions, and were becoming a mere crew of robbers, breaking into and plundering indiscriminately every house they came to, in which they thought they were likely to find anything to reward their trouble. The wine-cellars were now more than ever the objects of their rapacity. They were engaged on Monday morning in pillaging that of Dr. Withering, of Edgebaston Hall—who had also given them money to buy them off from committing any further violence—when a party of the military approached. They did not wait the attack, but scampered off in all directions, even before the soldiers were in sight.

Three other troops of dragoons arrived in Birmingham this day; but on Tuesday the rioters were still reported to be continuing their depredations. By this time, however, confidence had been completely restored to the peaceably disposed inhabitants, even of the country villages, which had, for the two or three preceding days, been so infested and oppressed by these insolent ravagers. Accordingly, on the evening of this day, when a band of the rioters attacked the house of Mr. Male, of Belle-Vue, the peasantry of the neighbourhood rose, of their own accord, and drove them off. A party of dragoons set out for the place, on receiving information of the attack; but the country people had



completely overpowered the mob before the soldiers came up.

This affair terminated the riots. On Wednesday business was resumed in the town, and all the manufactories were again at work as usual. The cavalry scoured the country this day for ten miles round; but no rioters were any where to be seen. Their lately numerous and formidable array had melted away, none could tell whither. All of them that now remained visible were the numerous prisoners that had been taken. Many of these were some time afterwards brought to trial; and, notwithstanding the strong party spirit of the juries, which led them to acquit whenever they possibly could, the guilt of several was so clearly established, that they were convicted and sentenced to death. Three were actually executed.

The loss of property occasioned by these mad disorders was very considerable; and there can be no doubt that drunkenness, exhaustion, and various casualties, destroyed the lives of many more of the rioters than were ever actually ascertained to have perished. Although, also, only one individual is stated to have been killed in conflict with the mob, who can tell how many others, persons in infirm health, and timid or delicate females, may have been eventually brought to their graves by the rough usage, or the mere alarm, to which they were exposed during those terrible days? Some such calamities are always among the consequences of a great riot. Mr. Hutton's wife, who was unwell at the time, never recovered the shock she received from being, along with her family, burned, as we have related, out of her home, and being afterwards driven, for some days, from one place of shelter to another by the infuriated crew, who, having first destroyed her husband's property, seemed then to thirst for his

life. She lingered, in great feebleness and anguish for some years, till death put an end to her sufferings. Hutton sums up what he had received at the hands of the rioter in intense and touching language: "His savage fangs," says he, "tore me to pieces, and ploughed up that even path of contentment which time cannot again make smooth."

"I cannot blame either the King or the Church," this writer well remarks in another place, "though my houses were destroyed in those names, for it was done by people who would have sold their king for a jug of ale, and demolished the church for a bottle of gin." Nothing, indeed, can be more unfair than uniformly, as many do, to attribute the blame of the excesses of rioters to the political or other party whose name the mob may have chosen to assume, or some one of whose known principles or watch-words they may have taken up as their cry. According to this way of judging, there is no great principle, whether political or religious, and no class of men in either the church or the state, which may not be condemned as chargeable with all the miseries and crimes of popular disorder and violence. To take the case of the riots we have just been relating: the mob no doubt shouted Church and King as they rushed along the streets and highways, plundering, burning, and destroying; but how were the principles which they thus proclaimed proved to be either right or wrong by these devastations? Whatever may be thought of the doctrines or opinions denoted by the words Church and King, it will hardly be asserted that they really mean universal confusion, and the entire dissolution of society. They have commonly been charged as rather too favourable to the maintenance of things as they are, leaning too greatly to the preservation of the order and quiet, at the expense of the other in-

terests of the community, too sternly opposed to everything savouring of popular menace or commotion. Individuals in the upper classes, calling themselves Church and King men, may on this occasion have conducted themselves intemperately enough; and may have even done what they could to stir up the passions of the populace, and to encourage them to acts of lawless violence. Such persons, although they may not have actually joined the mob, are to be considered as having really belonged to it, and as having formed the most guilty part of it. Let their extreme folly and thoughtlessness, or the worse motives by which they were instigated, be condemned with all deserved severity. Let not their cowardice, in flying from the conflagration, palliate their crime in kindling it. But with their conduct, their principles and their party generally are not to be held as having anything to do. The principles are to be deemed good or bad, as their tendency can be shown to be beneficial or the reverse. They are to be judged of by their own obvious meaning, not by either the violence of their more intemperate promulgators, or by the rude and absurd interpretation they have received from those who knew little or nothing more of them except the slang appellation by which they may happen to be distinguished.

But the promulgation of certain principles may, at least, have been the chance occasion which gave rise to the riot. What of that? If the principles were true, and such as it was important to make known, were their believers to refrain from professing them, because they might by possibility produce somewhere or other some popular excitement? No doubt the existence of that possibility is a good reason for the exercise of prudence and caution on the part of all who aim at influencing society by the spreading of great principles,

whether new or old ; they are to take care that they do not give any encouragement to their disciples to endeavour to propagate by violence, that which should make its way only by the force of reason. But more than this they are not called upon to do. They are not called upon either to shut their lips altogether, or even to keep back any part of that which they believe to be the truth. Nay, they are under no obligation to check even the warmth and earnestness with which they naturally feel inclined to plead their cause. Argument, entreaty, illustration, and all the other resources of eloquence, are the rightful armour of truth ; and none are to be debarred from using them in what they hold to be her defence. None have ever allowed themselves to be so debarred ; the greatest and the best men who have distinguished themselves in political or religious controversy in every age, have without scruple availed themselves, in writing or in oratory, of every power which they possessed to move either the understandings or the hearts of those around them. And in so doing they did well, and no more than they were in duty bound to do. There may be—there often have been—times when, on the diffusion and maintenance of some great principle, depended the safety of nations—perhaps the welfare of the world. At the crisis of the Reformation, for example, would it have done for Luther, and the other intrepid spirits who followed the banner he had raised, to have fought with irresolute heart or languid arm the momentous battle in which they had engaged ? What though the zeal of some of their emancipated adherents overflowed in extravagance and tumult, was the chance of such ebullitions to be for a moment weighed against the mighty deliverance which they believed themselves to be destined and commissioned to work out for mankind ?—a local,



passing evil, against a universal good, to be enjoyed throughout all ages? In like manner, in the history of every nation there have been eras when the question of the triumph of one or the other of two contending principles involved, perhaps, that of the very existence of the state. When such is the case, those who are appointed to carry on the contest on either side will not, and must not, shrink from the full assertion of the opinions they have undertaken to defend, nor from exerting all their zeal and all their powers to win the victory from their opponents.

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raising evil, against a universal good, to be enjoyed throughout all ages? In the manner, in the history of every nation, the question of the triumph of the good over the evil, of the principles of justice over the principles of injustice, of the state of the state, is appointed to every age, and every age is not and must not be, a mere repetition of the opinions that have been held in the past, but exerting all their strength to bring about victory from their opponents.

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SECTION III.—EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1799  
AT NAPLES.

OF the proceedings which are now to be related, a principal portion—in the extent of the scale upon which they were carried on, and the military regularity displayed in them, as well as in the magnitude of their results—assume all the character of a great national revolution. But, mixed up with the movements of armies, the course of these extraordinary events presents also in every part of it much of mere popular tumult, in which the most terrible passions were called into action, and the most sanguinary license exercised by the wholly unbridled multitude. Here we have riot not merely resisting authority, but raging uncontrolled in the absence of all government, and the complete dissolution of the body politic.

We are indebted for the account to an eye-witness of the scenes which it describes; and it will be found to form an important contribution to the history of the wonderful times in which we and our fathers have lived, as well as a narrative of the deepest interest.

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In the year 1798, I, then a boy, was living with my parents in the city of Naples. Our family consisted of my father and mother, my brother, and myself. We occupied a wing of the palace of the prince of Montemileto, a Neapolitan nobleman then absent from the country. This spacious and massive building is situated on an eminence in the outskirts of the town, near the Infrascata, at the back of the hill of St. Elmo, and immediately below the castle of that name. From our

terrace we enjoyed a splendid view of the greater, or eastern, part of the town, of the bay, and of Vesuvius ; and the mountains of Castellamare opposite. It was one of those glorious prospects with which that favoured region abounds, and which I have never since found matched in any other land. The crowded scene below—the world of white houses, painted domes, and wide-spreading terraces—the long line of bright villas and casinos, extending for miles, as far as the royal residence of Portici ; farther on, the darker-looking buildings of Torre del Greco, embedded in still darker strata of lava—the purple cone of Vesuvius rising above, crowned with its crest of smoke—the blue waters of the bay glittering with the reflection of the sun—while beyond them a faint whitish line marked the site of the marina of Castellamare ;—these, and other features of that wide scene, lost nothing of their effect on my youthful mind, which was then as transparent and unclouded as the sky and the sea I gazed upon.

Naples had enjoyed, since the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, half a century of undisturbed repose. The wars of the French in the north of Italy had of late years caused some alarm, but the danger had been removed by timely concessions ; and the kingdom of the two Sicilies, nearly insulated at the farther end of the Peninsula, screened behind the Papal dominions, and defended by its natural boundary of the Apennines, seemed almost beyond the reach of the storm that raged in the middle of Europe. Ever since Don Carlos of Spain, the father of the reigning monarch, had transplanted a branch of the Bourbons to the shores of the Tyrrhenian, people sang and danced, went to the procession and to San Carlo, bawled and laughed as thoughtlessly as they had always done, and their fathers before them.



I made no reflections of this sort at the time, but I partook of the general feeling of careless security; and I believed King *Ferdinando Quarto*, whom I had learned to venerate in the Court Almanack, to be as much a fixture of Naples as the marble giant which stood before his palace. Alas for stability! I lived to see them both unceremoniously removed, and that before I was much older. Annexed to the said Almanack was a neat-looking miniature map of the kingdom, duly divided into twelve provinces, the names of which I well knew; those of Calabria and Basilicata sounding to my fancy as wild as Borneo or Timbuctoo to a student of geography in the present day. I heard at times strange stories related of those Calabrians, the fiercest fellows imaginable—little better than Turks or the Algerine pirates, of whom also wild tales were related at that time at Naples. As for the *lazzaroni*\*, whom I saw every day in walking through the town, they appeared merry and good-humoured, very civil to gentlefolks, good-natured towards women and children. Their erect and comely persons, their wide grinning mouths, their white teeth, their lank black hair, and sparkling eyes, became soon objects of familiar acquaintance to me, when walking with my father, either near the marina, or on the mole.

Life was uniform—diversions and pleasures came by rotation; the evening *trottata*, or ride along the marina, and the return by the great street of Toledo, where two interminable files of carriages, each lighted by *volanti*, or running footmen, carrying torches, were moving

\* The *lazzari*, or *lazzaroni*, properly speaking, are the porters; but the name has been extended to the lowest classes in general, whether porters, boatmen, fishermen, or other rambling and vagrant orders, who inhabit chiefly the district of Mercato and the adjacent parts.

along in regular line—the halt before the celebrated ice-house at La Carità, from whence excellent ices of all descriptions were handed to the company in each carriage in succession—the return home by the steep winding ascent of Monte Santo—the cool breeze that met us on our own terrace, so refreshing after inhaling the heated air of the crowded streets below,—all these were become, by frequent repetition, like parts of our existence. But much more to my taste were our occasional pedestrian rambles by the shaded paths that wound round the hill of Capodimonte in our neighbourhood, or towards the Chinese College, or round by the Arenella, to the foot of the lofty Camaldoli. Sometimes we adjourned to a famed rural tavern, in a most delightful spot, called the Cleft Mountain (*Montagna Spaccata*), where we were regaled with *soffritto*, macaroni, and other national dishes, dressed in the genuine country style, which was but clumsily imitated by family cooks in town. Naples has ever been a country of epicurism, and in speaking of its life, descriptions of feasts and dinners must always have a prominent place.

Mine was not the age of dark forebodings; I little suspected what was lurking under the apparent calm and indolence of all around us; I could not know the discontent, the plots, the distrust, that had been of late years undermining the smooth walk of society, much less could I foresee the storm that was to exert a material influence over our fortunes and future life. If at times I caught words of serious import, of arrests of emissaries, of fears of war, cautiously emitted by some of my father's visitors, I could not understand half-spoken sentences, and the impression was soon effaced from my mind.

I had passed the first years of my life at Rome, where

I left my nurse, to whom I was fondly attached ; and the recollection of the huge ruins, the quiet streets, and the magnificent churches of the eternal city, was strongly impressed on my mind, and of course I felt as deep an interest as I was then susceptible of in the news I heard from that quarter. My infant plays, my first studies, the kindness I had experienced under the humble roof of my nurse, were dearly remembered by me. I do not know but that, of the two only places I knew, I liked Rome best, and I was often inquiring about it. One day my father, on coming home, told me that the French had taken Rome, that the Pope had gone away, and that the Roman republic (a high-sounding name), with its consuls, was re-established. This information struck me forcibly. I had read something of Rollin's Roman History, and the idea of Roman consuls on the Capitol recalled many historical associations ; yet, I remember it appeared to me more in the light of a play than a real event. A few months after, the Roman republic was abolished, and the poor consuls shamefully paraded on asses through the Corso\* amidst the revilings of the mob.

We, however, heard nothing more for some months. French soldiers then made their appearance on the frontiers of the kingdom. Reports came of partial insurrection in the Roman states, which ended, as usual, by the natives being put to the sword, their women abused, and their villages burnt. Meantime the government of Naples was actively recruiting its army by a forced levy among the peasantry, much against the inclinations of the latter. Soldiers marched and paraded through the streets, and we had the benediction of banners, harangues to the troops, processions, and

\* This disgraceful exhibition took place after the second occupation of Rome by the Neapolitan troops, in August, 1799.

the other ceremonies attendant on a military establishment in Catholic countries. A camp was formed at San Germano, near the confines, and yet Government made loud profession of being at peace with all the world.

In September the English admiral Nelson came into the bay after the victory of the Nile, and was received with acclamations and rejoicings. The king went to meet him in his barge, and the queen called him the deliverer of her country. His ships were supplied with stores and provisions, and with permission to refit in the harbours of the kingdom. All this was done under the eyes of a French minister residing at Naples. Prudent people murmured in secret at these at least rash manifestations, and augured no good from them.

We remained quiet, however, in appearance, till the month of November, when we heard that, in the midst of the rains of that season, the Neapolitan army, fifty thousand strong, was going to enter the Roman States. The king himself, in fact, left the capital, and placed himself at their head. A curious manifesto was now issued, in which the government required of the French commanders that they should evacuate the Papal territories, and at the same time professed to be at peace with the French republic. After the departure of the troops Naples became still quieter than before, many of its bustling spirits having accompanied the army. We soon heard that the king had entered Rome without opposition, but that the Castle of Saint Angelo held out. After a few more weeks gloomy reports began to be circulated in private. Defeats, treason, the return of the king to Caserta, the retreat of the army,—all these pieces of intelligence were rumoured in rapid succession, and were at last confirmed by the king's pro-



clamation, exhorting his faithful subjects to arm themselves in defence of their holy religion, their families, and property against the invaders; reminding them that they were the descendants of the Samnites, the Lucanians, and the Brutii! These pompous names exerted little influence on the minds of an illiterate population; but the religious appeal, supported by the clergy, produced great effect in the provinces, as we found to our cost a few months after.

At Naples a cry of indignation resounded through the town. The clamour was especially directed against the general Mack, a German officer who had held the chief command in the late disastrous campaign. A numerous and expensive armament had been destroyed in a month's time, and a foreign army had been provoked to enter the country, and to advance within twenty miles of the capital. That the fault did not rest entirely with the Neapolitan soldiers was proved by the good behaviour of a division under Count Damas, a French emigrant officer, who, being cut off from the rest by Mack's sudden retreat from Rome, found himself insulated with six or seven thousand men in the inhospitable wilderness of the Maremme; and although closely pressed by Kellerman, effected his retreat in good order to the harbour of Orbetello, on the coast of Tuscany, and there embarked his troops in safety.

The outcry of the Neapolitans became now loud against the foreigners who had monopolized, under Acton's ministry, and through the favour of the queen, the principal offices of the state. To their bad advice, mismanagement, and selfishness, all the disasters of the country were ascribed. These things were now repeated loudly, and in broad day, in the very streets of the capital.

On the 19th of December a crowd assembled under

the windows of the royal town palace, and soon increased to an immense mob, vociferating "*Viva il Ré*," and demanding to see the king. The dense mass and determined appearance of the people, not composed merely of the lower classes, was reported by those who witnessed it as imposing beyond anything of the kind that had been seen at Naples in the recollection of any one alive. The king, however, did not appear at the balcony; but two noblemen, Pignatelli and L'Acerra, came forward and spoke fair words to the people. Two or three among the latter stood up as orators, and complained that the faithful subjects of the king had been neglected in favour of aliens, who were betraying the country; that since foreigners had been thus patronized, peace and comfort had fled from Naples; that the king ought to choose his ministers and officers from among his loyal Neapolitans; that they did not fear the French; that they would defend their country, &c. Of course this exhibition led to nothing for the moment, and by degrees the people dispersed from before the palace and went to their dinner, to reassemble again in the afternoon in various parts of the town.

Next morning a scene of blood took place, which increased the alarm of the quiet citizens. A courier of the Austrian cabinet went to the quay, and bespoke a boat to carry him to the English admiral in the bay, for whom he had despatches. He spoke Italian with a foreign accent, at least not like a Neapolitan, and some one of the bystanders said he was a Frenchman; upon which the lazzaroni fell upon him, stabbed him in many places, and then tied a rope round him, and dragged him in that condition, all covered with blood and dust, before the king's palace, roaring out all the way, with horrid imprecations, that they would serve all Jacobins in a like manner. The king happened this time to be

on the balcony, and heard the horrible shouts, saw the ferocious mob, and at last perceived the disfigured body. Indolent as he was, he felt horror at the sight, and uttering a scream, covered his face with both his hands. But did he give any orders? Did he remonstrate with the populace? No; he withdrew, and the Neapolitans saw no more of him afterwards. Those who surrounded him, supported by the queen, took advantage of the terror and disgust produced on him by the sight, and his embarkation for Sicily was decided. The preparations for this step were taken with great secrecy, yet men were seen busy in the night removing everything valuable from the palaces, the Museum, and the Treasury. Naples was, in fact, spoliated. Everything was carried on board the English and Neapolitan ships in the bay that were ready to sail. At last another editto, or proclamation, appeared one morning posted at the corners of the streets, by which his Majesty made known to his faithful subjects that “ he was proceeding for a short time to Sicily, whence he would return with powerful reinforcements. Meantime he appointed Don Francesco Pignatelli di Strongoli his vicar-general during his absence.”

The first impression produced by these announcements was that of mute stupor, which soon, however, gave way to cries of indignation and despondency. It was now Christmas time, a season devoted, especially at Naples, to universal festivity. From the prince to the fisherman, they look on that epoch as one of rejoicing and feasting, the very poorest of the people saving all the little they can in order to supply themselves with the usual delicacies. The night preceding Christmas-day is spent in parties, assembled round a plentiful supper, first beginning with fish and other meagre diet, but being purposely lengthened till midnight; when,

meat being allowed by the church regulations, a second course is brought in of fowls, turkeys, and other rich viands. Meantime the streets resound with the noise of squibs and fireworks, and night service is performed at the various churches in honour of the Nativity; and hardly anybody thinks of retiring to rest till daybreak, when they go to bed for a few hours to recruit their strength for the festivities of the day, which conclude with another equally copious dinner; after which games of old tradition are introduced.

Such is the Christmas of the Neapolitans; but little of this was seen at that of 1798. People were too much under the influence of terror. The few visitors that came to our house could talk of nothing but fearful topics. The king had, indeed, set sail in the English admiral's ship, after being detained some days in the bay by contrary winds. While yet in sight of his capital, a deputation had been sent by the città, or municipality, to entreat him not to abandon his subjects; but all to no purpose. The ties of sympathy that had attached the Neapolitans to a king born among them, and who had certainly continued popular till then (for all the blame of mismanagement had been thrown upon his ministers), were now broken by his cold indifference and neglect. "He is going to leave us in the danger he has brought upon us," was the general observation. "He trusts more to foreigners than to his own subjects."

A dreadful storm arose after the king's departure. Several of the Neapolitan men-of-war, who were not in a condition to put to sea, remained in the bay; among them a 74-gun ship, and various large frigates. The news from Capua was unfavourable. The soldiers had mutinied against Mack, and chosen for their general Moliterno, a young nobleman who had made his



first campaign in Lombardy, where he had lost an eye in a charge of cavalry, and who was really a bold and enterprising officer. It was also understood that negotiations were going on between the viceroy and the French general Championnet, who was encamped before Capua. But the viceroy did not inspire confidence; the municipality disputed his power, and another piece of improvident and wanton destruction came to widen the breach.

One evening the Neapolitan ship of the line *Guiscard*, and the frigates that had remained in the bay, were seen in flames. People ran to the sea-side or crowded on the terraces to witness this awful sight. The fire, it was soon found out, was not accidental. The viceroy had given the orders for the work of destruction, and a Portuguese man-of-war had executed it. The 74 blazed during the greater part of the night. It was an awful scene. The stores in the arsenal and the gun-boats were likewise destroyed. We saw the fire from our terrace, and watched the progress of the flames until the last sparks went out, and all was dark and mournful again. The act was committed, it appeared, to prevent the ships from falling into the hands of the French. But why did government wait till the eleventh hour, and leave a fleet which had been built at so much expense in such a state of disrepair as to make it unfit to be removed even the short distance to Sicily? It was, indeed, a subject of indignant reproach against the government, obvious even to the most unreflecting mind. But the whole old machinery of the state was crumbling to pieces. The government had fallen into dissolution of itself.

There is a feeling of awe and dismay which pervades the population of a great city, at least the peaceful part of it, on the eve of the dissolution of a long established

government, however faulty and corrupt, and at the approach of a foreign invading army, which comes for the avowed purpose of changing the whole system of society. This feeling has been experienced by turns in every kingdom of Europe during the last war, with the exception of England. When this has happened, farewell to that sentiment of security of which we do not appreciate the value until we have lost it—that security which makes an honest man lay his head on his pillow at night, confident that he will, on awakening, find things as he left them, and the customary walks of life open to him as usual; all this is replaced by anxious fears of distress, danger, spoliation, insult—of loss of employment, of loss of life, and of, what is dearer than life, the honour of one's family. Of the grounds for these fears I had but a very indistinct idea at that time; still I caught the contagion of general uneasiness and alarm. In the case of Naples, besides the enemy without, there was a well-grounded apprehension of internal danger from a numerous, naked, and ignorant populace; who, although remarkably quiet of late years, bore a traditional character of lawlessness and ferocity when roused, as the excesses of the revolt of Masaniello and other similar instances had repeatedly demonstrated.

On the 12th January, 1799, the armistice concluded with the French was made known at Naples. It was as disgraceful as every late act of the government had been. The French were put in possession of Capua, and were now within an easy day's walk of Naples. They were to be paid 10,000,000 of francs within a few days, as a bribe not to molest the capital for two months longer; and a commissary actually came to town to receive the first instalment. That very evening a dreadful tumult broke out. The lazzaroni came

forth out of their haunts, crying furiously, "Our holy faith for ever!" "Long live the Neapolitan people!" "Down with the traitors!" They also vociferated that Pignatelli had given up the city to the French, and that a French officer had come to receive the keys—the keys of an open town, without walls or gates! However, to the Frenchman's hotel they went. Luckily he was absent. Some one said he was at the theatre of San Carlo, and to San Carlo they rushed, overpowered the guards, filled the house to suffocation, and searched every box; but no French commissary was there. He had luckily had time to escape out of the viceroy's box, by a private gallery communicating with the royal palace. The confusion was extreme; the performance was stopped; many of the spectators were ill-used, some wounded and robbed; there was an end of the Opera for the present season.

This was the beginning of the anarchy in Naples. The populace now ran to the castles, and the guards having no instructions how to act in such an emergency, the lazzaroni made themselves masters of the fortresses, seized the arms, and then went out on the road to Capua to fight the French. The armistice was, of course, at an end; and the vicar, frightened at the storm he was unable to direct, ran away to Sicily. All these reports reached us in succession. Meantime the tumult and uproar were increasing throughout the town. Firing was heard in different directions, and the distant roar of the cannon announced that the mob and the French were engaged near Aversa. The former did, in fact, attack the French advanced posts with great spirit, but the grape shot that was poured upon them, and the charges of the cavalry, obliged them to fall back on the capital. Then they stationed themselves at the approaches, determined to oppose the French,

who paused before they ventured into a populous town in a state of complete insurrection.

Meantime blood was shed in the streets. Persons of decent appearance, or gentlemen (*galantuomini*), were particularly obnoxious to the populace. The lazzaroni visited the houses to seek for Jacobins and concealed arms. They entered that of the advocate Fasulo, where they found a box full of tri-coloured cockades. Fasulo's sister had just time to burn some papers, containing lists of patriots; and while her brother was escaping by the terraces of the house, she snatched up a crucifix and threw herself at the feet of the lazzaroni. She was spared, but the house was plundered and set on fire. This course was henceforth followed against all suspected houses, and I remember seeing columns of smoke rising from various parts of the town, their lurid shade contrasting with the beautiful azure of the sky above.

In the chapel, or oratory, of the palace we inhabited was a relic of considerable celebrity—namely, the foot of St. Anne, which was kept in a silver case. This was an heir-loom of the family of Tocco, the surname of the princes of Montemileto, brought, it was said, from the East by their ancestors, who were at one time despots of Achaia. The priest who had charge of the sanctuary, an old Calabrian, shrewd, but withal quiet and well-disposed, expecting that the lazzaroni, who were prowling in the vicinity, would soon pay us a visit, kept a number of tapers burning before the relic, as on a day of festival. He then watched about the great terrace, which looked towards the outer gate. At last he saw a party of suspicious-looking fellows, some of them armed, approach with some caution, and pass through the outer gate into the court below. He immediately went to meet them, and was informed that they were looking for Jacobins, who might be concealed



in this extensive building. The priest shook his head, and replied mildly, that he and two old servants of the prince were the only inhabitants of the palace, besides a foreigner, an Englishman he believed (the name of Englishman being then a protection, was as such assumed by persons of other nations who happened to be at Naples), who, with his family, had long inhabited the right wing—a very quiet man, an invalid, who was there for the benefit of his health. With this he led them up the great staircase to the chapel, and asked them whether they would like to kiss the miraculous foot of St. Anne, the patroness of the place; and as he spoke he threw open the door. The lazzaroni doffed their caps and knelt down; the relic was taken from the altar and handed round by the priest; they kissed it, and came out quite satisfied with the good odour of the place. They even left one of their party to guard the gate, and prevent others from annoying us; and the good priest came immediately after, and told us the occurrence, to our great comfort.

Meantime the city below was given up to all the horrors of anarchy. Moliterno, who had for a moment fixed the affections of the populace, was soon suspected, and obliged to conceal himself. The lazzaroni put themselves under two well-known leaders of their own caste, Paggio, and Michael, called *Lo Pazzo*, or *Mad Michael*, on account of his eccentricity. Many of the people were really intent upon defending their country, and supporting their old institutions; others, and those were the refuse of the town, discarded servants, runaway apprentices, thieves, and galley slaves, whose prisons had been opened by the mob, thought only of plunder and violence, lived at discretion upon the respectable citizens, and were guilty of all sorts of ex-

cesses. The murder of the Duke della Torre was the most lamentable among the numerous tragedies then perpetrated. My mother knew the family well. The duke was a man of a most estimable character. Fond of study and averse from political strife, he devoted himself especially to natural philosophy, had a valuable collection, and was in correspondence with several academies. His brother, Cavaliere Filomarino, was a man of letters, a wit, and a poet. The Palace della Torre stood in the old town. A menial, the duke's hairdresser, spread the report that his master was preparing a banquet for the French, whom he expected to enter the city that evening. The palace was immediately surrounded. It would seem that the duke, relying on the appearance of returning calm, as Moliterno had proceeded to the French head-quarters, had asked a few intimate friends to supper that evening. But men of all opinions are agreed that he had no share in the transactions of the time. The populace entered the apartments, seized the duke and his brother, and, in spite of the entreaties of his wife and of his children, they were doomed to instant death. The duke was dragged down to the gate of his palace, and there murdered; but, before he was quite dead, the barbarians, it was afterwards said, cast him into a fire which they had lighted in the square in front of the house, and in which they threw the furniture and other effects they could not carry away. The house was plundered; and the rich library, a collection of valuable prints, and the cabinet of natural history, were destroyed. It was said the lazzaroni mistook the electrical machines, and other scientific apparatus, for guillotines and other traitorous jacobinical contrivances. Filomarino was taken to the square of the Mercato, and there shot. The

duchess and her children were not ill-used; they were put by the people into one of their own carriages, and told to drive wherever they liked.

The consternation of all the peaceful inhabitants had become now most intense. We could not foresee what would be the fate of us all in a few days; we did not know what the French were doing, or meant to do, although they were within sight of the town, and their outposts skirmishing daily with those of the people. No decent man dared to appear in the streets. Fresh victims were sacrificed hourly in the most barbarous manner. The women of the lower classes took part in the massacres.

On the morning of the 20th of January my father and I were standing by a window that looked towards the Castle of St. Elmo. We cast our eyes towards that fortress, and saw flying on the staff no longer the royal banner, but a tri-coloured flag. My father could not believe his own eyes; he rubbed them and looked up again; it was the, to him, well-known ensign of the French republic. It was the first time I beheld those famed colours. To me they carried no associations of ideas of dismal or glorious reminiscences—no foreboding of future evil. To me it was only a striped cloth—white, red, and blue. Not so to my father. He had seen that flag unfurled over the French fleet that vomited flame and death on the devoted town of Oneglia\*, when his father had been obliged to fly from the place with the loss of the greater part of his property. That flag waved over Paris when my father witnessed the massacre of the 10th of August, and the butcheries of September, 1792, when tigers in human shape ran

\* A sea-port town, belonging to the king of Sardinia, on the Genoese coast, and which was bombarded in 1792 by the French fleet under Admiral Truguet.

about the streets, carrying the heads of the murdered on their streaming pikes, and obliged all whom they met to clap their hands. That flag my father had left behind him flying on the extreme French frontier line, as he crossed the Jura to take shelter in the then happy valleys of Switzerland; and he then wished and hoped he had seen it for the last time. But that flag had still moved on waving triumphantly across Jura and Alps and Apennines, and was now unfurled under the blue sky of Parthenope. For once he was glad, he said, to behold that flag again. "It was the only chance of safety for our devoted city," I heard him exclaim. The firing of cannon from the fortress interrupted his reflections. A shot was fired in the direction of the most populous part of the town, and we fancied we heard a tremendous yell of defiance below. Soon after we saw a glittering of arms, bayonets winding in a serpentine line at the foot of the grey walls of the castle. It was a column of French infantry, who were proceeding to take possession of the fortress. The measured march of the men—their blue uniforms seen through the foliage of the intervening trees—the white belts—the shining muskets—the plumed caps, were all strikingly in contrast with the motley dirty attire of the armed populace we had beheld for the last fortnight. The long line wound round a corner of the bastion facing us, and gradually disappeared. Soon after we heard rapid and thick discharges of musketry in that quarter, which were answered by others in the direction of Foria, or the entrance from Rome. The attack was evidently general.

In order to explain how the important Castle of St. Elmo had come into the power of the besiegers, we must revert to certain occurrences of the day before, as they became afterwards known to the public. Moliterno,



who, after the flight of the viceroy, had been for a moment the leader of the *lazzaroni*, did not go far enough, as they thought, in favour of popular supremacy, or, in other words, of anarchy. His real intentions at first appear to have been to avail himself of the formidable attitude of the people, in order to obtain favourable conditions from the French general Championnet, by which Naples should have been recognised as an independent State, distinct from the fugitive government of King Ferdinand; and thus been able to establish for itself popular institutions, without the interference of the French army. The idea was good and patriotic, but Moliterno, like other popular favourites, soon found that the instruments he had reckoned upon turned in his hands against himself. In fact, there was hollowness of purpose on both sides. Moliterno, while acting as the chief of the Neapolitan people, and acknowledged as such by the *città*, or municipal council, contrived to get the castles out of the hands of the lower classes, and intrusted them to his friends, emphatically called the *gentlemen*. He then threatened with summary execution any one who attempted to assault or plunder a citizen. The *lazzaroni* had conceived an aversion against gentlemen as much as against Frenchmen, because they considered both as leagued in an unholy compact against religion; and although troubling their heads but little about the king's authority, which was now defunct, they yet hated the idea of innovation, which they considered as jacobinical and heretical. The *beau idéal* of *lazzaroni* government would have been to pay no taxes, and to make the wealthier class share their property with them, with sundry other privileges of doing as they liked, while they professed all the time to be royalists.

But the death-blow to all the plans of Moliterno and

his friends came from the French general. Championnet was an able officer—cool, wary, and well versed in revolutionary tactics. He had advanced thus far, and risked to a certain degree the safety of his army without a sufficient authorization from the French Directory, who, in fact, did not wish at the moment to carry things to extremities with the court of Naples. The conquest of Naples was therefore necessary to Championnet in order to justify his advance, and the millions which he intended to tax the Neapolitans at, would also prove an argument in his favour with the Directory. Besides, Championnet was urged to the same end by the Neapolitan political exiles who had now returned with the French army, their minds soured with the recollection of their sufferings. They wished to triumph in their own country, and thought the presence of a French army necessary to the establishment of their favourite theory of a republican government. They represented to the French general that there was now no authority at Naples—that the mob would not be able to resist disciplined troops—that it was absolutely necessary to push forward, and make no concessions to a population plunged into anarchy. When, therefore, Moliterno presented himself at the French head-quarters with full powers from the città, or municipality, of Naples, to conclude peace, or arrange an armistice in the name of the nation, he was haughtily answered that the flag of the Bourbons was still floating above the castles—that the French commander could not separate the nation from its king—that he could not acknowledge the self-assumed and precarious authority of the *eletti*, or municipal magistrates—and, in fine, that the only way of saving the city from the horrors of a bombardment was to submit quietly to the fortune of war. For this purpose Moliterno was advised to exert himself with his

friends, and to deliver the castles into the hands of the French.

With such an answer Moliterno could not think of facing the people again; he saw that the die was cast, and the only part left to him was to follow the French general's advice. He entered Naples secretly, concerted with his friends, and in the night surprised the Castle of St. Elmo, which, during his absence, had been occupied again by the lazzaroni, and drove the latter away. He then had a tri-coloured flag made by the monks of the adjoining convent of San Martino out of the church drapery, and hoisted it at break of day. A column of French troops, joined by the Neapolitan republicans, now advanced and took possession of the castle, in order afterwards to attack the town from that point.

The whole of that day and the next (the 21st) were passed in obstinate fighting in the different avenues of the town. The French advanced in two columns by Foria and by Porta Capuana, but they gained little ground the first day. Houses, palaces, and convents became so many ramparts; and the lazzaroni had cannon, which was served by some regular artillerymen and Albanian soldiers of the king's army. The uproar, the confusion, the carnage, were truly frightful. From our elevated situation, being out of the immediate sphere of action, we could hear the reports of the fire-arms, mixed with the distant yells of the enraged multitude, and judge by the smoke of the progress of the combatants. We saw several buildings in flames. A few ships that were still in the bay sailed away from our devoted shores, as if leaving us to our fate; and in the course of the day, that sea, a few days before so lively with sails, became wholly deserted—not even a boat was seen gliding over its still surface. On

the evening of the 21st the French, who had now possession of all the heights that command the town, seized eight pieces of artillery which the people had placed in the wide street of Foria. Championnet's head-quarters were on the hill of Capodimonte.

Early on the 22nd the French renewed the attack. The lazzaroni stood like tigers at bay behind their barricades and their remaining cannon; and the French paused awhile before they ventured into the narrow and intricate streets of the old city. The column that advanced by Foria, however, pushed on into the square delle Pigne, when they found themselves supported on their left by the fire of the medical students and other republicans, who had fortified themselves in the great hospital called the *Incurabili*. The lazzaroni became thus disconcerted, and General Rusca, at the head of some cavalry, seizing the opportunity, charged them, took their guns, and, setting fire to the palace Solimene, drove them out of that position. The French now turned towards the great central street of Toledo, which intersects the town from north to south. At the same time General Macdonald moved from St. Elmo, supported by Moliterno and his friends, who descended the hill towards the same quarter. Mad Michael, who commanded the lazzaroni in that quarter, defended himself bravely; but being overpowered, he was taken prisoner and brought before the French general, who, feeling a regard for his courage, offered him the rank of captain, with five hundred ducats, if he succeeded in disarming the people, promising them a general amnesty. Michael, who was not so mad as people supposed him to be, accepted the mission, and partly succeeded in dispersing the lazzaroni; some of whom, hearing that the French behaved generously towards the vanquished, came with all the native warmth of



their untutored feelings to throw themselves at Macdonald's feet; the general gave them money and sent them home.

Meantime part of the populace, seeing that things were drawing to a close, thought of availing themselves of the last moment of their liberty to plunder the royal palace. In this work they were joined by some of the French soldiers, who had now spread over the greater part of the town. The French commanders, however, put an end to this disgraceful scene; and, after the loss of some more lives, the scattered remnants of the mob skulked sullenly away towards their haunts and fastnesses in the old city, the district of Mercato. The small Castle del Carmine in that neighbourhood was the last to surrender.

On the 23rd of January the whole city was in possession of the French, after three days' obstinate resistance by an undisciplined multitude against an army of nearly twenty thousand veteran soldiers. The loss of lives on both sides was never precisely known, but that of the *lazzaroni* was roughly calculated at between six and seven thousand men.

The peaceable citizens now poured out of their homes or places of concealment, and congratulated or condoled with each other according to the various fate their friends had experienced during the week of anarchy that had preceded. The churches were filled with people returning thanks for their deliverance. In the midst of the general feeling of congratulation, it seemed not even to be noticed that foreign soldiers garrisoned the town. Some alarm was spread, however, by a report that the French soldiers had been promised the plunder of the houses of all those who had not certificates of republicanism; but the suggestion, if ever entertained during the combat, was given up on condition of the city paying two millions

and a half of ducats. A proclamation of a general amnesty by Championnet came next to reassure the inhabitants; and as if to give more *éclat* to the scene, Vesuvius exhibited a splendid, though harmless, eruption of its liquid flame the very day after the entrance of the French.

Of the political transactions which occurred at Naples after the occupation by the French, of the establishment of a provisional government under the influence of the conquerors, the disputes between General Championnet and the Directory at Paris, the recall of the former, and the appointment of General Macdonald as his successor; of these and similar occurrences I must briefly speak from after-report. Events which have been actually seen with the eyes, leave a clear impression on a youthful mind; while reports of abstruse discussions and secret intrigues, carried on in cabinets, councils, and clubs, produce but a vague sensation, which is soon obliterated. All I can remember from the desultory conversation I heard at the time, is, that affairs were going on as badly as my father had always feared they would.

There were among the Neapolitan *patriots*, for such was the name the republicans had assumed, men of honourable principles, of pure sentiments, of upright intentions, of enlightened minds, for it is unquestionable that at this period the most able and intellectual persons in the country belonged to that party. Professional, and especially medical men, artists, the few men of letters the country could boast of, many superior officers, and almost all the junior members of the nobility, were patriots. These men had no interest in producing mischief; the welfare of their country was necessarily connected with their own. But there was among them, with few exceptions, a sad deficiency of political expe-

rience, a want of forethought, and of habits of business; elated with their success they did not calculate the danger of a reverse, they did not seem to feel that they were treading, as it might in truth be said, both in a physical and in a figurative sense, on the crust of a volcano. They had, besides, in their wake the crew of selfish, licentious, and unprincipled men, to whom a revolution is a matter of speculation. There were others who had been exiles for years in France from former judicial and political proscription; these men had become almost foreign to their country in their habits and ideas; they had contracted a bias for the sweeping tenets and summary methods of the French military republicans, and a sort of contempt for their less exalted countrymen. It was chiefly out of this, which might be styled the French party, that Championnet selected the members of the provisional government, which was entrusted with the executive power, as well as with the task of preparing a constitution for the Neapolitan or Parthenopean republic.

The provisional government issued pompous proclamations full of that turgid phraseology which had been brought into fashion in France, and which the Neapolitans, naturally inclined to bombast, were not slow in adopting. The king and queen were compared to Claudius and Messalina, and they, as well as the aristocrats, were denounced as enemies to the people. "Those who had served the *tyrant*, it was stated, had nothing to expect from the republic." Thus the officers of the king's army were left destitute, the soldiers disbanded, and when afterwards the government perceiving its error, wished to collect together the remnants of the old army, it was too late; the greater part had gone to seek their subsistence among the ranks of the insurgents in the provinces. The provincial courts and their em-

ployés, the *armigeri*, or baronial police of the feudal districts, were summarily dismissed, and of course increased the number of the malcontents. A number of convents were also suddenly suppressed. In many cases, however, it must be observed, the violent measures taken against the clergy, especially in the provinces, did not emanate directly from the central government, but from the caprice of subordinate agents, whose mischievous interference the government did not or could not restrain. In the first ebullition a number of patriots, chiefly young men, were sent into the provinces with a certificate from the central or home department, of being *democratizers*, a new-fangled word, and their business, without any specific instruction or authority, was to preach democracy and organize the republic. In most places they found themselves at variance with the local authorities, while they also disgusted the people; some of them were ill-treated, others, especially in Calabria, were not allowed to reach their destination. At last they were recalled, but not till they had done irreparable mischief.

The French generals meantime seemed jealous of allowing a national army to be formed. They seized all the arms, and placed them in stores under their own guards. The Directory sent Commissary Faipoult, who, treating Naples as a conquest of the French republic, claimed in the name of the latter all the property of the late king. This, in a country for ages governed absolutely, was a very vague and indefinite demand. Accordingly it was considered to include the royal palaces, the property of the suppressed convents, that of the military orders of Malta and of Constantine, the royal fabric of porcelain, the banks, and even the antiquities of Pompeii! This absurd decree displeased Championnet himself, who was a man of sense and honour; he suppressed the edict and



dismissed Faipoult. He thus incurred the displeasure of the Directory, who soon after removed him and sent him under arrest to the citadel of Grenoble, whence however he was taken out a few months after, during the unfortunate campaign of the French against Suwarrow, and was appointed to command the army in Piedmont. He was defeated at Fossano by the Austrians, and died at Nice of a contagious fever in the same year.

These few outlines of the condition of Naples during the French occupation are matters of notoriety and registered in history. They are traced here without the least partiality, merely to show the inevitable consequences of an invasion, even where the invaders come with friendly professions towards the people, and the fallacy of expecting improvement at the hands of a foreign army.

Championnet was regretted at Naples. He had ingratiated himself with the lower classes by his firm and impartial justice, without distinction of parties; he had attended publicly the festival of the miracle of St. Januarius, and had even made a present to the church of the saint. He had also appointed mad Michael to his personal staff, and that low-born and illiterate but grateful man, behaved ever after with honesty and fidelity to his employers, until he perished, one of the many victims of the reaction. Dressed in his French uniform, and followed by two orderlies, he on several occasions went to harangue the turbulent populace, and succeeded in calming their effervescence. Another lazzarone, Pagliuchella, was appointed justice of peace over his brethren. All this had a good effect on the excitable but warm-hearted populace. Some one reported that Championnet was their own countryman, a name similar to his being discovered in the registers of the parish of

Spirito Santo. Championnet smiled at this, but did not contradict the report.

Meanwhile the unemployed patriots of the capital were busy in making speeches, abusing the late government and its allies, and severely canvassing the conduct of their present legislators. They denounced most of the agents, and even some of the members of the provisional government, and their clamours caused the appointment of a censorial commission of five members, who were to examine the merits of each officer or candidate for office, and whose verdict was without appeal.

Public festivals were also held in the squares where the tree of liberty had been hoisted. In the Largo Spirito Santo a pavilion was raised where young men and women repaired to sing patriotic hymns, accompanied by guitars and other instruments.

In the theatres and saloons of the capital, dramas allusive to passing events were acted, in which Ferdinand and Caroline were introduced and severely caricatured; all this was well known at Palermo, and probably contributed to sour the temper of the queen to the degree she afterwards manifested; but these exhibitions had little attraction for the mass of the people, among whom the coarse dialect of the king, his rough manners, and his trivial pastimes, were rather objects of sympathy and popularity. Indeed many of the respectable and sober-minded citizens of Naples deprecated these exposures as unbecoming, and at best idle, and augured no good to the cause which its friends attempted to serve by such means.

The patriotic Gazette or Monitore of Naples, was edited by a lady, Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel. Amiable and accomplished, an artist, a poetess, and an improvvisatrice; she was enthusiastic in the cause of the

republic. Her eloquence was often highly figurative, her philosophy and her politics were moulded by classical recollections, and this was mostly the case among the educated classes at Naples. A sort of better epicurism, partaking of the languor and effeminacy of that school, an exalted admiration of physical beauty, a high opinion of the superiority of their country, and at the same time a supercilious contempt for the millions of their uneducated countrymen, all this reduced the patriots to a coterie, between whom and the people there could be but little sympathy.

When in after years I returned to Naples, and resided there at various epochs, and had opportunities of studying the character of its inhabitants, I could then find a clue to the anomalies which their revolution had exhibited.

Much may be said in apology for the aberrations of the Neapolitan patriots, aberrations which they so cruelly expiated. There were many virtues among them; there was disinterestedness (I am speaking of the leading characters), there were a devotedness and a brotherly affection, the charm of which was sufficiently touching; there were sparks of genius and talents worthy of a better fate. Unacquainted with a practical system of national government, they resorted either to classical models or to the example of the French. With either of these the people could not sympathize. The people loved their processions and their serenades better than civic feasts and patriotic hymns; they preferred the symbol of the cross to the tree of liberty; they considered the new pageants as irreligious. At last some ecclesiastics adopted a more successful method. They repaired to cross-roads and market-places, crucifix in hand; they preached to the populace in their own jargon; they explained to them passages of the gospel, its

lessons of brotherly charity and humility, which maxims, they said, were in accordance with the principle of liberty and equality. These sermons produced some effect, and they may be numbered among the singularities of those times.

I have a better recollection of the impression produced by the news that came from the provinces, even through the distorting channel of the newspapers. The state of the unfortunate country was obviously dreadful. We heard and read of towns taken by storm and burnt, of no quarter given to the insurgents, and all the horrid phraseology of a civil war, whose dreadful import began to break upon my mind as a disturbed vision of the infernal regions and of incarnate fiends. I remember particularly reading one day of the town of Carbonara, in Puglia, being carried by the French moveable column, under a General Broussier, when the whole population was put to the sword; and this feat, which was reported as a triumph by the republicans, left a dark confused image in my mind of horrors which I could not thoroughly understand, and the two names of the town and of the general I remembered for many years after in painful association.

The fact was, that the country people, having been invited by the king's proclamation before his departure to take up arms against the invaders, and then being abandoned by the central authority, soon split into factions according to the feelings or interest of the influential people of each place, the commercial towns being mostly inclined for the new government, from which they expected the abolition of monopolies and privileges, and of the restraints on trade, and a better administration of justice, while the inland towns and the agricultural and feudal districts were for the old system. A French division, under General Duhesme,



accompanied by a legion of Neapolitan patriots, was sent from the capital across the Apennines, into the fertile provinces of Puglia,\* to enforce submission to the republican government, and, at the same time, to exact payment of a contribution of fifteen millions of ducats, which the French commander-in-chief had imposed on the kingdom. In the levying of this by the local authorities, a distinction was made between patriots and aristocrats. But this was not all. Many of the officers and commissaries raised also contributions on their own account, and the municipalities were obliged to furnish a greater amount of provisions and forage than the troops of the expedition required. In short, all the oppressions of foreign invasion and civil war combined were felt. Those who ventured to complain were answered tauntingly:—"You must pay a high price for liberty and equality. We shed our blood for you, and you only disburse your money." Some of the walled towns attempted to resist the troops; they were carried by storm, and the fire and the sword made terrible execution among the distracted inhabitants, who did not seem to comprehend clearly the nature of their situation. The town of San Severo, on the borders of Puglia, was one of the first attacked. This was the stronghold of the royalists in that quarter, being built on a commanding hill, and surrounded by olive plantations. Several

\* The kingdom of Naples was divided into four grand districts, viz., Terra di Lavoro, Abruzzi, Puglia, and Calabria. Each of these was subdivided into three provinces, viz., Terra di Lavoro, properly so called, or the province of Naples, Principato Citra, and Principato Ultra; Abruzzi was divided also into Citra and Ultra, and Contado di Molise. Puglia contained Capitanata, Terra di Bari, and Terra d'Otranto. Calabria was divided into Citra, and Ultra, and Basilicata. These divisions are still preserved, with the exception of Calabria Ultra, which has been subdivided into two provinces, viz., Reggio and Catanzaro.

thousand men, with cannon, were posted outside of the walls. The French attacked them in front, while another body fell on their rear, and cut off their retreat. A dreadful scene of slaughter now began, when a multitude of women and children, who had been spectators of the combat from the town walls, came out to implore mercy for their husbands and brothers; and, to the honour of the French general be it said, they obtained it. Duhesme restrained the fury of his soldiers, and especially of his Neapolitan auxiliaries, who, as it often happens in civil factions, were more inveterate against their own countrymen than the strangers. In these volcanic regions, among a population ignorant but inflammable, in whom imagination overrules judgment, party politics assume all the savage vindictiveness of personal hatred. There, amidst orange-groves, myrtles, olives, and aloes, amidst the perfumes of flowers and the luxuriance of bounteous Nature, men, dark, scowling, and ruthless, fought desperately with the enthusiasm of martyrs, and bled, and groaned, and died; and for what? For a king who was then far away hunting in his royal preserves near Palermo? a foreign queen who despised them? for ministers who had loaded them with taxes, and brought the invaders into their land? for their noblemen, who still exacted with the utmost rigour their remaining feudal perquisites? for priests and monks who lived in idleness on the produce of others' labours? Nominally for these; but in reality they fought for worthier objects,—for their religion, which they thought insulted,—for their country, which they beheld invaded,—for their homes, which they saw violated,—for their children, whom they considered as the intended victims of foreign ambition or lust. Others, and they were the worthless many, fought for plunder, for amnesty of past crimes, for revenge, or excited by

that spirit of havoc which, in times like these, maddens men into a phrenzy of destruction.

The town of Andria was the next to suffer. The son of the titular duke of the place commanded the besiegers. He was a fierce daring enthusiast in the cause of the republic, and had no mercy for royalists, or rebels, as he called them. Andria was entered by storm both by the French and the Neapolitan legion; but the inhabitants continued to fight from the terraces and windows of their houses, and their resistance so enraged the victors that they gave no quarter. All the men capable of bearing arms were killed, and the town was given up to the flames. It was indeed a frightful massacre, which was repeated soon after at Trani, a city still more considerable, where eight thousand men were destroyed. Puglia now, though not for any length of time, submitted to the French, whose exactions in the towns of that province, whether royalist or not, amounted to spoliation. The people were stripped of their plate and other valuables.

A singular adventure, which exhibits the character of the people in the remote parts of the kingdom in a strong light, occurred in another district of Puglia. A few Corsican emigrants, who had left their island when the French occupied it, and had taken refuge in the kingdom of Naples, happened to be, in the early part of February, in the town of Taranto, whence they intended to sail for Sicily. But the wind being contrary, they found themselves detained until messengers from the republican government established at Naples reached the place. The town acknowledged the new authorities. The Corsicans then thought it prudent to quit Taranto quietly, and, crossing the Iapygian peninsula, try their chance at Brindisi on the Adriatic coast, where they might meet with a passage for Trieste. After walking

on foot through part of the country, they stopped for the night at the village of Montiasi, where they asked for lodging at the house of an old woman. There was a rumour afloat at the time, that the king's eldest son, the hereditary prince, was concealed somewhere in the country. One of the Corsicans, it appears, either as a joke, or in order to ensure better treatment, hinted to their hostess that the prince was one of their party. The appearance of the strangers, and their language, were different from what those villagers had been in the habit of seeing and hearing. The old woman ran to one of her relations, a substantial farmer in the place, named Girunda, and told him the news. The latter came immediately to pay his homage to his royal highness, and was directed to one of the youngest of the party, who was thought to bear some resemblance to the royal family. Girunda knelt before him, and offered all he had and all he could dispose of. He then withdrew for the night. Being left to themselves, the Corsicans, and especially he who had been thus without his consent proclaimed a prince, began to reflect seriously on the probable consequences of this freak. French detachments were known to be approaching in that direction. Our party therefore thought prudent to make their escape in the night, and pursue their way towards Brindisi. The old woman, as soon as she missed them in the morning, went to inform Girunda, who, mounting his horse, followed by some of his men, went to seek after the fugitive prince, giving, at the same time, the alarm to the country around. The news spread like wildfire, the population ran to arms, the village bells were ringing; "the king for ever! down with the republic!" was shouted from a thousand mouths. At last the Corsicans were overtaken at the village of Mesagne, not far from Brindisi; they would fain have un-



deceived the people, but they perceived it was now too late. The pseudo-prince was obliged to assume his new honours with the best face he could. He praised the loyalty of the people, gave directions to the local authorities to introduce some regularity into their tumultuary movements, especially if they intended to oppose a successful resistance to the French; and then, as a measure of security, he removed his head-quarters to the castle of Brindisi, where, reflecting on the dangerous predicament in which he stood, having against his will usurped a title for which he would be called to account, yet judging that the insurrection thus raised might be of service to the king, he bethought himself of the expedient of proceeding himself to Sicily to give the first information of the event. He told the people that he had positive orders from his royal father to repair to him, that he would soon return with reinforcements, and meantime he would leave them two of his companions as his lieutenants, to organize the defence of the province. He did so, and was reluctantly allowed by the natives to sail. Having proceeded to Palermo, he stated candidly to the king and queen all that had happened, and he had the satisfaction of having his conduct approved of, and a pension allotted to him, which he continued ever after to enjoy. He afterwards held a commission in a foreign corps in the British service. I met him many years after at Naples, where he had taken up his residence since the peace, and he confirmed all the circumstances of this singular story. He must have been a very young man at the time he extricated himself with so much judgment from the difficult position in which he was placed.

The two lieutenants he left behind with Girunda proceeded to arm the peasantry; they roused the whole province of Otranto and that of Bari, and thus esta-

blished the insurrection in Puglia. They were, however, defeated by the French at Casamassima, when one of the leaders was taken prisoner; but the other, named De Cesare, escaped into Basilicata, where he joined the Calabrian insurrection, led by Cardinal Ruffo. As this last-mentioned personage figured at the head of all the strange characters of his country and epoch, and even gained to himself a sort of historical reputation for boldness of talent crowned by success, it may be well to give here a few particulars of his former life.

Fabrizio Ruffo was born of a noble family, whose principal estates lie in the neighbourhood of Scilla, at the farthest end of Calabria. Being a younger son, he was destined for the church, and educated at Rome, under the direction of his uncle, who was a cardinal. He soon entered the career of that half-spiritual, half-temporal diplomacy which is maintained at the court of Rome; and he was at an early age made treasurer by Pope Pius VI. Ruffo's temperament, however, was but little suited for an ecclesiastical life; he confessed himself he was more fit for the army. He fell in love with a handsome marchioness, to whom he devoted his time, and whose influence soon became apparent in the management of the affairs entrusted to Ruffo's charge. Complaints reached the ears of the pope, who being partial to young Ruffo, first tried remonstrances, and at last, in order, as it was said, to dismiss him honourably, created him cardinal. Ruffo now being unemployed, proceeded to Naples, went to court, and soon won the favour of Ferdinand by his frankness, boldness, and taste for sporting exercises, the latter being always the best recommendation with the hunter-king. Ruffo was made intendant or director of the royal domain of Caserta, an office which his former patron the pope

considered as derogatory to the character of a cardinal ; but Ruffo liked it and retained it. He mixed also in the court intrigues, and was opposed to Acton's ministry. When the king embarked for Sicily, Ruffo followed him there. Having been apprised, however, soon after that the Calabrians were ripe for insurrection against the republican government of Naples, which, in fact, they had never acknowledged, and that they wanted a leader of confidence, with full power to organize them, Ruffo offered himself, and the king authorized him, but without any other encouragement, to proceed on this adventurous mission. Ruffo lost no time ; from Messina he crossed in a boat with his secretary, an aide-de-camp, a lieutenant-colonel, and three attendants, seven persons in all, with which retinue, and a few thousand ducats, he was going to reconquer a kingdom.

The state of Calabria was very singular. The people of that extensive, wild, and secluded region were not in the beginning altogether averse to a change of government, for they were sensible of the abuses of the old administration, and weary of the feudal exactions and immunities of the barons. But they were decidedly hostile, from old national feelings, to the advance of the French on their territory, and determined to oppose any such attempt. In the towns there was a considerable party inclined to the formation of an independent and representative government, but the commissaries sent by the patriots of the capital disgusted the fiery Calabrians by assuming too commanding a tone. The Calabrians never liked the people of the metropolis, whom they regarded as effeminate and pompous, and whom, besides, they looked upon as strangers. However, most towns appointed their municipal authorities, formed a national guard, and proclaimed the republic. The country-people stood apparently passive, but they

did not like the name of a republic. They were attached to the forms of their religion, and jealous of the chastity of their women; and they were led to think that the republicans disregarded both. As soon, therefore, as the royal flag was again unfurled among them, the peasantry took the side that best agreed with their customs and prejudices.

The Calabrians are generally, from early practice, good marksmen. At the time we are speaking of almost every man had his musket, and went about armed. They are courageous, persevering, firm friends, and implacable enemies. The reply of the wounded Calabrian to his confessor has become proverbial. Being exhorted to forgive his enemy, as a necessary condition of his own salvation, he answered resolutely, "*Se moro lo perdono; se campo l'allampo*"—"If I die I forgive him; if I recover I will shoot him." A melancholy temperament, a concentration of feelings, and a sullen distrust, render them formidable when irritated. Even their women seem endowed with a masculine spirit; their features, harsh though regular, are scowling and wrinkled even in youth, and their uncouth dress leaves them little of that delicacy which is considered elsewhere natural to the sex. The men, with their short jackets, close trowsers, leather gaiters, and sandals of undressed skin, tied by thongs, and a rusty conical hat, with narrow brim and trimmed with ribands, and images of the Virgin, may be seen skulking about behind their olive-trees, or some loose stone wall, as if in wait for some passenger to fall upon. Such, at least, is the inference a stranger would draw from their appearance. Their towns are built on steep conical hills, crowned with houses to the very top, the outer or lower buildings being joined together by walls so as to form a sort of rampart. The central region is occupied by the



great Apennine ridge, wild and bleak, to which, however, whole colonies, with their cattle, migrate in the summer; the flats near the coast are marshy and unhealthy, and inhabited by herds of buffalos, but the valleys at the foot of the mountains are delightful and rich with the most luxuriant vegetation. The vine, the orange and lemon trees, the fig, the olive, and all the fruits of southern climes, grow there to perfection. Here and there you see the devastations produced by the terrible earthquakes to which this country has been repeatedly subject. Ruins of convents, churches, and whole villages; whole districts overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain, or the turning of a river from its former bed;—these are common sights in Calabria, and were still more so at the time of the insurrection, when the calamities of the great earthquake of 1783 were still in everybody's recollection; and many of the villages which had been destroyed were not yet rebuilt, the people living in temporary huts. There was no carriage road through the country, and a journey from Naples to Calabria was considered, and justly too, as both a difficult and a dangerous undertaking.

Ruffo and his small party landed in the month of February near Scylla, where he collected three hundred men, chiefly among the retainers of his family; and of these he made his guard. He then proceeded to Bagnara, where he increased the number of his followers. He issued proclamations with the double authority of a cardinal and a king's lieutenant, commanding all true Catholics to join the royal standard, denouncing excommunication against the refractory, and bestowing indulgences on those who should fall in the strife against Jacobins and infidels. He wrote circulars to the bishops and curates, requiring of them to preach the insurrection in their respective circuits. A white

cross became the symbol of the soldiers of the *Christian army* (such was the name assumed by Ruffo's followers). The cardinal offered also a full pardon to all criminals and outlaws who should present themselves at his headquarters and enlist in his ranks. The two provinces of Calabria were at that epoch the refuge of a multitude of men who had escaped from confinement during the confusion and anarchy of Naples and other towns. These were formed into bodies of irregulars under bold and enterprising chiefs. Michele Pezza, better known by the name of *Fra Diavolo*, was one of the most prominent. He had been a monk, but having left his convent through restlessness or misconduct, he had become a highway robber, and had even attacked the royal mail. He now became an officer of the Santa Fede. Panzanera and Pane di Grano were men of a similar stamp. Next came the curates who, crucifix in hand, led bands of young Calabrians going, as they thought, to victory or martyrdom, or else attracted by the prospect of a roving, licentious life. Rinaldi, the curate of La Scala, was the first among these. He had himself, unaided, begun the insurrection in his parish; he had seized two pieces of cannon out of the Castle of La Scala; and from him had proceeded the earliest communications about the Calabrian revolt, which had been at first treated by the court of Palermo as the dreams of a visionary.

Winspear, the president, and Don Angelo Fiore, the auditor, of the province of Calabria Ultra under the king, with several officers, civil and military, hastened to join Ruffo's standard. But one of the most important accessions to the royalist cause was that of Sciarpa. This man had been an officer of the criminal court of Salerno, and as such was acquainted with all the lawless and daring characters of that province. He was

active, intelligent, and bold. Being thrown out of employment by the change of government, he asked to be allowed to serve under the republic, and was refused. He then assembled his former acquaintances, and became the soul of the insurrection which blazed over that part of the country, almost in sight of the capital, and afterwards communicated with the advanced parties of the Calabrians.

Ruffo having collected a corps of several thousand men, with some field-pieces, advanced to Mileto, and from thence summoned Monteleone, a wealthy and important town, which had declared itself for the republic. Monteleone sent in its submission, with a sum of money and horses for the service of the army. The terms were accepted, and the royalists moved on to Cotrone, an ancient city on the Ionian coast. Cotrone attempted to resist, but afterwards opened its gates; it was pillaged, and several of its citizens were put to death. Thence Ruffo proceeded to Catanzaro, the capital of the whole province of Calabria Ultra. The people had mounted cannon on their ramparts, and, warned by the fate of Cotrone, they refused to admit the royalists; but proposed a capitulation, offering to hoist the king's flag, to form a royal guard among themselves, and to give a sum of money for the expenses of the war. Ruffo agreed to the capitulation, the terms of which he strictly observed. From thence he moved forwards towards Cosenza, the capital of Calabria Citra.

The reports of Ruffo's achievements spread far and wide. King Ferdinand named him his vicar-general in the kingdom of Naples, with full powers; and sent to him General Micheroux and Prince Luperano, with a regiment of cavalry and some artillery from Sicily. Many of the royalist emigrants from Naples also came to swell Ruffo's ranks.

There was now a formidable insurrection in southern Calabria, another in the province of Salerno, near Naples, another in eastern Puglia, and, lastly, in the north the Abruzzi were also in open revolt. In fact, the latter province, like Calabria, had never submitted. French columns had passed through it in their advance upon Naples, and having met with opposition in the mountains near Aquila, they had committed acts of stern retaliation, and the inhabitants had risen again in their rear. Pronj became the leader of the Abruzzian insurgents. This man had been an armigero, or yeoman, of the Marquis del Vasto; he had some natural abilities, and acted a part of consequence in that emergency. The mountaineers were irritated against the French, who had burnt their villages and cut their way through by fire and sword. The town of Isernia, situated on a lofty mountain, had been stormed, pillaged, and destroyed. All these outrages embittered the spirit of the natives. During the stay of the French at Naples, the insurgents of Abruzzi were kept somewhat in check, though never subdued; but as soon as the French columns turned their backs on that devoted country, the insurrection raged more fiercely than ever, and spreading from the Apennines to the Mediterranean, the Abruzzi insurgents made a junction with the armed populations of Sora, Itri, and the country between the Garigliano and Volturno, and thus cut off entirely the communication between Naples and the rest of Italy. Another leader, called Mammone, a miller by trade, was at the head of the insurgents of Sora and San Germano. The horrors reported of this monster are almost beyond belief. He literally thirsted after human blood, and drank it.

The retreat of the French army, which was the signal of ruin to the cause of the republicans, took place



early in May. It was preceded by sinister reports being whispered about reverses of the armies in the north. In fact, the campaign had begun in Lombardy by two successive defeats inflicted by the Austrians and Russians on the French, who had been obliged to evacuate the whole of the Milanese territory. Few, however, at Naples knew anything of the particulars, except the French commanders themselves, who kept them as secret as they could. General Macdonald had concerted with Moreau, who was the general-in-chief in Italy, the bold plan of marching to the north, menacing in this manner the flank of the Russians, and forming a junction with the French army in Piedmont; a plan which he prosecuted with equal valour and ability in the three days' engagement on the banks of the Trebbia against all Suwarrow's power, nearly succeeding in turning the fate of that campaign. However, for some time before he left Naples, it was given out that the French were going to form a camp for exercise at some distance from the capital. The division of Duhesme was recalled from Puglia, and that fine, but now devastated, province was left again to the mercy of the insurgents.

Meantime the English and Neapolitan squadrons, emboldened by the news favourable to the allies, landed some troops at La Cava and Castellamare, where they hoisted the royal flag, which was thus again displayed in full view of our terraces. The sight brought to the inhabitants of Naples unpleasant recollections and dark forebodings. Macdonald, however, was too cautious thus to leave the capital exposed to the insults of the enemy, and marched himself on the 4th of May to Castellamare and retook it, making some prisoners. This was the last act of the French in the cause of Naples. A few days after Macdonald set off for Rome, and his army followed in two columns; one by Terracina, or

the lower road, the other by San Germano, skirting the foot of the Apennines. The latter found the country in arms to oppose their passage. The French, however, cut their way through, and the towns that resisted were ravaged. Isola especially, on the confines of the Roman States, was completely destroyed, after an obstinate resistance, and the inhabitants were cut to pieces. The French army abandoned the kingdom of Naples five months after they had entered it, only leaving garrisons at Capua and Gaeta, and a small one of seven hundred men in the Castle of St. Elmo.

A settled gloom now pervaded the minds of reflecting people at Naples, for the bad news from the provinces could not be altogether concealed, though the leading patriots were in a state of exaltation which partook of infatuation. They really did not see the desperate state of their affairs. They even rejoiced at the departure of the French, as freeing them from an irksome tutelage. This would have been reasonable had there been no enemies around them, or had the patriots had strength to oppose the insurgents and the king and his allies. The minister at war, Mantone, affected to despise the insurgents. When news came to Naples that a body of Russians and of Albanian Ottomans had landed on the Adriatic coast as allies of Ferdinand, and had already occupied Foggia, the principal town of Puglia, Mantone said they were galley slaves from Sicily, whom the court of Palermo had disguised in that manner! However, these Russians, under General Micheroux, who had landed with them from Corfu, soon effected a junction with the army of Ruffo.

The cardinal had continued his triumphant advance through Calabria Citra. Cosenza, the chief town, made little resistance; the inhabitants were divided, and it was soon entered by Ruffo's soldiers. Some plunder

took place, but the lives of the people were spared. Rossano and Paola were not so fortunate. They both defended themselves; both were stormed, and were treated most cruelly. The latter particularly, one of the finest towns of all Calabria, was completely destroyed, and no quarter given to the unfortunate inhabitants. The tide of civil warfare rose, and became more and more destructive as it rolled on towards Naples.

Ruffo now entered Basilicata, a mountainous inland province, on his way to form a junction with the royalists of Puglia. In his way was the town of Altamura, where many patriots had assembled from the surrounding country; and the people in general, alarmed at the reports of the excesses committed by Ruffo's soldiers, determined to resist to the last. But their ammunition failed them. On the 8th of May Altamura was invested, and on the 10th it was stormed by the royalists and given up to indiscriminate pillage. The horrors of that devoted town are unfit for description; neither sex nor age was spared; priests, monks, and nuns suffered with the rest. Among other cruelties, the living were tied to the dead and thrown into charnel pits. But enough of this. For fifteen days Altamura was scourged with the presence of its tormentors. At last, tired of slaughter and wanton destruction, they left its bloody ruins and pursued their way to Ariano, on the road from Puglia to Naples, about fifty miles from the latter city, where Ruffo established his head-quarters by the end of May, having been joined by Micheroux and the Russians. All the towns, now frightened by the fate of Altamura, hastened to send in their submission. The principal leaders of the insurgents repaired also to the cardinal's camp. A singular scene that camp presented, and a strange staff was that

of Ruffo! A set of banditti, in their coarse accoutrements, by the side of a cardinal—several noblemen and old officers of the line—Russian and Albanian officers—priests and heretics—the highest and the lowest in the scale of society; the cross, the eagle, and the Turkish crescent!

Meantime what were our governors doing? Little to meet the emergency. Already before Macdonald left us another change had taken place in the government. The French Directory, listening at length to the remonstrances of Moliterni, who had been sent as minister to Paris, despatched a commissioner, Abrial, to organize anew the Neapolitan republic. This gentleman, gifted with mild and conciliatory manners, and benevolent views, made a selection from among the most honourable patriots of a legislative body, to frame the final constitution of the state, which, however, was never promulgated. The executive power was entrusted to a directory of five members, as in France, and four ministers. This, in the crisis in which we were, was the really essential branch of government. While the others were legislating for future times, the executive called together the national guard, a very useful body for keeping order in a town, though of little service in repelling an enemy. But the great error lay in despising the provincial insurrections. They sent, when too late, mere detachments to fight the insurgents. Schipani, a warm patriot, but no general, twice marched into the province of Salerno, and twice was obliged to fall back upon Naples. It was this same Schipani who, when Sciarpa, the insurgent leader, offered to come over to the service of the republic, under certain conditions for himself and his men, answered disdainfully, in the words of Godefroy in Tasso's *Jerusalem*,—*Guerreggio in Asia, e non vi cambio o merco*—"I am here car-



rying on war, and not barter or traffic." This affectation of heroics—this walking on stilts—was characteristic of the men and of the country. A trait of this sort was just calculated to please my boyish fancy at the time, as I can remember; but, for the same reason, it did not become the grown-up leaders of a nation.

Ettore Carafa, son of the Duke of Andria, and a man of much greater abilities, was sent to the Abruzzi against Pronj. He fought bravely, but was overcome by immensely superior numbers, and obliged to shut himself up in the fortress of Pescara. His services were thus lost to Naples. Other detachments sent against Ruffo had the same fate. What could a few hundred patriots do against thousands? The facility with which the early insurrections had been dispersed, especially in Puglia, deceived the patriots, who did not consider that dispersing was at first a part of the insurgents' plan.

In the capital we had, since the removal of the provisional government, numerous clubs or patriotic societies. One of these devoted itself particularly to watch the labours of the legislative body. The latter had been discussing the intricate subject of the feudal rights and perquisites, and, after annulling the privileges of the barons, proceeded to scrutinize the income proceeding from the forests and common lands over which these noblemen held manorial rights. In pursuing this examination, they required every one to bring forward his titles; and if these were wanting, or found to be defective, the lands were to be divided among the commons. Several of the legislators, however, were barons themselves, and opposed this law. The discussion, nevertheless, was proceeding with much moderation, and according to constitutional forms, when a knot of hot-headed patriots from the club called *Della Accademia dei Nobili*, repaired in arms to the entrance of the

legislative assembly, and sent in a message demanding the expulsion of two of its members who had voted against the feudal reform, as well as the dismissal of the minister of marine. After a stormy debate the three members offered to retire of their own accord, thus avoiding further mischief; the legislature giving at the same time a fatal example of weakness.

Several other acts of violence and terrorism took place, which it would be useless now to relate, as the duration of these institutions was so short that they had hardly time to effect anything beyond alarming and unsettling still more the minds of the people. There was a society which had for its object to *democratize* the *lazzaroni*! The members met in the great square del Mercato, and mixing familiarly with the populace, talked to them in their own jargon, and ate and drank with them in the low eating-houses and wine-vaults of that neighbourhood. They appeared, however, by the result, to have made but few proselytes.

Other and more urgent cares were pressing upon the government. Cardinal Ruffo, with an army of fifty thousand men, regular and irregular, had come down from Ariano to Avellino in the vicinity of Naples. His advanced parties spread completely round the capital in a semicircle, extending from the Roman road to that of Salerno or Calabria. It was now evident to all that the city, with a population of nearly half a million, including its suburbs, would in a few days be compelled to surrender, if not by force, at least by famine. The minister at war at length saw the impending ruin, and made some efforts to avert it. The small regular force he had at his disposal was sent in two parties to face the royalists, one under Schipani to Torre dell' Annunziata, the other to Marigliano on the Puglia road. But before proceeding on this last expedition, Mantone, with

great pomp, assembled his troops, as well as the national guards, in the wide square del Castello, and had the royalist prisoners, that had been taken a month before by Macdonald at Castellamare, brought into the centre, and their colours thrown down at the foot of the tree of liberty. The prisoners, pale and emaciated, and with their hands tied, presented a miserable sight; they expected to be led to instant execution. The denouement, however, had been concerted among the republican leaders. The officers began to cry mercy for their deluded countrymen; the soldiers followed; the citizens and populace, assembled all around, and on the crowded balconies, repeated the blessed word, "Mercy! Mercy!" The general then signified his assent, and that of the government; the prisoners were unbound; and thanking with true southern warmth of expression their intercessors, they shouted also *Viva la Repubblica!* amidst the deafening applause of the multitude. A collection was made on the spot to supply the prisoners with the means of returning to their homes in the country, there to spread the report of the generosity of the patriots. This act of humanity graced the last happy day Naples saw that year. Near morning the troops marched out of town to attack Ruffo.

A number of Calabrians of all ranks, nobles, landholders, tradesmen, and even priests, who being of the republican party,\* had been obliged to leave their coun-

\* When I speak of republicans, and especially of provincial republicans, in this narrative, it must not be understood that the generality of these men were attached to that particular form of government, of which most of them had very little knowledge, but being practically aware of the abuses of the old system, they approved of a change, and as the fashion then was for republics, they supported the republic. Such was the ignorance of the lower classes, that many in the remote districts fancied the *repubblica*, from its feminine termination, and the emblematic figure they saw on the coins, to

try on Ruffo's invasion, escaped to Naples. These men had lost their all, they had no hopes, no mercy to expect from the opposite party, but they were brave and determined, like all Calabrians. The minister at war enlisted them to the number of two thousand, forming a *Calabrian legion*, and to them were intrusted the Castel Nuovo, and the other principal points of the capital. They wrote an address to the government, stating that they were men of desperate fortunes, to whom it had now become a matter of indifference either to give or to receive death ; that their sole wish was that their country should be free, or, at least, not fall unavenged. Nor was this vain bombast ; *they kept their word*, and few of that legion survived the assault of Naples. These men, however, unlike their royalist countrymen, respected property and persons, and preserved the tranquillity of the town till the last. They behaved, in short, honourably, being chiefly men of education and respectability in their own country.

While the regular troops had marched out to fight Ruffo, a conspiracy was discovered in the capital. Two brothers, natives of Germany, by name Baccher, having enrolled secretly a number of royalists and lazzaroni, and bribed part of the national guard, had thus prepared a counter revolution, in which they proposed to destroy or secure the patriots and proclaim the king. One of the initiated sent a ticket of protection to a lady of the name of Sanfelice, and desired her not to venture out on a certain day. The lady wishing to save a dear friend, communicated the warning to him. This led to a discovery. The house of Baccher was visited, royalist cockades and flags were found, with lists of persons proscribed. The two Bacchers were arrested, but no be a woman ! and one, too, of loose character : they called it *La Publica*.



threats or promises could make them reveal their accomplices. They were sent to the dungeons of the castle, and the thanks of the nation were voted to the lady Sanfelice for having been the means of saving the republic.

Meantime a Franciscan friar, named Pistici, endeavoured to discover the threads of the conspiracy. He was popular with the sailors and boatmen of the district of Molo Piccolo, though in his heart attached to the republic. One day he entered a boat with some of these men; and as they were sailing in the gulf, he began to deplore the condition of the times, the tyranny of the Jacobins, the contempt into which religion had fallen, and then suddenly exclaimed: "Had I a thousand men like you, and with arms, I would avenge the altars and my king. But, alas! the Jacobins have taken your arms away!" "Arms may be found," muttered one of the sailors. And as they reached the shore the man told Pistici that if he repaired that night at an hour he mentioned to the same spot, he had further intelligence to communicate. Pistici did so, allowed himself to be blindfolded and led by the hand, and found himself at last in a cellar, which was full of firelocks, and other weapons and ammunition. Pistici represented himself as having friends among the upper class of royalists, and another meeting was appointed to concert measures in common. The friar having given information to government, went to the same spot, where he met four of the lazzaroni, who began to press him about his means to effect an insurrection. The agents of police being at hand arrested the party, including Pistici, chained them separately, but confined them in the same dungeon. This was done on the supposition that the lazzaroni might still remain in the belief that the friar was sincere in his professions; but they

were too wary, they loaded Pistici with reproaches and abuses, and no disclosures could be obtained from them. At last they were publicly executed with the brothers Baccher.

On the 5th of June the Directory proclaimed the country to be in danger, and enjoined that at the firing of a signal gun from the castle every inhabitant, who was not inscribed on the lists of the national guard, or of some patriotic society, should retire to his house, and not come out again until another gun should be fired, and this *under pain of death*. At the same signal all the national guards and other patriots were to assemble at their posts. The first time that this signal was given, it was punctually obeyed; but many of the national guards became weary of its useless repetition, by which they were kept for hours under arms; and thus it happened that when the enemy was really at the entrance of the city, the signal was but little attended to. The lower classes grumbled at being sent home thus capriciously, in a country where thousands can hardly be said to have a *home*, huddled up as many families are in kitchens and cellars, and where it is an indispensable relief for them to be out in the open air as long and as late as they can.

A revolutionary tribunal was instituted to try, in a summary manner, all persons charged with treason. It was fortunate for the memory, if not for the cause of the republicans, that this mischievous court was of such short and precarious duration, that it had not time to perpetrate those acts of injustice which are the usual attendants of a system of terror. It must also be observed that its establishment was forced upon the government by the violent demagogues, who became more noisy as times became more critical.

The last efforts of the patriots in the open field were

attended with unfortunate results. The great error of their chiefs was that of scattering and dividing their forces. A small column, commanded by Spanò, was defeated at Monteforte, near Avellino. Another detachment, under the orders of Belpussi, was posted at Marigliano, a village only twelve miles from Naples, on the Puglia road. Cardinal Ruffo, who had moved his head-quarters to Nola, attacked the patriots with an immense force, and drove them back on the capital. Schipani alone, who was stationed to the right on the Calabrian road, stood his ground at Torre dell' Annunziata, being protected by the Neapolitan flotilla on one side, and by the fastnesses of Mount Vesuvius on the other. A little in advance of him, Castellamara was still in the hands of the patriots. But after the defeat of Marigliano, Ruffo being master of the plain pushed on one of his columns by the way of Somma to Portici, and thus cut off Schipani's communications with Naples, by which means the troops commanded by the latter were rendered useless. Ruffo now invested the capital with the whole of his force, including some Russian infantry and other regular troops, besides artillery. The principal point of attack was the bridge of La Maddalena, which is at the entrance of the town on the road from Calabria. The patriots had fortified the avenues of Naples. The small fort of Villena stood on the sea-shore, by which Ruffo was advancing. A small detachment of Calabrian patriots had thrown themselves into it, determined to sell their lives dear. Ruffo's artillery soon dismantled the feeble walls, and the royalists rushed in. The fight was now between Calabrians and Calabrians—man against man—in the midst of ruins. None of the garrison surrendered; all were killed after destroying many of their assailants. A small knot of survivors, covered with wounds, retreated to the powder

magazines, where one of them, by name Martelli, applied a lighted match to one of the barrels, and blew up the conquerors and the conquered. The next moment the little fort was but a heap of stones and mangled bodies. The explosion was felt at Naples like the shock of an earthquake, and at first it was thought the noise proceeded from Vesuvius; but the dismal truth soon became known.

The return of the few troops under Mantone disclosed all the horror of our situation. The town was surrounded by the spreading masses of the insurgents; the English and Neapolitan frigates blockaded us by sea; there was no chance of escape. Roccaromana, who had left Naples in order to raise some cavalry on his estates near Capua, being disgusted with the republican government, which had treated him harshly, had joined Ruffo's camp, and brought to the insurgents the accession of a name at once patrician and popular. The little town of Aversa, on the Roman road, had also revolted, and that cut off our communications with the French garrison of Capua. Colonel Mejeant, who commanded the French in the Castle of St. Elmo, behaved in a very equivocal manner. He had at first issued an order of the day, by which he threatened the lazzaroni that at the first popular insurrection he would bombard the town. But when he saw the affairs of the patriots at the last extremity, he shut himself and his garrison in the castle; and would not admit into it any Neapolitan, except those few who held commissions in the French service. He remained henceforth a passive spectator of the scenes of carnage that were taking place below, made no demonstrations, and fired hardly a gun to support or assist the patriots.

Meanwhile the lazzaroni, and other royalists in the capital, were beginning to show their long-repressed



joy at the approach of their friends. Already, some nights before, they had marked with a red cross many houses of the patriots, adding in figures the number of inmates devoted to slaughter.

The islands of Ischia and Procida, at the mouth of the bay, had been for some time occupied by the Anglo-Sicilians who had landed from the squadron. There the people, chiefly sailors and fishermen, who had suffered most severely during the French occupation from the interruption of trade and the scarcity of provisions, committed many acts of sanguinary revenge against the republicans. A Sicilian commissioner, by name Speciale, was sent from Palermo by the king's government to establish a tribunal at Procida, and to try in a summary manner the Jacobins who should be brought before him by the peasantry. He there showed the first symptoms of his truculent disposition, sentencing to death with cruel and indecent haste a number of individuals—many upon trifling grounds. The tragedies of Procida became soon known at Naples, and warned the patriots of the capital what they had to expect from the mercy of the royalists. Similar scenes occurred in the Island of Ischia. There the Sicilian commander felt, or pretended to feel, some scruples about putting to death several priests who had been brought before him, without having them first desecrated, or divested of their ecclesiastical character by a bishop; and he even presumed to apply to the English commodore for a ship to take them to Palermo for the purpose. Captain Trowbridge refused to have anything to do with such proceedings. It has been suggested, and is not at all unlikely from the temper of the people in that country, that it was intended to implicate the English allies in the arbitrary acts which the royalist agents were per-

petrating to gratify the revenge of the violent party about the court of Palermo.

On the 13th June, a day devoted in the Roman calendar to the commemoration of St. Anthony, the patron of the Calabrians\*, Ruffo made a general attack on the capital. His columns moved against three points—Capodimonte, Foria, and the bridge of La Maddalena; but the principal effort was directed against the latter. There the most determined patriots had also collected for the defence. Writz, a Swiss by origin, though naturalized at Naples, commanded them. The combat was long and obstinate. Luigi Serio, one of the legislative body, an old man, fought in the first ranks, surrounded by his young relatives and friends, and with them found an honourable death. Ruffo's troops were driven back, when all at once, towards the evening, a shout of "*Viva il Rè!*" resounded in the rear of the patriots. The lazzaroni of the neighbouring district of Mercato had risen and attacked the republicans from behind. Others were running about the city vociferating the same cry, and obliging the people to illuminate their windows. They were joined by numbers of the populace. Many of the national guard, thinking that it was all over with the patriots, threw down their arms and went to conceal themselves. Meantime the patriots at the bridge had turned round upon the lazzaroni, and soon dispersed them with great slaughter; but Ruffo, availing himself of this diversion, returned to the charge, and forced the pass of the bridge. Many

\* This coincidence is not so unimportant as it might appear to English readers. The saint's day is still held in great veneration in the southern countries. Although the insurrection of Naples was not a religious one, yet stimulants of this sort were not neglected.

of the patriots threw themselves into the nearest castle, that of Del Carmine, which is perfectly untenable on the land side. The others retreated to Castel Nuovo, whither Writz had been already carried mortally wounded; and where he soon after expired, fortunate in not beholding the final extermination of his brethren.

It was now impossible to defend the open city, into which Ruffo's bands were pouring in by every avenue, and distributing arms to their friends the lazzaroni. The patriots, therefore, abandoning the old, or eastern, districts, retreated upon the western part of the town, entrenching themselves between the harbour and the hill of St. Elmo; and making Castel Nuovo and the royal, now national, palace their head-quarters, being protected on the sea-side by the other castle, called Dell' Uovo, and by the flotilla.

That night was a dreadful one for Naples. The insurgent cavalry were scouring the streets, and the populace entered the houses of the citizens and tortured or murdered them; plundering them of everything valuable, and throwing the furniture and sometimes the inhabitants out of the windows. Even the apologists of the counter-revolution acknowledge that the massacre of that night was terrible and indiscriminate. It happened that, in the confusion and darkness, parties of the lazzaroni pushed too far in the direction of the patriots, when the latter, advancing by the flat roofs, or terraces, which form a communication between the houses of the same row, entered by the skylights, surprised the insurgents at their work of plunder, and killed them without quarter. At the same time many of the respectable inhabitants, whether royalists in their opinion or not, illuminated their windows in hopes of saving themselves from destruction. Thus the unfor-

fortunate city presented a fearful mixture of rejoicing and despair—of songs of triumph, and screams and moans of agony—of deeds of ferocity, revenge, and brutal licentiousness unchecked, unnoticed, and unpunished.

The Castle del Carmine, abandoned to its fate, being at the eastern end of the city, after keeping up a firing some hours, offered to capitulate. While the garrison was parleying with some of Ruffo's officers, the insurgents scaled its low walls on the side of the convent, and put the whole garrison to the sword.

Next day the orgies of the reaction continued. The populace pointed out to the Calabrians the houses of those whom they called Jacobins, and these unfortunate individuals, beaten and wounded, were dragged through the streets in the midst of the taunts and the insults of the women and children. They either expired in this manner, after long and severe suffering, or were taken before some of the various insurgent chiefs, who held their tribunals of blood in the open squares, or under the vestibule of some convent or palace; and whose nod sent them to immediate death, which was inflicted either by the musket or by the bayonet and pike. We must not dwell long upon these horrors. Suffice it to say, that hundreds, if not thousands, perished in this manner during this second anarchy—that women and children, that ladies of rank, of education, were not spared—that some of the latter, to the disgrace of all human feelings, were stripped naked and dragged through the streets\*—that many of the unfor-

\* One of the atrocious inventions of the time to mislead the credulous multitude, was the report given out by some malignant fiend that the Jacobins had the tree of liberty, the republican emblem, tattooed on their bodies. The consequence was that the victims were thus stripped naked.



fortunate victims were shockingly mutilated before death—that some were thrown half alive, half dead, into fires which had been made in the squares out of the furniture of the houses pillaged—and that some of the populace were actually guilty of cannibalism. These things would seem incredible now, but they are too well attested; and some of the lazzaroni and insurgents were heard to boast that they had tasted of the flesh of Jacobins. A sort of madness of rage, a frightful compound of all the worst passions of men, fanned by fanaticism, had taken possession of this wild and half-barbarous race. But there were others among them who acted deliberately, who showed method in their cruelty, who had some diabolical feeling to gratify; and they excited the ignorant multitude against the objects of their hatred. This state of things lasted for several days. Ruffo, who had taken up his quarters on the skirts of the town, near the bridge of Maddalena, did not, or could not, restrain his bands, who were now scattered all over a vast and crowded city, where the influence of a superior was still less felt than in the camp. But this is no apology for him, as he must have foreseen the consequences of leading fifty thousand desperate undisciplined men into the heart of an immense and open city.

The patriots continued to keep possession of the castles and of the intervening streets, and a desultory skirmishing was kept up in the avenues that led to their position. On the 15th the royalists forced their way down the great street of Toledo, and arrived before the Palace of Stigliano, where two brothers of the Colonna family had fortified themselves with their friends. Obligated to give way before superior numbers, the patriots retreated lower down to San Ferdinando, near the

king's palace, which was the centre of their position. The Palace of Stigliano was given up to pillage.

Ruffo having at last established a sort of comparative order among his men, with the assistance of the few regular troops he had, especially of his Russian auxiliaries, formed three batteries, which he stationed—one in the street of Toledo to act against the patriots of San Ferdinando, another at l'Immacolata to attack Castel Nuovo, and one at Posilipo to batter Castel dell' Uovo. The French garrison of St. Elmo did not oppose these preparations, although they might with their guns have done infinite mischief to the assailants. Mejeant looked from his watch-tower unmoved and unmolested. He withstood the pressing remonstrances of the forlorn patriots, who implored him to support a general movement they would make against the batteries. He answered them coldly, and even haughtily, that he acted according to his instructions—that they might defend themselves in the position they occupied—that he could not admit persons ignorant of the art of war into his fortress. On this, several hundreds of the patriots entrenched themselves in the vast convent of San Martino, which adjoins St. Elmo, and is under the guns of that castle.

The patriots thus forsaken did not give themselves up to despair. They had entertained some hopes of Schipani's column, about fifteen hundred strong, being able to cut its way to Naples, and thus effect a diversion in their favour. They had even concerted measures with that officer, one of the patriots having swam across in the night from Castel Nuovo to the shore of Portici, and having reached Schipani's camp at Torre dell' Annunziata in safety. That commander was brave and resolute, but destitute of military talent; he

harangued his troops, represented to them that they had no mercy to expect from their ferocious enemies, and exhorted them to make a last effort to save their country and themselves, or to die bravely in the attempt. He was answered by a general cry of fierce determination. He then marched his troops along the sea-coast as far as Portici, driving the insurgent outposts before him. Having entered the town, and just as the head of his column was turning the angle formed by the church, it was met by the fire of two pieces of cannon, behind which some Russian companies were drawn up. A squadron of Neapolitan cavalry was at the same time threatening to get round to the rear of the patriots. Schipani then drew back a detached division, composed chiefly of old soldiers who had served in the king's army, with orders to follow the sea-shore and attack the enemy in flank. These men were no sooner in sight of the royalists than some of them shouted "The king for ever!" The rest were told that Naples had surrendered, and promised a full pardon if they assisted in decoying their former comrades. In order to effect this, a random fire was kept up, as if the troops were engaged. Schipani then moved on with the rest of his men in close column, in the midst of the fire that showered upon him from the Russians in front, and from the balconies of the houses. The treacherous battalion now appeared; Schipani opened his files to receive them, when they immediately fell, bayonet in hand, upon their former comrades. Royalists and republicans became now mixed together in a confused mass. Schipani's soldiers could not distinguish friends from foes; they fought at random, cooped up in the narrow streets, and fell in heaps. Those who survived were wounded and taken prisoners. Among them was

Schipani, and shortly after he ended his ill-fated career on the scaffold.

The news of this defeat soon became known at Naples, and spread consternation among the patriots. Their last hope of assistance had failed them. It seemed as if everything conspired against their falling cause. Scenes of outrage were still taking place in the streets of the capital, although the anarchy on the whole was somewhat less. The arrested were now carried before a chief, and if they had been taken with arms in hand they were sentenced to be shot; if not, they were immured in the prisons to await their trial. The vast store-houses of corn belonging to government, and called *I granili*, nearly half a mile in length, were filled with thousands of unfortunate prisoners, exposed to a suffocating heat and thirst in the hottest days of the summer, without bedding to lie upon, and scantily and irregularly supplied with bread and water. Here the sick and the wounded lay dying for want of assistance.

Although the wholesale butcheries in the streets had subsided, yet many single murders were committed by the armed populace, whom no authority checked. A mischievous report was spread among the lazzaroni, that previous to the 13th the patriots had collected a number of ropes, or halters, for the purpose of hanging the royalists in the town after having repelled Ruffo; but that St. Anthony had appeared to the cardinal in time to make known the plot, and thus induced him to give orders for the assault on the saint's day. A rough painting of the vision was paraded through the streets, exhibiting a prodigious quantity of ropes. The consequence was that the mob broke into many houses, and wherever they found ropes that they thought suspicious they gave no quarter. An unfortunate butcher, by



name Cristoforo, had a quantity which was required for the purposes of his trade; but the stupid lazzaroni saw in them only so many halters intended for the royalists: they cut off the poor fellow's head, stuck it on a pike, and carried it about, shouting, "Behold the miracle of St. Anthony!" It was said that many of these fatal ropes were thrown purposely into people's houses by personal enemies of the owners, who went and informed against them afterwards.

These atrocities took place in the broad face of day, under as bright a sun and deep blue sky as ever shone in that glorious climate. The calm majesty of the heavens, the brilliancy of the smiling earth and the glittering waves, were in striking contrast with the dark murderous deeds of man. Such a discordance has been noticed on many other occasions, but it will ever force itself afresh on the feelings of the beholder of similar scenes.

Ruffo's batteries continuing to annoy the castles, especially that of Dell' Uovo, the patriots one night made a sortie for the purpose of destroying the battery erected against the latter. The movement was well combined. The patriots stationed at the convent of San Martino made a demonstration towards l'Infrascata, and thus drew the attention of Fra Diavolo and his corps, who were posted in the upper part of the town, whilst another column marched silently by St. Anna di Palazzo, and issued suddenly on the marina, or public gardens. They surprised the first insurgent sentries by their cries of "*Viva il Rè!*" and took possession of the battery; the Calabrians who had charge of it being either killed on the guns, or obliged to run away along the sea-shore. The frigates in the bay, hearing the report of musketry, fired in that direction,

but their fire fell chiefly on the flying royalists. The guns were spiked and the carriages destroyed. A mishap, however, occurred which nearly proved fatal to the patriots. They had concerted with those of Castel dell' Uovo that the latter should join them. Those of Castel dell' Uovo accordingly moved along Chiattamone, and as they approached the gardens they called out "*Chi viva?*" The others, in the hurry of the moment, cried out "*Viva il Rè!*" upon which the former opened their fire upon them and wounded several. The mistake, however, was soon found out, and the two divisions joined and embraced amidst cries of "Liberty for ever!" They then proceeded together to attack a body of Albanians who were posted towards Posilipo, and defeated them. Having effected this, the patriots thought it prudent to return to their castles before the break of day.

This was the last effort of the patriots, and it was both bold and well executed. But the necessities of their situation now became imperious and urgent. They had no hopes of relief; they began to be short of provisions; they had a large number of persons who could not fight—of sick and wounded—of old men, women, and children, to support; they could not expect to hold out much longer; the royalists would receive reinforcements of regular troops; the English fleet might be expected every day, and would batter down their castles;—what was to be done? They held an anxious consultation; some proposed to form a close column of all the fighting men and march out at the back of St. Elmo, and endeavour to reach Capua, where a French garrison was. The attempt was hazardous, and the event proved that, even had they reached Capua, they would have been obliged to surrender at discretion, or

been given up at the capitulation, as it happened to their comrades who were in that fortress when it surrendered. But the idea of leaving their families and disabled comrades to the discretion of the enemy made the patriots abandon the project. On this some talked of capitulating.

Ruffo on his side was not disinclined to grant terms. He knew that he had to deal with men become desperate, who might, if reduced to extremities, blow themselves up after destroying half the city. He had the examples of the garrison of Fort Villena, of Schipani's column, and, lastly, that of the night attack on his battery at Posilipo. The last event had alarmed him particularly, and he had at one time contemplated the necessity of retiring from the town. Besides, Ruffo was by no means destitute of humane feelings. He felt, no doubt, the heavy responsibility he was incurring; he wished to put an end to the shedding of blood, and to restore order in the capital, and this he could not do until it was entirely subdued. Micheroux, an officer of the regular army, who had been always averse to the excesses committed by the insurgents, strengthened these sentiments of the cardinal.

On the 19th Ruffo issued a proclamation forbidding any further arbitrary proceedings, any plunder, or personal violence against unarmed persons, it being the intention of the king to forgive those who should voluntarily submit. He sent at the same time two aides-de-camp to St. Elmo and Castel Nuovo, offering to suspend hostilities on their hoisting a white flag; and he guaranteed the security of any flags of truce that might come out to treat with him. The legislative corps, who still held their sittings, after some consultation agreed on an armistice, during which both parties should remain *in statu quo* in their present positions. The firing

then ceased, and the anxious citizens began to breathe after a week of anarchy and bloodshed.

It was about this period, when the city was returning to something like the appearance of order, that our own hitherto peaceful family was exposed to a scene of outrage, the account of which may serve as a specimen of what was perpetrated by the insurgents in a thousand other houses, and often with circumstances of a more aggravated and tragical violence.

The district in which we lived, being on the extreme verge of the upper part of the town, was thereby out of the first reach of popular fury, which raged chiefly in the lower and more thickly-inhabited districts of the city. Our immediate neighbourhood was inhabited by a quiet and not very dense population; and perhaps also its vicinity to the Castle of St. Elmo did not tempt the insurgents to stray towards it. But after some days they ventured to reconnoitre those places which had till then been spared their visitation. We had remained in-doors ever since the entrance of the insurgents, our man-servant Giovanni, a native of Valtelina, in the north of Italy, a simple faithful fellow, venturing out alone on errands of a domestic nature. He used to return terrified and relate the scenes he had witnessed, his looks of horror bearing witness to the truth of his tale. He had seen unfortunate victims dragged through the streets in a state of agony, amidst the blows and the taunts of their tormentors. He had seen human limbs scattered about, or hanging at the shambles. News of this kind kept us in continual alarm.

The Prince of Montemileto, who owned the mansion, part of which we occupied, had incurred—I do not now remember wherefore—the name of being a *patriot*. He was, luckily for him, absent, but his dwelling par-



took of its master's unpopularity; and one day a party of insurgents made their appearance in the court, and ascending the great staircase, went direct to the prince's suite of apartments, or *piano nobile*, as it is called, which was kept for him whenever he chose to inhabit this suburban palace, for he had another house in town. The furniture was in the massive, but rich, style of the old Italian nobility, the rooms hung with tapestry and damask, heavy gilt arm-chairs, marble tables, large mirrors and chandeliers, lofty bedsteads with silk curtains, &c. The trembling old servant opened the massive doors, in rushed the insurgents, and the work of devastation began. They found little to satisfy their cupidity, much upon which to vent their rage. With axe and pike they split open the richly-carved bureaus, chests, and presses; they carried off whatever linen, lace, or plate they could meet with; they tore the arras under the pretence of looking for concealed Jacobins; they upset the heavier furniture; in short, in the space of an hour the whole of that extensive floor had scarcely an article of its once costly furniture left entire. One end of the prince's apartments extended over part of our own, and we could distinctly hear everything that was being done by the savages above our heads; their yells of execration and defiance; the crash of the falling furniture, and particularly of the lofty mirrors and glass-doors, which they hurled down upon the floor, where they fell with the noise of thunder, and were split into a thousand fragments. After all this wanton destruction, seeing no suspicious persons in the place, finding no arms or cockades or uniforms concealed, the plunderers, either ashamed at the useless mischief they had done, or checked by some of their officers, listened to the old Calabrian priest, who assured them in their own jargon that they were mis-

taken in seeking for Jacobins there—that the prince had not been near the place for years—that the only inhabitants of the whole building, besides himself and the old servant, were a foreign family, who had come there for their health long before the king left Naples, and who lived very retired, and were good royalists like himself; and he offered to lead some of the officers to us, in order that they might satisfy themselves. In fine, the insurgents went, or rather skulked, sullenly and stragglingly away, and the usual stillness resumed its sway over the place. We had remained in a state of silent trepidation all the while until we heard their retiring steps, and the clanging of their swords and firelocks against the stone steps and the flags of the court-yard. The good priest saw my father in the evening, and related to him all the circumstances. We thought the storm had passed, and congratulated ourselves on our escape.

Next day, however, they came again, and in larger numbers, about sixty in all, chiefly Calabrians; some of them belonging to the half-regular corps called *Micheletti*, with yellow jackets and military caps, a sort of uniform which Ruffo had given them, and others in the plain garb of their own province. With them were also some of the Neapolitan lazzaroni, or populace, who acted as spies and guides. They came on swearing vengeance against the Jacobins, who, they said, were concealed somewhere about the palace, for one of their parties had been fired upon from our windows. There had been, indeed, some shots fired that morning in our neighbourhood, and apparently from some part of the gardens of the palace, upon which another party, posted above on the opposite hill, fired a volley in our direction. Two of the shots had entered the windows of our sitting-room, and one of them passed within an inch of

my brother's head, to the great terror of my mother, and then embedded itself in one of the door-panels. We had reason to believe afterwards that all this business of the firing was a thing concerted by some ill-intentioned person, to make the credulous Calabrians believe that the first shots had proceeded from our house. However this might be, the party came this time not up the main stairs, but, crossing the inner court, ascended the flight of steps that led to our apartments. We heard the rushing up of armed men, and the moment after a thundering knocking at the hall-door with the butt-ends of their muskets. We stood in breathless expectation, as if riveted to the ground. Our man-servant Giovanni had gone out to market; the house-maid, who was within, did not offer to stir, any more than an old errand man who had just come in. My mother, with that self-possession which in pressing cases is often the gift of woman, went herself to the door and asked who was there? "Open; we come in his Majesty's name," replied several gruff voices at once. My mother then unbolted the door and withdrew a little on one side. The insurgents then rushed in with fixed bayonets, casting suspicious looks about them, as if they really thought there was a party of Jacobins concealed in the house.

They spread in a few moments all over the apartments. Some went up to my mother and asked her for the keys. Without waiting they next demanded her pocket, and as she was offering to untie it they took the more expeditious method of cutting it off, and made away with it. After this, however, they offered her no further insult, but watched her closely. Another party went up to my father, bound his arms behind him, and struck him repeatedly. The rest went on plundering. Not choosing to look for the keys, they

broke open the chests, drawers, and cupboards with their axes and the butt-ends of their muskets. They divided among themselves the contents with the most deliberate assurance. Articles of small size, such as money, plate, watches, jewels, soon disappeared in their pockets and sashes. The more cumbersome ones, such as linen, wearing apparel, &c., were packed up, and stowed in bags made out of the bed-ticks which they had previously ripped open and emptied of the flock and hair. They went to the cellar, brought out the bottles, drank the wine partly out of them, and then dashed them upon the floor. They did not forget to help themselves to whatever eatables they found in the kitchen, which they ate with great relish. Others threw down the book-cases. Books they did not care about, but the gilt binding tempted the ignorant cupidity of some; and they pocketed a few of the brightest-looking volumes here and there, and thus several valuable sets were spoiled. We afterwards recovered some of the stray volumes at the stalls in the streets. The china, earthenware, and glasses were likewise destroyed. They broke some fine ostrich eggs, thinking to find money concealed in them!

Two or three men laid hold of me by the arms, and insisted upon my showing where the plate was kept. I said I did not know. They threatened, and one of them, a villanous-looking fellow, flourished a large butcher's knife before my face, and made as if he would plunge it into my breast, perhaps only to terrify me; another of the men, however, pushed his arm away with a sort of authority, telling him to let the boy alone. "I have children, too, like this one," I thought I understood him to say; but he spoke Calabrian, and I could with difficulty make out what they said. The same man who had interfered asked me if I was a



Christian? to which I replied in the affirmative. They still urged me about the plate, and I not knowing how to get rid of their importunities led them to the kitchen, without knowing exactly myself for what purpose. At last, some new object attracting their attention, they let me go, and I returned to my father and mother in the sitting-room. I remember that while I was in the grasp of these men, I was particularly struck with their huge broad hands, which appeared to me as if belonging to a different race of beings from those I had been in the habit of seeing. They were generally well built, robust-looking men, with very dark olive complexions. Some of them were in the garb of the Neapolitan lowest class, with shirt-sleeves and necks bare, and they made the greatest noise. Such was the man who threatened me with the knife.

In the sitting-room, which was full of men, I saw my father tied like a malefactor, and I burst out crying; he reassured me by kind words, at the same time rousing my spirit by saying it did not become me to cry in the presence of all these people. This rebuke had its effect, and checked my tears effectually. My mother was at the time talking earnestly to one of the Calabrians, who appeared superior to the rest; and who was sauntering about the room, apparently not taking part in the plunder, but endeavouring to quell disputes between the men, and restore some sort of order among them. He came near my father, and upon my mother's remonstrance ordered the cord which bound, and nearly cut his wrists, to be slackened. He also ordered a pocket-book, in which were my father's passports and other documents, to be restored to him, that he might show them on his examination. Finally, he appointed two of his men to guard my father, enjoining them not to ill-use him. Altogether he behaved with considerable

feeling, and this was the first ray of hope that cheered us on that dismal morning. We then understood that we were to be taken before the Calabrian chief *Pane di Grano*, who commanded the royalists in that district; and whose head-quarters were at the Convent of Monte Santo. As my mother expressed a fixed determination to accompany her husband wherever they took him, although her presence apparently was not required, the same officer gave her an opportunity of retiring to the next room to make some alteration in her dress, having first driven the men out of the apartment, and put himself on watch outside of the door.

I had now leisure to look about me and observe the manner in which the insurgents were employed. There was a group of two or three who had taken possession of a casket, containing some jewels, rings, and other trinkets of my mother's; they were examining it with as much coolness and minute curiosity as people do when about purchasing such articles in a jeweller's shop. They took out ring after ring, brooch after brooch, and then replaced them again carefully, admiring seemingly the ingenious manner in which each fitted its proper place. I remember I was particularly struck with their self-possession; it puzzled my youthful ideas of the right of property. This was done under our eyes, and for a considerable time; the men were leaning their elbows on a table on which the casket was placed, and appeared regardless of anything that took place around them. As far as I can recollect, they wore the yellow jackets, or uniforms, and probably as a sort of regular troops had a right to the best prize.

More than an hour had now elapsed, and the house was stripped of everything that was worth taking, when my mother came out again ready to go. She was in black, with a black veil over her head. The same

officer who had behaved kindly to us, seeing a guitar in a corner which had escaped destruction, took it up, began some *arpeggio*, or accompaniment; then turning to my mother with an air of ludicrous simplicity, said he was passionately fond of music, but no performer, and begged her to treat him with a tune—"only one, *Signora*," he said. The idea was strangely odd, yet to him it appeared quite natural. Of course the request was civilly evaded, my mother saying that really we must hasten to settle this unpleasant business first, and afterwards she might have better leisure to try her musical skill. Often in after times the recollection of this incident has brought a smile to my poor mother's lips!

The officer now began, with one or two more, to exert himself in forming his men in files in the hall; driving them out of the apartments by threats, and even applying his stick to the backs of the more refractory. My father was put in the middle, and my mother, with the servant Giovanni, who had returned in the midst of all this confusion, and who now took up my brother, then a mere child, in his arms, following with the officer in the rear of the procession. I was placed between two men, who each took hold of one of my hands. As we were going down the stairs, my mother recognised among the men a former servant, a Neapolitan, who had been dismissed for misconduct. Calling him by his name, "Thou art here, too!" said she. The man, even in that moment, looked as if ashamed; he stammered out something, as if he had come in by accident, and sculked away. We never saw him afterwards; we had, however, little doubt but he was concerned in that day's work.

When we came to the foot of the stairs the principal party of the insurgents led the way through the gar-

dens ; and I was hurried the other way through the court and the outer gate. My conductors then led me down the street leading to Monte Santo, where we soon after arrived. My parents had not come yet. I learned afterwards that they were taken through various gardens and grounds, passing over hedges and ditches, by which my mother hurt her feet severely. Whether this was done by the leaders for the purpose of avoiding observation, or whether they considered this route as the most expeditious, I cannot tell. I also had had my share of annoyance on the road. My Calabrian guards, I must say, did not behave harshly to me ; but several grown-up boys of the lower classes abused me, called me a Jacobin, and intimated to me in a tone of triumph that two shots in my forehead, *due palle n fronte*, would soon settle my business. I could not conceive at that time why these people, whom I did not remember having ever seen, should have such a spite against me.

Under the lofty porch of the convent of Monte Santo, the massive gates of which were thrown wide open, sat on a long wooden bench Pane di Grano, the Calabrian chief. He appeared a middle-aged man, rather short, but square-built and robust, with a sun-burnt complexion, and a broad countryman-like countenance, which to me had from the first nothing repulsive. He was dressed in a short dark green jacket, with a stripe of gold lace at the collar, short breeches and boots, a sash round his waist, and a belt with pistols. A low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, with a red cockade and feather, and a tin image of the Madonna in front, completed his attire. He grasped a thick stick in his right hand, and had the look of a man accustomed to command and to be obeyed. Before him Calabrians in uniform and without it were passing and repassing, and several



muskets with fixed bayonets, brighter than those I had seen in the hands of the insurgents, were piled up against the wall, with the royal colours furled.

I must have looked pale and scared, though I said nothing, for Pane di Grano's first words to me were, "Do not be frightened, boy!" and he tapped me kindly on the cheek, and told me to stand by him on his left. The next moment my mother rushed in. She appeared dreadfully agitated, and she was nearly falling before the chief; when the latter immediately arose, took her by the hand, and led her to a seat on his right, telling her at the same time to calm herself. All this was done with as much propriety and ease of manner as could have been shown by a man of breeding and education. I have heard it afterwards stated, that Pane di Grano had been previously a *bandito*, or highwayman, on the roads of Calabria. I do not know how far this might be true, for in those times, and in that country, it was extremely difficult to ascertain the truth; but I can assert that his manner, his bearing, and his conduct to us on that momentous occasion, exhibited no signs of a hardened villain, and that he showed habits of feeling and self-respect little in accordance with those of a professed outlaw. It is true that Calabria might be altogether considered at that time as a country out of the pale of the law; and where the law is capricious, and proves insufficient to repress crime—where the many have no chance of justice, no redress from the oppression of the daring and powerful, there, minds even well organized will at length become cankered, and will turn against a system of society which inflicts more injury than it affords protection.

My father was brought in by the party of insurgents. Now came the trying moment. Pane di Grano asked what was the charge against the prisoner. He was a

foreigner—some said a Frenchman; he lived in the house of a Jacobin; the story of the firing was repeated, but one of the officers observed that nothing had been found to confirm suspicion—no arms, no uniforms, no cockades—nothing, in short. The chief then interrogated my father about his name, country, condition, and how long he had been at Naples? My mother here interposed—"Please to examine his papers," said she, showing my father's pocket-book; and she displayed, as my father's hands were still tied, several documents, showing that he was a native of a neutral country, friendly to his Sicilian Majesty—that he had been for years resident at Naples—that he had first come there even before the French revolution—that he had been, on account of his peaceful conduct and well-known sentiments, excepted from the order of expulsion which the royal government had issued at one time against most foreigners—that during the republic he had been an invalid, and mostly confined to his house, and therefore had taken no part whatever in the transactions of that period—that he was personally known to several individuals high in office under the king's administration. In short, the evidence, supported by the warm confidence of truth, seemed to convince Pane di Grano. Another trial remained, however, that of the hair, as suggested by some of the insurgents who did not seem to acquiesce so easily as their chief in the belief of my father's innocence. This requires, perhaps, some explanation.

Since the French republicans had invaded Italy, the custom of cropping the hair behind, after the fashion then called *à la Brutus*, had become prevalent among young men, especially those who were partial to the new opinions. When the re-action took place, the want of a queue was considered as an evidence of jacobinism,

and many, therefore, put on false queues; but the insurgents were too wily to be easily duped, and they adopted the system of pulling men's hair in order to ascertain the soundness of their political opinions. My father had luckily always preserved his hair, not, I believe, from mere royalism, but because it suited his convenience. One of the Calabrians pulled his hair once or twice with a hard tug, that made my father's head bend backwards; but the queue was real; it withstood all attacks, and this, joined to the other evidence, became a triumphant proof in his favour. Pane di Grano hesitated no longer. "I have told you," cried he to his men, "to bring before me Jacobins, enemies to our king; but not quiet, honest men, and faithful subjects of his majesty. Release this gentleman immediately, and let him be escorted safely home; and let every article of his property be restored to him." This last injunction was merely a show-off on his part, for he himself must have known that he could not enforce it. Most of the property was already beyond his or our reach. My mother had informed him of the manner in which we had been plundered; and as some of the men looked sulky and grumbled—"What! you rascals, *mariuoli*," cried out the chief, jumping up and flourishing his stick over their heads; "say but another word, and I'll give you such a drubbing as you shall remember all the days of your life:" and he seemed quite ready to put his threat into execution. This firmness effectually silenced all opposition. Two officers of the yellow uniforms offered to accompany us home. My mother and father thanked Pane di Grano, who wishing us well, and saying that our house should be henceforth especially protected, bowed his head, and we moved away.

Thus ended this eventful crisis in our domestic his-

tory. I have ever since remembered Pane di Grano with gratitude. In the worst of times, when the lives of men were held so cheap that the least suspicion seemed to justify condemnation, he behaved to us, perfect strangers, as an honest and conscientious judge. Had Pane di Grano, to save trouble or responsibility, sent my father to prison like thousands of others, death, if not from violence, at least from ill-health and ill-treatment, would most probably have ensued.

Some fourteen or fifteen years after, being at Malta, I inquired of some Calabrians about Pane di Grano; and felt real satisfaction in hearing that he was then living quietly at Messina, on a pension which the King of Sicily had granted him, with the rank of a colonel. Most of the other insurgent leaders of 1799 had met with violent deaths.

As we slowly retraced our way towards Montemiletto, we received the congratulations of several honest people who had heard of our danger and now came to their doors to wish us joy of our escape. At last we reached the gate, where the Calabrian priest met us with a hearty blessing. We again entered our apartments, and a strange scene they exhibited. The ante-room was strewed with fragments of broken china and glass, and the floor drenched with wine; in the sitting-room, tables and drawers were shattered to pieces, and hardly a chair left to sit upon; in the bed-rooms, flock, hair, and straw were heaped up in the corners, the curtains and bed furniture had disappeared, further on books and papers lay scattered about on the ground. There was hardly, I believe, a piece of furniture left uninjured. While we were looking at this dismal wreck, one of the officers who had escorted us home brought back two cameo-rings or brooches, which he said he had recovered with difficulty from the men, and he



plainly hinted that a remuneration was expected. My father had been stripped of his money; but he had fortunately the evening before, foreseeing some occurrence of the kind, concealed two rouleaus of gold pieces, one among the coals, another on the wooden ledge or cornice above one of the windows. They had both escaped the search of the insurgents. He now looked for the former and found it safe, and out of it he gave two pieces to the officer, who, seeing the gold, had the impudence to ask him why he had not revealed it before! However, Pane di Grano's orders were positive, and although his authority could not enforce restitution of what had disappeared, it prevented further violence being offered. The officers departed, and we were at last left alone. A surgeon was sent for to bleed my mother, who now felt the effects of the terror and anxiety she had endured. We slept that night on the floor, on the scattered remnants of our beds. Another fear came to engross our minds. There was a rumour of an attack upon St. Elmo being about to take place, and we dreaded lest the cannon fired by the French garrison in their defence might batter our house to pieces. Next day, towards the evening, we removed to another house on the hill of Capodimonte, which we had formerly inhabited, and where we still retained apartments. There we should be comparatively safe and further removed from the scene of strife. Having put red ribands on our hats, we ventured out through the streets, in which hardly a decently dressed person was to be seen. However, we reached our destination in safety. In the night we heard the songs of triumph of the populace, denouncing death to the Jacobins and to the French, and boasting that Cardinal Ruffo had brought his cannon to destroy them all. They had adapted the

words to the ill-omened tune of the French *carmagnole* song.

Meantime the patriots who occupied the lower castles were treating with Ruffo about a surrender. The latter was anxious to complete the occupation of the capital before the king should come, or before the minister Acton, who bore him no good-will, should interfere, and perhaps supersede him. He also knew that his popularity with the mob had decreased in consequence of the armistice and of the restraint he had put on their excesses. They were already vociferating that he was a Jacobin, and he thought it prudent to keep in doors for several days and to reinforce his Russian guard.

The peasantry continued to bring in such patriots as they had found concealed; and as the keepers of the prisons would not receive them in charge without Ruffo's warrant, they took the unfortunate prisoners on board the Neapolitan frigates in the bay, whence they were sent to Procida to be tried, or rather condemned, for it was the same thing, by Speciale. The work of murder continued to go on in that island. The patriots in the forts complained of this, which they considered as an infraction of the armistice, and threatened to avenge their brethren's death on the hostages they had secured, among whom was Ruffo's brother. The cardinal then assembled the officers of the various corps of his army, and insisted with much warmth on the absolute necessity of keeping a strict discipline among their men, and of restraining the populace by every means in their power. Patrols of non-commissioned officers were now formed to walk the streets of the city. On the 21st, order was thus re-established. Arrests of declared patriots, however, took place quietly in the night, and, it appears, by Ruffo's order. General

Federici, who had evaded the informers till then, was among the arrested. Many patriots repaired to Ruffo's head-quarters of their own accord, to obtain papers of safety, which were granted to several, but those who were noted as leading characters were seized and sent to prison.

The patriots of the castles appointed a day for the solemn funeral of their brethren who had fallen by the enemy, and whom they considered as "martyrs of liberty." The melancholy ceremony was performed in the square before the royal palace, which was, as I have said, within their lines. The bishop of La Torre pronounced the funeral oration. After this the patriots dined in public, and drank to the memory of their deceased brethren. The lazzaroni and the insurgents from the outposts could see this ceremony, in which, as in everything the patriots did, there was a mixture of real feeling and classical ostentation, and they did not spare their taunts and contumelies. But what was more serious, a party of the royalist troops were at this time busily employed in re-establishing the battery at Posilipo, which had been destroyed by the patriots. The latter, when they perceived this, remonstrated; Ruffo asserted it had been done without his orders, but the battery remained contrary to the tenor of the armistice.

At last Mejeant, at Ruffo's request, came out of St. Elmo, under a royalist escort, and had an interview with the leaders of the patriots in the king's palace. He represented to them the necessity of arranging a capitulation, which he said the cardinal was willing to grant, and he offered to act as mediator. In truth, the situation of the patriots appeared desperate. They might have destroyed the castles, it is true, and with them

part of the city, and this was what Ruffo feared. But the latter might also have another reason not generally known for granting terms. The French fleet from Brest had passed the Straits, and was endeavouring to form a junction with the Spanish fleet. The English admiral, Nelson, was cruising off Sicily, to protect that island, where the royal family and government were: had the French appeared suddenly in the Bay of Naples while the castles still held out, the capital would have been lost again to the royalists.

After much debate the patriots proposed articles of capitulation, declaring they would not treat with the king's government, but with the officers of all the allied powers who were then present at the siege. It is remarkable that St. Elmo was never included in this negotiation, Mejeant reserving to himself to enter into a separate treaty for his French garrison. The articles as drawn by the patriots were, that they should deliver the castles into the hands of the king's and the allied forces; that the garrisons, including all persons of both sexes within the forts, should come out with the honours of war, and be embarked with their families on board vessels bearing a flag of truce, to be carried to Toulon or Marseilles; that the property they left behind should be guaranteed and administered in their absence by their agents; that those who should prefer to remain at Naples should be allowed to do so without being molested for their past political conduct; that the capitulation should likewise extend to all the prisoners taken by the royalists in the different combats previous to the blockade of the forts, as well as to the garrison of the fortress of Pescara in Abruzzo, where Ettore Carafa had shut himself up; and, lastly, that several individuals of rank who were named should be



delivered as hostages to the commander of St. Elmo, where they should remain until the arrival of the patriots in France was properly certified.

The cardinal objected to these demands as being too high for the condition the republicans were in, and especially to that part concerning their property, which he foresaw would be claimed by the public treasury. But the patriots stood firm, and at last Ruffo resolved to make an end of the business by granting the capitulation on the terms they asked. He signed therefore the articles proposed, wholly and unconditionally, erasing only some indecorous expressions about the king. The capitulation was likewise signed by Kerandy, the Russian commander, by Bonnieu, who commanded the Albanian or Ottoman troops, and by Captain Foote of the Seahorse, who was in the Bay, having with him some Neapolitan frigates and smaller vessels. Captain Troubridge had previously left to join Nelson. It was lastly signed by Mejeant, who received the hostages named by the patriots. A copy of the capitulation was sent to Pescara, with orders to Carafa to deliver the fortress to Pronj, and return to Naples with his garrison, under a royal escort, which he did.

The patriots now made preparations to embark while the transports were getting ready. Two of the latter, in fact, sailed with part of them, and arrived safe at Marseilles. The rest were expecting to follow. The royalists meantime took possession of the castles, and the patriots that were entrenched in the convent of San Martino evacuated that place also, and came to Pizzo Falcone to be ready to go on board. Some, however, chose to remain at Naples, among others Signorelli, one of the legislative body, who put on the royal cockade and went home to his family. Cardinal Ruffo seemed anxious to fulfil the articles of the convention,

when, two days after it had been signed, Nelson appeared in the Bay with his whole fleet. He refused to acknowledge the capitulation, saying he had given no powers or instructions to Captain Foote for such a purpose; that the capitulation was null and void without the king of Naples's signature; and that he himself could grant the rebels no terms but those of unconditional surrender to their sovereign. Such was in fact the determination of the court of Palermo, and particularly of the queen, who had said that she would sooner lose both her kingdoms than degrade herself by treating with rebels. Ruffo remonstrated with warmth; he went on board to Nelson, but it was all in vain. The departure of the patriots was countermanded, and those ill-fated persons were placed in strict confinement. A few days after the king came himself on board the *Foudroyant*, and issued an edict formally setting aside the capitulation, stating that it had never been his intention to treat with his revolted subjects, that he had never given such an authority to Cardinal Ruffo, and ordering the prisoners to be detained to await his royal pleasure.

The above transactions have been often animadverted upon, and the question as one of principle and justice will not bear a moment's debate. But it may not perhaps be altogether useless to examine by what mental process a man of a lofty disinterested character, of generous feelings, and completely free from guile, such as Nelson unquestionably was, could be brought to act such a part in this lamentable business, fancying, as no doubt he did, that he was performing an act of stern but necessary duty. The state of his mind, however, may be clearly ascertained from his correspondence. In it he shows throughout the feelings of utter detestation in which he held the tortuous policy of the French directory, and, above all, the unprincipled conduct of

their armies in Italy. He was acquainted with all their excesses, their exactions, their cruelties, their acts of reckless spoliation, especially in the Roman and Neapolitan states, where their invasion had been marked by features of the darkest atrocity. He therefore had accustomed himself to look upon any Italian who sided with the French as an unnatural villain, a traitor to his country, one who had leagued himself with the invaders, in order to share in their plunder and licentiousness, and in their oppression of his brethren. And he considered all Neapolitan patriots, republican or jacobin, as being men of this description, a set of knaves and outlaws, entitled to no mercy or consideration. This last was a grievous misconception, but it was the natural consequence of his listening to the incessantly repeated insinuations of the queen's party. Moreover he looked upon the line of defence occupied by the republicans previous to the capitulation as utterly despicable and not entitling them to military courtesy; with his ships he would have forced it in one day, and obliged the patriots either to surrender at discretion or to bury themselves under the ruins of their forts. Such, no doubt, were Nelson's feelings at the moment, and he could hardly have foreseen all the dreadful advantages that would be taken of his annulling of the treaty by the Neapolitan cabinet. With the latter, indeed, it was an act of cold calculating cruelty, done in perfect consciousness of the merits of the case, and with a clear view of the results to which it was to lead. For admitting that Ruffo had exceeded his powers, that he had been guilty of informality in not submitting the treaty to the king's sanction, of which no mention was made in that document, the cardinal ought to have been taken to account; but the capitulation signed by him as "Vicar-General of his Sicilian Majesty

throughout his Majesty's dominions on this side of the Faro," ought to have been respected. At all events, if the capitulation was not valid, the patriots ought to have been restored to the same position they stood in before the surrender, and there left to take their chance, desperate as it undoubtedly was.

I have said thus much with no intention to diminish the blame fairly attributable to any of the parties concerned in this momentous transaction, but to award, if possible, impartial justice to all, and because several foreign writers have either invidiously or ignorantly laboured to throw the whole blame upon the English admiral. But the presiding spirit which instigated, which exacted, and which availed itself of the infraction of the treaty, proceeded from Palermo. There are degrees in guilt, and *suum cuique* ought to be the historian's motto.

And of Mejeant, the French commander of St. Elmo, what can be said? He, at least, was the ally of the patriots; he had been left there to protect them; he was the representative of a government which affected to consider all republicans as its children; he was the officer of an army which had effected the revolution at Naples, and placed the patriots in open revolt against their former monarch. Mejeant had acted as mediator on the part of Ruffo, and had signed the capitulation; he still held the hostages in his hands; what did he do when he saw the treaty annulled? Absolutely nothing. He was himself soon after attacked, defended his castle but feebly, and signed a capitulation for his French garrison on the 11th of July, one article of which purported that "he was to give up all the subjects of his Sicilian Majesty," both hostages and patriots, even those who held rank in the French service, such as Belpussi, Matera, mad Michael, &c. A similar clause



was likewise inserted in the capitulation of the fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, which surrendered soon after, and it was punctually fulfilled by the French commanders. If the lessons of history be of any use, surely the Italians ought to have acquired great practical wisdom by the experience of the last forty years.

The consequences of these events were not slow in manifesting themselves. The patriots were reserved for trial as having incurred the charge of high treason, *lesa maestà*. One of the first executed was prince Caracciolo, an old naval officer of great experience and of high personal character, and who held the rank of admiral in the king's service. He had at first followed the court to Palermo; but when the Neapolitan republic issued a decree recalling all the emigrants, under pain of having their property confiscated, Caracciolo applied to the king for permission to go to Naples and thus save his estates. The king granted him leave, but warned him, it was said, not to commit himself with politics, telling him that things would soon take a turn. Caracciolo, however, was induced, or rather obliged, to serve the republic, and when the attack on Naples took place, he fought with his gun-boats with skill and bravery against the royalists, and particularly against the Neapolitan frigate *La Minerva*. After the defeat of the patriots he applied to Ruffo for a safe conduct, expressing his sorrow for what had happened, and appealing to his forty years' faithful service. His application however produced no effect, and he concealed himself in the country. He was soon after betrayed by a domestic, and dragged by the peasants as a common malefactor on board the English admiral's ship. Nelson ordered a court-martial of Neapolitan officers to assemble immediately. The Neapolitan

commodore Thurn was president. The trial lasted two hours, and the prisoner was found guilty of treason and condemned to death. That very afternoon Caracciolo was, in spite of his entreaties to be shot, hanged at the yard-arm of the Neapolitan frigate *La Minerva*, his body being afterwards cut down and thrown into the sea. It however rose again some days after, and floated under the stern windows of the *Foudroyant* where the king then was. The latter then gave orders to have the corpse taken on shore and buried in consecrated ground.

The king appointed a junta, with full powers to try the patriots, or rebels as they were now called, and after seeing the whole kingdom recovered to his sway, he returned to Palermo with Nelson. During the four weeks he remained in the Bay, Ferdinand showed great apathy and unconcern at the dismal scenes that took place round him.

Naples was now left entirely to the mercy of the junta, as Ruffo's influence was rapidly on the decline. The castles and hulks were crowded with prisoners awaiting their trial. After some demur by several members of the junta about the sweeping principle adopted by the court, of considering all those who had accepted situations under the republic as rebels, fresh instructions came from Palermo; the moderate members retired, and the tribunal was finally composed of the well known Speciale, Guidobaldi, Fiore, Sambuti, Damiani, and Antonio La Rossa. They commenced their proceedings *modo Siculo*, or according to the practice of Sicily, considering as guilty of high treason all those who had filled the principal charges, civil or military, during the republic, all those who had fought against the royalists and their allies, those who by word or writing had offended the king or his family,

and, lastly, those who had shown their decided affection towards the revolutionary government.

The Prince of Strongoli, Gennaro Serra, Gialiano Colonna, the two Pignatelli, Giovanni Riario, young Gensano, and several others of the first families in the kingdom, some of them young men not yet eighteen, were beheaded, as nobles, in the castles. The commoners were hanged in the public squares. The monks Belloni and Pistici were executed before the Vicaria. Eleonora Fonseca was put to death in the square Del Mercato; she met her fate with perfect calmness. The members of the directory, the superior officers of the army and of the national guard, the judges of the republican courts, civil and military, were sentenced to death on the mere evidence of their having filled these offices. Ciaja, d'Agnese, Albanese, Massa Mantone, minister at war, General Federici, and Matera, were among these. Ettore Carafa, on his return from Pescara, which he had surrendered in consequence of the capitulation, found himself a prisoner. He saw the fate that awaited him, and was prepared for it. He had been inflexible against the enemies of the republic, and he expected no mercy at their hands. As a nobleman he suffered decapitation.

When the members of the legislative body or representatives, among whom were some of the ablest and most learned of the Neapolitans, came to be tried, the members of the junta were divided in opinion. The more violent, with Speciale at their head, contended that they all deserved death; but Antonio La Rossa contended that accessory circumstances and individual conduct ought to have a weight in their trial, and that punishment should be applied with discrimination. The latter opinion prevailed in some cases. Thus Sig-

norelli, Pirelli, and some others, were banished instead of being put to death.

Domenico Cirillo, the celebrated physician and naturalist, after having first refused, had been induced to become a member of the legislature. His principles were republican, but his conduct had been temperate, decorous, and honourable. He remained at his post to the last, from a principle of duty, and was of course included in the capitulation. Being brought before Speciale, he answered briefly and firmly to the vulgar abusive language in which his judge used to indulge towards his prisoners. Being sentenced to death, he was made to understand that he might obtain his pardon from Palermo, in consideration of his professional services to the royal family, if he were to address a memorial to the king. He answered that he was weary of a world where vice triumphed. He died calm and dignified as he had lived.

Mario Pagano, a jurist and political economist, the author of several works, was also executed. He died in company with his friends Cirillo and Ciaja.

Conforti, a venerable old man and a learned professor of civil and canonical law, who had written in defence of the crown of Naples against the pretensions of the see of Rome, was likewise put to death. Marcello Scotti, also a civilian, who had advocated the rights of the crown on the occasion of the famous tribute of the white hackney exacted by the popes, and who had written a catechism for the sailors of Procida, his native country, shared the common fate, as did also the bishop of Vico and several other dignified clergymen.

Pasquale Baffa, a learned Hellenist, who had deciphered and published the works of Philodemus, found



among the Herculaneum papyri, was among the condemned. One of his friends offered him opium. Baffa refused it, saying, he did not think he had a right to accelerate his death. Logoteta, another man of letters, suffered likewise. Vincenzo Russo, a young man of a fervid imagination and great eloquence, after many weeks' painful confinement, was led to the scaffold. He addressed the people with warmth until the executioner cut his words short by strangling him.

The names above mentioned are sufficient to prove that the republicans of Naples counted among them men of the highest merit, of rank, and personal character, who could not be classed together as a set of wild enthusiasts, demagogues, or infidels, as some would have represented them. Most of the distinguished members of the learned professions (the law and medicine monopolized almost all the men of talent in the country) were among the patriots. The archbishop of Naples, several bishops, a number of clergymen, secular and regular, were also on the same side. And it ought to be observed, that in the capital at least, and at the seat of government, personal character exerted a considerable influence, especially after the French army had retired, and the appointment of the above-named persons is a proof of this. The republic of Naples was not produced by a revolt of the mass of the people, in which the lower and ignorant classes have necessarily the preponderance; it was not a popular revolution, though effected on democratical principles. It has been said above, that among the republicans there were many violent and unprincipled men, and that they committed excesses, especially in the provinces, in the confusion of the civil war; but they were discountenanced by the central government and recalled, and had it been possible for the republic to have acquired stabi-

lity uninfluenced by the French, the tendency would to all appearance have been to temperate and conciliatory measures, for the leading men were Utopians in principle and gentlemen in their habits.

But it is time to draw the curtain over these melancholy events. Two more victims out of a thousand require notice. One of these, the princess Sanfelice, was treated with peculiar cruelty. The only charge against this lady was that of having revealed the conspiracy of the brothers Baccher, which had been hatched by the royalists of Naples during the last days of the republic. For this she was sentenced to death by the junta, taken to the chapel whence she was to be led to the scaffold, reprieved under a doubt of her pregnancy, embarked for Palermo, presented to the king, and then taken back to Naples, and at last executed.

Don Domenico Cimarosa, the delightful composer of the *Matrimonio Segreto*, and of many other fine operas, was from his habits and disposition a harmless man, from whom no government could have anything to fear. But he had been induced to set to music a republican hymn composed by a poet of the name of Rossi. This was his crime. His house was plundered by the insurgents, his harpsichord, whence he had drawn so many sweet melodies, was thrown out of the window by the savages, and he himself was kept in confinement for several months, until at last some Russian superior officers, hearing of the case, repaired to the prison and forcibly released him. But poor Cimarosa did not long survive the harsh treatment he had suffered. His health was broken, and he died shortly after at Venice, whither he had repaired for the purpose of composing an opera for the theatre of that city.

The executions at Naples lasted several months. The prisoners were divided into two classes, the *guilty*,

and the *sedotti*, or led astray. Of the latter some were banished, others transported to the *presidj* or rocks on the coast of Sicily, such as Favignana, Maretimo, &c. Numbers were detained a twelvemonth in prison before they were acquitted. The Duchesses of Cassano and of Montemiletto, ladies of high personal character, after being paraded through the streets on a cart, were confined in the house of correction with women of the lowest description.

In the provinces the reaction was attended with circumstances, if possible, still worse. There personal enmity and revenge had still greater opportunities for gratification. The victims amounted to several thousands.

I shall now make an end of my narrative. I have selected but a few facts among many, in order to give an idea of the state of the country at the time; were I inclined to indulge in descriptions of horrors, I can assure my readers I should find matter enough yet in reserve.

One remark I must make. I do not remember having heard at Naples, then or afterwards, any very great stress laid upon the infraction of the capitulation. The history of Naples, since the times of the Normans, exhibits a succession of iron sceptres wielding power of the most absolute nature, interrupted now and then by ferocious revolts, followed by dreadful reactions, and the people were accustomed to the view of arbitrary power as wholly irresponsible and accountable to no one for its proceedings. But although principles may be extinguished in men by vicious institutions, *feelings* remain, and therefore I heard people of all parties loudly condemn the cruelty of the proscriptions, the injustice of sending to the scaffold mere boys who had been seen a few months before under the escort of their private

tutors, and the impropriety of treating ladies of rank and estimable character as the vilest criminals.

Before I conclude, I will, for a short time, return to our domestic history. A few days after the pillage of our house, my father and I returned to Montemiletto. There we used to spend the fine summer evenings in company with the Calabrian priest in the avenue outside of the gate, looking at the castle of St. Elmo, which was now closely invested by the English, Russians, Portuguese, and Calabrians. Their cannon was battering its dark walls, and shells were thrown into the fort, which passing high above our heads, shone at night against the dark firmament like so many wandering stars. I watched their progress, and as they fell inside of the ramparts we heard the report of their explosion, and the columns of dust and smoke which arose attested the havoc the shells had effected. By degrees the watch turrets on the ramparts were all carried off, and sentries were no longer to be seen; the walls began to yawn in several places, and we could see the light through the apertures the shots had made. This continued several nights; at last the castle capitulated, the tricoloured flag was taken down, and the Bourbon standard hoisted; everything resumed its former aspect, except the walls, which long bore signs of the ravages of the war. We heard about this time that poor mad Michael, who was among the patriots given up by Mejeant, notwithstanding his French uniform, had been cruelly murdered by the populace, his former associates.

After this we lived quietly; little was said in public about past occurrences, but a settled gloom hung on every one's countenance. The Neapolitan character, once so boisterous and joyous, became sullen and distrustful.



Thousands of families were in mourning. The Calabrians and other insurgents returned by degrees to their homes, not well satisfied with the royal government. They had been promised an exemption from taxes for ten years to come, but when their services were no longer required, the promise was set aside. Money was wanted, and taxes could not be spared. An administrator was placed in charge of the properties of the republicans. The king's treasury did not derive much wealth from this spoliation. Such is ever the result of sweeping confiscations.

At last, in the month of November, my father resolved to leave Naples. My own mind had been so unhinged and scared by all I had witnessed and heard, that I was overjoyed at the idea of leaving a country against which I had conceived a real aversion. I shed a few tears in parting from my mother, who could not then accompany us, but I stepped lightly into the post-chaise, when we cleared the gate of Montemiletto and bade it adieu for ever.

On the road, which was now comparatively secure, we traced the marks of the past warfare, in houses half burnt, walls dilapidated, fields trodden down by the insurgents. At Molo di Gaeta, where we slept, we saw in the dining-room an officer of the insurgents, who we were told in a whisper by the waiter was the redoubtable Pronj, the Abruzzi chief. He was taking his supper alone, eating with as much unconcern as any private traveller. Next morning we ascended the mountain of Itri. The villanous looking town of that name, perched up among olive plantations, with its wretched hovels of rough-hewn stones, its steep and ill-paved streets, has always appeared to me a fit headquarters for banditti. And such it had been in reality at that epoch, for the bands of Pronj and of Fra Diavolo

had been there, and had left memorials of their stay. We saw a number of private carriages and chaises broken down and thrown aside in corners of the streets, the owners of which, French or patriots, or indifferent, as might be, had been plundered and murdered, as we were informed at the inn. And as if to give us ample leisure to meditate upon such mementos, the axletree of our own chaise snapped in entering Itri, and it required several hours to repair it. We kept all the time within doors, for my father was not without apprehensions from the people of the place, who looked as much like outlaws as the bands we had seen at Naples. At last we were enabled to proceed, but owing to the delay we were obliged to stop that night at Terracina, as it would have been unsafe to travel by night. Next morning, as we were journeying along the fine level road of the Pontine marshes, I often looked back at the receding purple-shaded mountains on the frontiers of Naples, and as we moved farther away from them I felt, and I still remember it well, as if a weight were taken from off my breast. That evening we arrived at Rome. There we found perfect tranquillity. No horrors like those of Naples had taken place, though the inhabitants suffered much distress, and complained of the overbearing conduct of the Neapolitan troops who had occupied, *pro tempore*, the Roman state. At Rome we learnt that Cardinal Ruffo had left Naples for Venice, where he was summoned to attend the conclave for the election of a new pontiff, which ended in the nomination of Chiaramonti, the late Pius VII.

Thus ended Ruffo's expedition. After that time he gradually disappeared from the political scene. Ferdinand bestowed upon him the rich abbey of Santo Stefano, where he passed great part of his time. When in the beginning of 1806, in consequence of the wretched

policy and fresh miscalculations of the court of Naples, the French invaded that kingdom a second time, Ruffo was sounded about his disposition to put himself at the head of another Calabrian insurrection. With a half-suppressed smile he replied to the inquirer :—" A man does not play such mad pranks a second time ;" (" Queste corbellerie non si fanno che una volta.") After the establishment of Napoleon's dynasty on the throne of Naples, Ruffo became rather a favourite with the new government. Buonaparte saw in him perhaps a congenial mind. On the restoration of the Bourbons Ruffo remained undisturbed, and he died a few years ago at an advanced age.

Of the subordinate leaders of the insurrection, Pronj and Sciarpa were ennobled and obtained pensions. The horrible Mammone, the miller of Sora, whose cruelties were too revolting even for an insurgent chief, was sent to prison, where I believe he died. Michele Pezza, alias Fra Diavolo, on the second invasion of the French in 1806, resumed his old vocation by leading the insurrection in the mountains of Itri, whence he effected a useful diversion in favour of the fortress of Gaeta, which was then gallantly defended by the Neapolitan garrison, under the command of the Prince of Hesse Philipstadt. After the fall of Gaeta, Fra Diavolo being closely pressed by the French gendarmes, and having lost his companions, took his lonely way through the, to him, well-known fastnesses of the Apennines, with the intention of joining his countrymen in Calabria, who were waging a war of extermination against the French. One day he ventured into a village in the province of Salerno to get some provisions. He was recognized ; some say he was betrayed by an old acquaintance to whom he applied for hospitality—and he was arrested by the gendarmes. Being taken to Naples

he was tried and put to death. Joseph Buonaparte, who was then at Portici, having a fancy to see this renowned insurgent, Fra Diavolo was taken from his prison all the way to Portici to gratify the king's curiosity. He was paraded under the balcony of the palace, and then led back to the scaffold. Bad as Fra Diavolo's character was, there was something ungenerous in this idle exhibition of a condemned man, which I heard blamed at Naples by those who at the same time approved of his sentence.

I have now completed the narrative of the memorable events of 1799. I have spoken of persons and parties with all the impartiality I can assume at this distance of time, when the actors of that tragic drama live no longer but in history. In speaking of the republicans I have expressed the commiseration which is naturally felt for their sad fate, and the dreadful punishment inflicted on them for a conduct which, in many and the better among them, could only be taxed with imprudence and inexperience. Their hands were pure of blood, for, with the exception of a few acknowledged conspirators, there were no political executions in the city of Naples during the five months that the republic lasted. Many of the leading characters were actuated by noble though perhaps ill-digested notions of the regeneration of their country; the rest were desirous of a change, chiefly through want of activity and the feeling of being condemned to idleness in a country where industry and trade were considered derogatory to a gentleman. Nor must we imagine, on the other hand, that all the royalists were men of blood. Many, especially among the regular soldiers, were persons of honour, who followed what they considered the path of duty and loyalty, and who deplored the excesses committed by the insurgents. Even among the latter,



many a brave though rustic youth followed the banner of Ruffo from the farthest Calabria, through painful marches, privations, and dangers, from a spirit of rude patriotism, to rid the country of foreign invaders and their partisans. In civil war sincerity of motives may be found on both sides, and this renders a civil war the more to be deplored. It were likewise an error to ascribe the insurrection mainly to religious fanaticism and the interference of the priests. The importance of the latter had been much reduced even under the old government; besides which, we have seen that the clergy themselves were divided, and that many of them supported republican principles, as Campanella, Savonarola, and others had done before them. Others took a part in the insurrection as effective auxiliaries. But the spirit of the insurrection was essentially political. Ruffo himself was much more a lay than a clerical character. The political influence of the Italian clergy in general, long before the French revolution, was insignificant as compared to that of their brethren in Spain and Portugal, the relations of society being quite different in the two peninsulas.

#### SECTION IV.—TUMULTS FOR RAISING THE RATE OF WAGES.

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##### INSURRECTIONS AT LYONS IN 1831 AND 1834.

IT would seem that any endeavour of bodies of artisans to raise the rate of wages in their particular trade to a height which would exclude their fabrics from the markets of the world, and, the market being thus shut up, to effect the destruction of the capital by which labour is supported, is upon the face of it so glaring an absurdity, that such an event could never occur except in times of the most barbarous ignorance. Such events, however, have occurred in France within a very few years; and the excesses arising out of these particular tumults very nearly ruined the second city of that kingdom. The story has been told by an eye-witness, J. B. Monfalcon, a physician of Lyons, whose work was published in that city in 1834. This book, of which no translation has appeared, but which has been reviewed at considerable length in a periodical work issued by the publisher of this volume, will furnish the facts contained in the following narrative—which, indeed, will be little more than an adaptation of the review\*. Were there no other argument extant in favour of education and popular enlightenment, the facts contained in this book should convince the world; for every one of these facts—immense destruction of property—bloodshed—savage fury—and crimes of the darkest dye—sprung out of ignorance, and mere mis-

\* See the "Printing Machine," No. XXVII., December, 1834.

takes in political economy. This ignorance, indeed, was not peculiar to the populace. The merchants and manufacturers were almost as ignorant of the matters in debate as the workmen—the workmen were not more ignorant than the magistrates and local authorities,—whilst the most ignorant of all were the newspaper writers.

The silk manufacture was introduced into France from Italy. A number of Italian silk weavers settled at Tours and improved the French in the practice of their art. The first attempts to introduce this profitable branch of industry into the happily situated city of Lyons were made during the reign of Louis XI., in the fifteenth century. Under the reign of Francis I., which extended from 1515 to 1547, the manufacture was much improved by Italians who settled at Lyons. In the time of Francis's successor, Henry II., who reigned from 1547 to 1559, the city contained 12,000 master workmen (*maîtres ouvriers*) who worked in gold, silver, and silk, and enjoyed large privileges from the French government. As early as the sixteenth century the manufacturers of Lyons petitioned for the rigid prohibition of all silks manufactured in foreign countries, that so the productions of the national looms might be protected and increased. The idea was worthy of the ignorance of the times, nor did the refusal of this prohibition (for, luckily for Lyons, it was refused) proceed from any enlightenment on the part of government in the science of political economy. But here neither manufacturers nor ministers were much to blame. That science which, properly understood and taken in its enlarged sense, is the surest guide to general happiness, had, as yet, to be born. The first uncertain whispers from the cradle of political economy (in Italy) were not heard till a century later. "In the sixteenth cen-

tury," says M. Monfalcon, "the royal treasury depending considerably on custom-house duties levied on foreign goods, the court had a direct interest in inviting the merchants and manufacturers of Italy, Savoy, and Flanders to the great fairs then held at Lyons. The important question of free trade was not then understood; and though often called upon to resolve it, the government never adopted any fixed rules. At times foreign silks were loaded with duties, and privileges and protections granted to the silk manufacturers of Lyons; at other times competition was authorized, and the free entrance of the raw silk and the silk stuffs of Savoy and Italy was permitted. Our silk manufactories were peopled almost exclusively with foreign workmen; our fairs received their movement and life from the merchants who came from Genoa, Milan, Turin, and Reggio, and it was necessary to conciliate all parties for the interest of our national industry and our government treasury. The competition aroused the efforts and emulation of the Lyonnese silk-weavers—the introduction of foreign goods in the market did them infinitely more good than harm—by degrees they learned how to equal the Italians, and even to make better silk goods than those with which Genoa had been accustomed to supply Europe. They also acquired the art of manufacturing velvets; they rivalled the weavers of Tours, and, finally, they carried their art to an unequalled degree of perfection."

We may safely say, that if the French government, actuated by the clamours of those who saw not their own interest, had granted and enforced the observance of the prohibitory system, this happy consummation, or any part of it, would not have taken place. Had the competition been stopped when the manufactories of Lyons were avowedly inferior to those of Italy—had



the Italian silks been driven from the market, and had the French people, if they used silks at all, been obliged to use such as French weavers could produce, the silk-weavers of Lyons and Tours would long have continued making the same homely and yet expensive articles that had been fashioned by their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and their fathers before them. There is nothing like privileges and monopolies for keeping things in their immoveable *statu quo*. Our own silk manufactures made comparatively little progress from 1685, when the religious intolerance of Louis XIV. drove thousands of French Protestants to seek a refuge in Spitalfields, down to 1824 and 1826, when the absurd Spitalfields Act, fixing the rate of wages which masters must pay their men, was abolished, and when French silks were admitted into the country. Since then our weavers have been forced to exert themselves, and (setting aside the inventions of machinery, which were not *their* work) they have effected greater improvements than were made during the century and a half that their art and industry were cockered up by monopoly and the prohibitive system. M. Monfalcon says that our silk-weavers now produce goods as beautiful and lasting as those of Lyons. Other causes, it is true, have contributed to this end; but the most influential of all these causes has been the competition we allude to. "I was a stunted tree," says the poplar, in an eastern apologue, "but they planted a tall cypress opposite to me, and in emulation I raised up my head to the sky."

In the seventeenth century the silk manufacture of France formed one of the principal sources of national wealth; and it is now the most important branch of manufacturing industry that exists in the kingdom. Our author observes—"The exportation of silk is

greater by one-half than the exportation of all the other manufactured productions of the whole of France put together. More than twenty departments are interested in the production of the silk, and the money turned at Lyons in this trade alone is not less than 200,000,000 (of francs) a year. The works from our silk-loom carry to every country on the globe a glorious proof of the superiority of our arts:—this branch of trade is the fortune of France. Since the empire (the time of Buonaparte) a powerful foreign rivalry threatens Lyons: numerous silk manufactories have risen up in Switzerland and Prussia, which, though as yet they cannot equal ours for pattern and fancy goods, produce plain silks as good as the French. The men who work in those establishments have fewer expenses to support than the silk-weavers of Lyons; they are lodged, fed, and dressed at a cheaper rate, and thus they are contented and as well off with much lower wages. To find buyers, the silks of Lyons must not be dearer than the Swiss or Prussian silks. But at present our most formidable rivals in the silk trade are the manufacturers of Great Britain.”

In spite of these facts, which of themselves should have imposed prudence and the best possible employment of the means in their power, the workmen of Lyons began to form the wildest of trades<sup>s</sup> unions against their employers, and went on step by step towards the entire destruction of the manufacturing and commercial means of that great city. The history of the lamentable and inevitable issue of such combinations in England might have taught them wisdom, had it been known to them; but the least wise of our leaders of strikes, or unionists, are great philosophers and most moderate men, compared with the silk-weavers of Lyons.

In former times, M. Monfalcon says, these weavers were mild and obedient, but remarkably stupid, having fewer ideas and less power of combination than the natives of savage countries. When suffering from any interruption of trade, they were accustomed to go begging and singing about the town, but not to commit any violence or cause any disorder. During the revolutionary horrors that befel the city in 1793 and 1794, they, however, were not idle; "but" (to use our author's own words) "it must be added that *then* they showed themselves much less ferocious than eager for plunder."

Though these men work hard during *five* days in the week, they have always shown themselves incapable of a prudent economy. On Sunday and Monday (for these Frenchmen keep Saint Monday, like so many of our artificers) they will spend nearly the gains of the whole week in parties of pleasure of various kinds. Owing to these indulgencies the other five days are badly provided for; and whenever the dullness of trade throws them out of employment, they have nothing left for it but to beg or starve. To use our author's words in his own language, "*La liberté des mœurs est très grande parmi eux*," the proper equivalent for which in English is, "Their morals are very depraved." From some circumstances that befel Rousseau in his youth, he was induced to say, "Hence an impression has remained upon my mind, not very favourable to the people of Lyons; and I have always considered Lyons as the city in Europe in which the most frightful corruption prevails." Rousseau, on account of his poverty and other misfortunes, could then associate only with the poorer orders of society, and he framed his notion and prejudices on what he saw of the weavers.

These men, at the present day, inhabit the most un-

healthy parts of an immense city, the streets of which are much too narrow, if the extreme height of the houses be considered. "Many individuals" (says M. Monfalcon) "are crowded together in a small apartment: a low garret, not more than ten feet square, often receives the whole family—*i. e.*, the father, mother, two or three children, a workwoman and a workman; while they sleep thus, the column of air above their heads does not exceed twenty-four inches in height. A default of cleanliness in their houses adds still further to so many bad influences. The atmosphere imprisoned in those narrow streets, in those dark and deep courts where the sun never penetrates, constantly exhales a foul, acid, and unwholesome smell. \* \* \* \* The food of the weavers on their working-days is coarse, and often unwholesome."

In Lyons there are two principal classes of weavers:—

1. The *chefs d'ateliers*, or masters, who have several silk-looms of their own (three or four, but seldom more than six or eight), and a fixed residence.

2. The class called *compagnons*, who work some of the looms of the *chefs d'ateliers*, or master weavers, with whom they live, having no house-rent to pay, and no responsibility of any sort. These men and women (for both sexes are included) receive half of the money gained by the looms they work, the other half going to the master for wear and tear of machinery, house-rent, risk, &c. &c. "These *compagnons* in general" (says M. Monfalcon) "have no activity and no spirit of order; they compose a floating and very unequal population. When there is plenty of work, the country in the neighbourhood of Lyons furnishes many workmen; and formerly a great number used to come from Piedmont and Savoy. When the silk trade is dull, most of these *compagnons* leave the town to turn their hands



to something else. This *compagnonage* is the great sore of our manufacturing system; these workmen are, in general, unintelligent or imprudent men, who, either through want of ability in their trade, or through want of economy, have never been able to get together the very small capital necessary to buy a loom or two of their own, and set them up as *chefs d'ateliers*, or masters. They are the curse of the master weavers, who have only a discretionary power over them, which is always disputed."

But besides masters and *compagnons*, there is a class of riotous, uneducated, and wilful youths and children, who work with the weavers, and who took a most active part in the disorders of the city—these are the apprentices and the lancers, as they are technically called at Lyons. The apprentices are generally youths from fifteen to twenty years old, who are taught their business by the master silk-weavers, with whom and for whom they work. The lancers are mere children, whose work is to throw (*lancer*) the shuttle in certain pattern silks. "Generally speaking," says M. Monfalcon, "*neither apprentices nor lancers have received the least rudiment of education.* They are turbulent on days of riot and revolt, through a mere love of noise. But these boys were seen during the three days of November, 1831, creeping among the horses, and aiming blows at the dragoons, which were so much the more dangerous, as it was impossible to foresee them. During the six days of April, 1834, many of them explored the streets of Lyons, armed with pistols or bad guns. These unfortunate little wretches, during the whole of our sad collisions, have shown the greatest disregard of danger, and, at times, the most complete contempt of life."

Large portions of the plain silks at Lyons are woven by women, whose labours are a preserving principle to that city; for if the price of workmanship were at all raised on plain silks, Lyons would be obliged to give up that branch of its manufacture altogether. A considerable number of men, however, work on plain goods, being paid at the same rate as the women. M. Monfalcon adds—"The weavers of fancy and pattern goods earn a great deal more than the plain weavers; yet these men are always the loudest in their complaints. The reason is this: with very few exceptions, there is more order—more economy and foresight among the first than among the second. Those who earn least money are also those whose habits are least expensive and most tranquil, and whose constant employment and means of subsistence are best secured: many of this class enjoy a certain degree of comfort and prosperity, particularly if their economy has enabled them to set up looms."

The silk-weavers of Lyons are not subjected to their employers or merchants, like men receiving daily wages. Masters of their looms and workshops, they enjoy a considerable degree of liberty. When they engage to weave such or such articles, they take the material (the silk) from the *fabricant* that employs them, carry it home with them, and there convert it into stuffs according to the instructions and designs they have received. When the work, which is either done by their own hands or by the hands of men and women employed at their looms, is completed, they carry it back to the *fabricant*, who pays them for it. "Thus," says our author, "the workman and the *fabricant* stand in relations of independence towards one another. They are attached to one another only by the tie of mutual con-

venience and advantage; and when this tie ceases to exist, the two parties settle their accounts, and separate without discussion and without reproach."

The French revolution of July, 1830, undeniably exercised an evil influence on trade generally. The production of articles of fashion and luxury, such as fancy silks, &c., was naturally most affected. But these circumstances, common to all great and sudden political changes, were only temporary, and had in fact almost ceased to exist when Lyons rose in rebellion. M. Monfalcon says that—"The distress of the weavers of Lyons was most absurdly exaggerated. Before the three days of November (1831), the silk trade had recovered some life and activity; *and of all the manufacturing cities in France, Lyons was evidently the one that suffered least.* \* \* \* Ten times, under Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X., Lyons had been in a much worse position than it was then. So that all that newspapers and pamphlets have said about the misery of our artisans—cheeks hollowed by famine—shrunk limbs—and that despair that induced many of them to throw themselves into the waters of the Rhone, to put an end to their wretched lives—is a lie! Nothing but the spirit of party could be capable of inventing such absurd fables."

Our author adds—"The political parties that traded on the ignorance and prejudices of the working classes never attempted to explain the causes which establish, in certain circumstances, a real disproportion between the expenses and the wages of the workmen; they took good care, indeed, to do no such thing! What they wanted for their desperate purposes was the misery, and not the prosperity of the industrious classes. The constant scope of their efforts was to separate society into two hostile camps—the rich and the poor."

The following remarks, which we translate from M. Monfalcon's work, may to some appear uncalled for in this country; but it must not be forgotten, that here, as elsewhere, the people are too apt to listen to demagogues who contend for a subversion of the rights of property. Our author exposes this delusion with force and clearness. "The last day of all society will be that when theorists shall succeed in persuading men that society is composed of two classes: those who have something and those who have nothing. The first of all rights is the right of property; it is the legitimate possession which serves as the base of our social organization. Take that corner-stone from the building, and its ruins will crush alike the imprudent men who have given the advice, and their proselytes who have been mad enough to follow it. If the aristocracy of property be an evil, it is an evil that is inevitable. Take house and land, money and wealth of every kind, and give it all to the poor; adopt the agrarian law—level all distinctions and all conditions—let no man have more than another to-day—and *to-morrow* the vices inseparable from our species—carelessness, extravagance, and incapacity will have again established the inequality some now complain of. Make all men equally sober, honest, economical, clever, and industrious—let them all be able to govern their passions in an equal degree—and then, but not till then, may you be permitted to regulate the equal division of property among them."

The weavers of Lyons were singularly dependent upon their employers. The fabricants, or master manufacturers, not only furnished the silk, fully prepared by many preceding and expensive processes, but they also gave the designs or patterns, thus reducing the weavers' part of the operations to little more than



the labours of a mere machine. And be it remembered, it was not from any superiority in the mere weaving that the silks of Lyons were pre-eminent in the markets of Europe. The Swiss, the Prussians, the Italians, the English, could all weave just as well as the French ; and in some instances, if not better, much cheaper. All the superiority of French silks was in their more tasteful designs ; but the designers were not the weavers, nor of the weavers ; they stood ranged on the side of the fabricants ; capital and ingenuity were combined. A manufacturing house at Lyons is ordinarily composed of manufacturers (fabricants) properly so called, and of designers, or pattern makers. The designers are essentially the soul of the silk manufactory : their talent gives beauty and life to the goods, the principal value of which often lies in their pattern. They study the taste of the day, and are indefatigable in search of variety. An immense profit may depend on the design of a shawl or a gown ; but never on the mere weaving. But the fabricant, or master manufacturer, has also a high and intellectual share in this division of labour. The designer occupies himself entirely with his colours, his pencil, and his pattern-book ; leaving to the fabricant the long and difficult study of the raw materials, the art of combining silk with wool and cotton, and the creation or invention of new and varied species of stuffs. Placed at his loom and frame the weaver has only to attend to operations all regulated and made easy to his hands, and in good part merely mechanical.

Considered apart from the ingenious contrivances in their manufactories, the fabricants of Lyons are amenable to the charge of ignorance. Our author says—“ The majority of these individuals have received but a very incomplete and inefficient education. They enter on business when very young, and give themselves

entirely up to the details of the particular branch of manufactures they have chosen, and, with a few exceptions, having concentrated their talent and intelligence in the sphere of action prescribed by their operations, they have neither the time nor the inclination for acquiring that enlarged information and general knowledge, so common among the merchants of Havre, Rouen, and Bordeaux, and that have almost raised commerce to the rank of a science." After this it need excite no surprise to hear M. Monfalcon accusing them of apathy, egotism, a blind jealousy of one another, and a want of prudence and foresight at the approach of danger. These fabricants had no common and central point round which to rally when their general interests were attacked. They stood isolated, and every man, or, at least, every house by itself, when the weavers formed one condensed compact body. Several of them, actuated, in all probability, as much by the avidity of doing business while their brother manufacturers were reduced to inactivity by the strike, as by the desire of conciliating the workmen, submitted to the violently imposed increase of wages, and flattered the weavers with the idea that their right and might were alike clear and irresistible. If any complaint or representation were laid before government, it was only by or in the name of an isolated manufacturer. Had they supported one another—had they learned from the canons of political economy, or even from their own experience, that their private interest was subordinate to the general interest, then they would have acted with unanimity and effect. "But," continues M. Monfalcon, "they made mistakes, and were guilty of gross faults. The first was, the never having any proper understanding among themselves, and their committing the safety of the whole trade by individual concessions. In recom-

mending union and an *esprit de corps* to the manufacturers, I am not inciting them to adopt a system of oppression against the weavers: I reprobate any tyranny of the master over the man with as much force as I do the tyranny of the man over the master. Let there be liberty for both—absolute liberty in all their transactions with one another—an equal protection on the part of the authorities of the state, to the two classes of the great family. Their harmony is the prosperity of our city; their discord the ruin of Lyons, and the loss of the most important manufacture of France. In their horrible and unnatural conflict the conquerors are the foes of their country's fortunes; the conquered are the public at large, comprising every class of citizens, which all suffer in nearly an equal degree from the decline of our most beautiful industry.”

We now pass to the ignorance and folly of the magistrates of Lyons and other high local authorities. As we have already stated, the silk trade had suffered from the shock of the revolution of July, 1830. The transitory cloud, however, was almost passed from the disk of prosperity, and business was rapidly improving in the autumn of 1831, when the weavers resolved on a general “turn out,” and on the adoption of a tariff or unvarying scale of prices for their work. That is to say, whether the manufacturers gained much, or little, or even lost by the sale of such a shawl, or such a gown-piece, they (the weavers) were always to receive precisely the same sum for weaving it. As things then were, this was an open declaration of war against the rights of property. But considered prospectively, and supposing the working men should hold themselves bound by this irrevocable tariff, it was also an attack on the rights of industry, for the prices of work might rise, as in fact they did rise, considerably higher than

those fixed by their own tariff, and that too in a short time, or just before they began their second insurrection in 1834. If the weavers contemplated rendering the obligation binding on one side only, or that the tariff should secure them against any *decrease* of wages without securing their employers against any *increase*, why, then we can only say that their honesty was on a par with their ignorance.

Whatever may have been their notions the tariff became the war-horse of the weavers, on which they determined to vanquish or to fall. Early in October, 1831, they laid their plan before the mayor and the municipal administration of Lyons, and then before M. Bouvier Dumolart, the prefect of the Rhone (the highest civil authority of the province). These gentlemen opened a correspondence with the refractory workmen, they formally received their delegates, and then *invited* the manufacturers to come to an understanding with the weavers as to the adoption of the tariff! From such a beginning we may easily guess the end.

The *Mairie* (or municipality) summoned the working men and the manufacturers to present themselves at the Hotel de Ville, or town-hall—and *in equal numbers!* The mayor was absent from Lyons, and his representative, after having called this ill-assorted meeting, would not take the chair or preside over it, but left the opposing interests to their own violent collision. There could be no freedom of opinion and debate. But the question they met upon was one that admitted of no *rational* discussion. The manufacturers trembled before the number of the working men, who, though not in the hall, were at hand in the streets and public places. The president of the weavers made a long speech, and the meeting broke up without anything being either settled or promised. Our author continues:—



“ Being thus officially recognized as the representatives of the weavers in the question of the tariff, the delegates spread the idea that the principle of that pact or convention (the tariff) was fully admitted, and that there remained nothing to do but to regulate the prices to be paid them for all their different kinds of work. M. Dumolart, the prefect, called a new meeting at the Préfecture, on Friday, the 21st of October, 1831. There, as at the Hotel de Ville, there was no free discussion on the fundamental question—whether they *ought* and *could* fix the price for every article in silk weaved in all the city of Lyons and its suburbs. Some of the manufacturers proposed that the meeting should declare itself incompetent to decide on the matter; but this opinion was rejected. The *chefs d’ateliers*, or head weavers, neither discussed nor debated, nor gave any opinion; they only imposed conditions. A few hours after the meeting separated, and at the approach of night, the civil authorities stuck up a notice in the streets, announcing that the manufacturers were *convoked* for the Monday following to name *their* delegates, authorizing them to come to an understanding with the delegates of the working men, and to adopt the tariff which should be put into effect on the 1st of November. Thus was the question cut short, and thenceforward the weavers considered themselves in possession of an acquired right. But the adhesion of the manufacturers to the tariff was neither free nor legal,—it was besides incomplete and partial; in fact, very few of those capitalists had adopted the principle of that measure: the consent of individuals can in no case carry with it the consent of an entire body.

“ The definitive convocation of the delegates of the working men and of their employers took place in M. Dumolart’s *drawing-rooms*. While the opposing

interests were engaged in debate, an immense multitude of the workers in silk, organized in troops and cohorts, advanced from the suburbs to the square of Bellevue and the square of La Préfecture, immediately in front of M. Dumolart's house. They were then without arms, without sticks, and they marched in silence and in perfect order. Their chiefs carried wands in their hands as signs of their authority; and the multitude, rallying round the tri-coloured flag, remained inoffensive and mute. That day (the 25th of October) presented a singular spectacle: a perfect order reigned in the disorder—there were no tumultuous cries—no provocations; the working men satisfied themselves with making a demonstration of their forces. *A great number of them, however, penetrated into the court-yard of the Préfecture, and stationed themselves immediately under the apartment where the tariff was regulating.* At last one of their delegates left the assembly, walked down to the square in front of the Préfecture, and, commanding silence, said—‘My friends, people are busy up there about your interests—all goes on well—retire!’ At the instant all that host of working men quietly retreated in the same order in which they had advanced. At two o'clock in the afternoon the civil authorities of Lyons announced that the tariff was agreed upon and finally settled. This news was received by the weavers with the most lively demonstrations of joy; numerous groups collected in the streets, along the quays by the rivers' sides, and in the square Des Terreaux.

“And now that this grand measure is adopted, will it be possible for the manufacturers to permit its execution?”

“If working men have the indisputable right of accepting work from their employers only on such con-

ditions and prices as suit them, manufacturers, by the same title, have the right of giving out work to those they employ, only at such a price as they can afford to give, or as suits them. The liberty is the same on both sides. Neither of the contracting parties can impose its will on the other, and their transactions with one another imply a mutual consent. The weavers acquired a tariff, which they thought as legal, as it was, in reality, illegal; the manufacturer, obliged to submit to this tariff if he continues to give work to the looms, is perfectly free to cease giving out work if he cannot do so without losing, for no man can be bound to his own ruin.

“ Scarcely was the tariff promulgated in Lyons, when many commercial houses, alarmed at the prospect of the future, or finding it impossible to pay the high prices demanded by the weavers, came to a determination, and suspended all their operations. The immense fault of M. Dumolart had placed our capitalists in a frightful position—many thousand looms were at once left without work.

“ A dreadful fermentation agitated the working classes during the first weeks of November. They demanded the execution of the tariff, and showed the most deadly animosity against the manufacturers. Mobs gathered in the streets, squares, and suburbs; La Croix Rousse (a large dependent town, rather than a suburb) was up in arms, and a hostile collision seemed inevitable. A grand review of the national guard took place on Sunday, the 20th of November, for the installation of its chief, old General Ordonneau. Ten thousand men were present beneath the national flag, and had these men been decided in their wish of maintaining order, no troubles could have happened. But it was easy to see, by the alarming countenances of all the companies

from the suburbs, and by the apathy of the majority of that armed militia, that some great event was preparing. The citizens of Lyons were left a prey to the most acute anxiety, and people ran everywhere inquiring what would be the probable result of this cruel situation. They were not left long in this state of uncertainty."

The result was a sanguinary conflict in the streets of Lyons that lasted three days, during which hundreds of lives were lost, and the blood of Frenchmen, shed by Frenchmen, dyed the peaceful waters of the Saone and Rhone, the two magnificent rivers that traverse and in part surround the city: and to this must be added a long series of crimes and calamities—the destruction of valuable property accumulated by many years of labour and intelligence—the complete overthrow, for a time, of the social system that binds man to man in mutual support, and mutual charity.

At seven o'clock on Monday morning, November 21, the weavers in the suburbs of La Croix Rousse placed themselves in an attitude of open rebellion, and began raising barricades at the entrances of their principal streets. Their emissaries ran round the different shops where a few men were still at work; they cut the pieces of silks to tatters on the looms and frames of such as refused to follow them; and carried away, with threats and violence, all those weavers who were not won over by their solicitations. They raised a black standard, or flag, on which was inscribed the words that have since become so notorious—" *Vivre en travaillant, ou mourir en combatant*;" (literally, "To live working, or to die fighting.") From the first moment of their rising they were provided with large stones, muskets, and two pieces of artillery, which belonged to the national guard of La Croix Rousse.



Both the civil and military authorities of Lyons were advised beforehand that a movement was in preparation—that the weavers had been purchasing large quantities of gunpowder, making cartridges, &c.—nay, they even knew the day and hour fixed for the rising. They were then, no doubt, prepared?—and, as it was evident little reliance could be placed on the national guard, and as the garrison was very weak, they had, of course, taken their measures with all due caution, wisdom, and concert among themselves? No such thing! Monday morning came—the barricades rose before their eyes—and they had concluded nothing—arranged no plan for the preservation of the city. But even then with the regular troops, consisting of the 66th regiment of the line, a battalion of the 13th, the 12th dragoons, and some companies of artillery and engineers, who were all firm and determined to do their duty, by a sudden deployment, or a concentrated attack, they might have smothered the insurrection in its cradle at La Croix Rousse, and prevented its extending through the city. But no. At ten o'clock, three hours after, they ordered sixty men of the national guard, armed with muskets, *but without ammunition*, to march upon La Croix Rousse, a strong suburb, or rather, as we have said, a town of itself, which was intrenched and occupied by 4000 furious workmen. Our author says, “The sixty men obeyed; but what could they do against a multitude already provided with the means of defence and attack? A shower of stones gave them their welcome; many of them were wounded, and the detachment was compelled to make a hasty retreat. Then, indeed, some attacks were made by the troops of the line, but with feeble means, and not upon one, but different points:—thus they all failed. An officer was wounded in the thigh—a drummer shot through the shoulder. These

first successes encouraged the insurgents, an electric spark shot through all the work-shops, and the working part of the population then rose like one man."

The silk-weavers not only formed a most numerous body in themselves, but by their marriages, friendships, and other connexions, they had another host inclined to take part with them. The tariff, moreover, was an admirable rallying point to the thoughtless and ignorant. Carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, mechanics, and labourers of all kinds, were willing enough that their masters should pay them higher wages.

Circumstances were now most critical; and what was the next step of M. Bouvier Dumolart, the prefect, whose inconceivable want of sense had brought about this awful crisis? Why, with characteristic stupidity he went with General Ordonneau, the commander of the national guard, in grand uniform, but without a force, if not sufficient to impose, at least to command respect, without an escort of any kind, to parley with the insurgents. At the unexpected apparition of the first civil authority of the country, and a general of rank—at the pacific, honeyed words of Dumolart, the men of La Croix Rousse naturally enough concluded that the battle was as good as won. Instead of listening to his propositions, they surrounded him and the general, with arms in their hands, loaded them with abuse and threats, made them prisoners, and carried them away to a place of safety, as hostages, whose lives should be answerable for future events.

It would be a grossly unjust omission not to mention that the commander-in-chief of the garrison, General Roguet, a veteran soldier and skilful chief, deserves to be excepted from this almost universal imputation of imbecility. He was a sick old man, suffering at the time under excruciating pains: he had taken the com-

mand only a short time before, and was wholly unacquainted with the complicated and every-way difficult localities of Lyons and its environs. As soon, however, as he was aware of the threatening aspect of things he rose from his bed: he could not mount his horse, but he caused himself to be carried to the Hotel de Ville. In the mean time the drums had beat to call all the national guards to arms. Out of 15,000 and more men, only 1200 obeyed the summons; the rest had skulked away, joined the insurgents, or at least given them up their arms. General Roguet ordered a succession of attacks, which were valiantly attempted by the troops of the line, and the fragment of the national guard that remained true to its duty. This fragment was chiefly composed of the most respectable citizens of Lyons, many of whom had been on various occasions the best friends of the working classes. But strong in their elevated position, in their lofty firmly-built stone houses, narrow crooked streets, and deep courts and alleys—strong by the time they had gained—the insurgents repulsed every attack on La Croix Rousse. M. Monfalcon continues:—"M. Schirmer, the partner of M. Charles Depouilly, was killed; other citizens fell by his side; many more were wounded, and the citizens, armed for the defence of the laws, were utterly unable to return the shots of their *invisible* assailants. Many officers and soldiers of the line received their death wounds in the court or close called Casati. The square of the Bernardines remained in possession of the national guard during all the afternoon, but in the evening an order was given for its evacuation, and at the approach of night the combat ceased. The working men bivouacked in La Croix Rousse round fires which they lighted; they were, however, but little upon their guard, and the authorities might yet have occupied that

fatal platform, by attacking it in front, or turning it by La Boucle ; but this idea never presented itself, and, like the insurgents, the troops awaited the events of the morrow. The prefect and General Ordonneau were made to pass the night in a room where the weavers had laid out the bodies of two of their comrades that had been shot by the troops of the line. The next day the spirit of insurrection and anarchy took possession of the populace *en masse*. A proclamation, issued by General Roguet, was seized and trampled under foot. Several weak outposts of the national guards were surprised, disarmed, and massacred in cold blood. The insurgents also began to set fire to several of the public buildings. \* \* \* The firing of musketry was heard from a hundred different points at once, and kept drawing closer and closer, from all the suburbs, towards the centre of Lyons, which was inhabited by many thousands of weavers ready to take part in the unnatural warfare." But we turn from these horrible details of slaughter and destruction, and shall only give a few more sentences to render the story intelligible.

Among the almost innumerable disadvantages under which General Roguet had to maintain this foul, cooped-up, town warfare, was this. Whilst the insurgents cared not how they attacked, or what damage they did, he was laudably solicitous not to confound the innocent with the guilty, and to do as little damage to the city as possible. Had he blown a house or two into the air, at three or four points, or battered them down with his artillery, in the beginning of this, the second day of fighting, he might yet have been able to prevent the junction of the insurgents and strike them with terror. "During this day," says our author, "*the greater part of the soldiers of the garrison had nothing to eat. A battalion of the 40th regiment, that marched into Lyons*



from Trevoux, as a reinforcement, *came without cartridges*. The sight of the dead and wounded—the unequal danger of a struggle in which the soldiers were picked out and hit by enemies they could not hit again, for the insurgents all fired under cover, from behind barricades or strong walls, or from the roofs of houses, induced, towards the close of the day, a general retreat on the side of the military. \* \* \* The dragoons had resisted with the greatest courage; but what could cavalry do in a war of streets, under the fire of enemies that were carefully concealed behind gates and chimneys? Many of them were dismounted, wounded, or killed, and several, who were thrown or fell from their horses, *were massacred by the women and children of the weavers*. Never was warfare of the Bedouin savages more atrocious than this!”

M. Dumolart, the prefect, was set at liberty with his companion General Ordonneau, when the insurgents saw their victory almost secured. After his liberation, the prefect sent out a flag of truce to prevent further effusion of blood, but the insurgents in ignorance, or defiance of the established rules of civilized warfare, fired upon it, as they did upon two or three other flags of truce despatched to them during the day. At the fall of night the working men remained masters of all the suburbs and of the whole of the city, except a confined oblong square on which the troops stood. Thus ended the second day.

“At two hours after midnight,” says our author, “on the morning of the 23rd of November, General Roguet *yielded to the representations of the civil authorities*, and resolved to quit the town with the remainder of the troops he commanded. \* \* \* He was followed and assisted by a few men of the national guard! But the insurgents were aware of his movements, and esta-

blished a strong post at the barrier of St. Clair, with the view of intercepting his retreat. A single piece of artillery, and a general fire from the troops of the line, presently forced a passage there. The soldiers, formed in close columns, then cleared with courage and rapidity three barricades that had been raised between St. Clair and La Boucle, and beat, and threw into perfect disorder the posts of working men that guarded them; and in spite of a running fire of musketry, and stones and tiles that rained upon them from the houses, they made good their retreat to Montessuy, Caluire, and La Pape, after having lost a number of men. The dragoons, who executed several brilliant charges, suffered the most. A battalion of the 40th closed the retreat, and fought with courage for its protection. But the unfortunate wounded soldiers left behind were stripped, despatched, and thrown into the Rhone, by a set of miserable weavers, whose fury had obliterated every feeling of humanity. General Fleury was wounded and dismounted in the fatal retreat, and one of his aides-de-camp was killed by his side."

For some time the insurgents could scarcely believe the victory they had gained; but when they saw that not so much as a detachment of troops was left in the place, they gave themselves up to convivial enjoyments, and then, half drunk, they went about the town, bathed in the blood of their countrymen, hugging and kissing, and calling one another "Les Braves"—the heroes! But the fighting in the streets was scarcely over when the insurgents discovered they did not know what they had been fighting about. After breaking open the dwelling-houses and warehouses of some of the principal merchants and manufacturers, and burning their furniture and valuable goods in a fire lit for the purpose, on the Quai de Retz, they came to a stand-still,

and stared stupidly in each other's faces to know what should be done next. They were precisely in the position of a mutinous crew at sea, who, having murdered or otherwise disposed of all their officers, know not how to take charge of the ship and steer it into port.

Fortunately their instinct told them in time that to pursue their destruction of property, or to wreak their bloody vengeance on the capitalists and manufacturers, would be condemning themselves to starvation and annihilation—would be positively a digging of their own graves. So they stood still, completely at their wits' end, and left the civil authorities and those of the national guards who had anything to lose, gradually to win them over or calm them, and restore order to the distracted city. The prefect, M. Dumolard, issued some proclamations, in which he called himself "The Father of the People;" but the weavers were ungrateful children, and kept him and certain of his subordinates under a rigid *surveillance* for a day or two.

Hoping to float on the troubled waters that had been raised, a republican coterie, contemptible in numbers, and of no respectability, attempted to rally the workmen round them. Aided by some half-starved journalists, they contrived to indite, and even to publish, an absurd proclamation, to which the weavers and the rest of the populace of Lyons listened with vacant astonishment or indifference. The game for these desperate gamblers was not yet made up. The tariff was madness enough for Lyons in 1831; the other mania deserved a year of its own, and they were obliged to wait till 1834 to play off their republican stakes. It must be said, however, that during this interval they were indefatigable in preparing the game.

The wealthy and respectable citizens of Lyons by rapid degrees gained a complete ascendancy over the

insurgents. The weavers retired from the streets and public places—(they would have been happy to go to work again, if work could have been obtained)—and left the city to the mayor, the municipality, and the friends of order. On the 27th of December, four days after the retreat of the troops, the mayor, at the head of a deputation, waited upon General Roguet to press the return of himself and the garrison to Lyons. With the reinforcements he had received from all parts, and a squadron of artillery, with four batteries that had joined him from Grenoble, he might instantly have taken a sanguinary vengeance on the insurgents; but fortunately for the weavers his orders or wishes did not lead him that way. Louis Philippe's eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, was expected in a day or two, with Marshal Soult, the minister of war; and General Roguet determined to wait their arrival before making any movement.

The population of the surrounding country showed no sort of sympathy for the insurrection of Lyons; the national guards and the police were steady and decided everywhere beyond that city. Great numbers of the weavers, by this time mild and humble, were begging for work, and protesting they had taken no part in the insurrection. Many of their leaders, however, had fled for their lives, leaving their wives and children to starve!

On Saturday, the 3rd of December, the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Soult, and General Roguet entered Lyons, at the head of a powerful army, and were received with acclamations of joy. Not a shadow of resistance was offered—scarcely a single weaver was to be seen; and even La Croix Rousse was as tranquil as a nunnery. "And thus," says M. Monfalcon, "finished the history of the three days of November,



and such was the winding up of the working men's victory. A deal of blood was shed; brave French soldiers received their death; the first manufacturing city in France was a prey to the most frightful disorder: and for what end? Has the condition of the working classes been improved? Have they succeeded in forcing their employers to adopt the tariff?—No. The principle of that scheme was absurd, and could never be acknowledged by the government. Have they succeeded in raising the price of their labour?—No. Trade can flourish only when no blows are aimed at the liberty and tranquillity of its transactions; and their revolt has paralyzed it, and condemned the silk manufacture to a long period of inactivity. Has their easy and short triumph attracted the public interest to their cause? is their country indebted to them for what they have done? Alas! no. They have attacked with an armed hand the institutions of their country—trodden her laws under foot, expelled the legitimate authorities, and thrown our city into an abyss of misery. The brutal employment of force to resolve a question of trade and industry is equally absurd and criminal, whether it proceed from the working man, his employer, or the government. But some will say the insurgents did not abuse their victory. Yes; we must, without doubt, to a certain point, be grateful to them for not having proceeded to extremes and the most horrid excesses, which, however, would have brought down a fearful and inevitable vengeance on their own heads. They have not done to Lyons, and to the capitalists and manufacturers of Lyons, all the mischief that they might have done; but ought this negative merit to make us forget the crime of their impious aggression, the horrors of a civil and civic war of three days, and the deplorable consequences that have resulted therefrom?"

After the sad events of November, 1831, all the factions of France threw themselves upon the city of Lyons, to keep alive the spirit of disorder, and turn it to their own several purposes. "All these parties," says M. Monfalcon, "with indefatigable activity, set about widening and empoisoning the great sore of Lyons, and deluding the working classes by complaisance and flattery, to make tools of them when the moment for acting should arrive. The Saint Simonians came to preach their dangerous abstractions in our manufactories, and apply new fuel to a fire that was scarcely extinguished. These wild sectaries, addressing *the most violent and least enlightened class of working men in Europe*, could find nothing better to teach them, on the morrow of a dreadful insurrection, when the blood that covered the streets of Lyons still smoked, than a disgust of their condition and calling—a hatred for the rich, and their own unalienable right to a larger share in the property of the country. Pamphlets, radical and Carlist newspapers, came pell-mell among us, addressing themselves to all the passions and all the prejudices of the working men. Influential members of the 'Society of the Rights of Man' came from Paris to Lyons expressly to give to the trades' unions and coalitions of the weavers a systematic plan of organization, which was, in appearance, confined to the rights of industry, but, in reality, eminently political. During the thirty months which separated the insurrection of November, 1831, from the revolt of April, 1834, *Lyons never enjoyed fifteen days of tranquillity*; and every week, and almost every day, the factions, emboldened by impunity and the mildness of government, preluded by skirmishes for a general action."

The government, instructed by the past, and well informed of what was preparing, resolved to fortify the city—a measure rendered prudent by another considera-

tion; for Lyons is scarcely a day's march from the frontiers. A number of detached forts, near enough to support and assist each other, were commenced soon after the days of November. General Fleury, an officer of great talent, conducted the works with rapidity. In less than two years there rose, on the left bank of the Rhone, Fort Lamothe at La Guillotiére, and Fort de la Mouche at the Brotteaux; these were, to a certain degree, connected by entrenchments. Another very considerable fort was erected on the heights of Montessuy, which commanded the course of the Rhone, the Brotteaux, the Quay St. Clair, and La Croix Rousse. Moreover, a strong barrack, which was almost a citadel, was built in the square of the Bernardines, and answered for the military possession of that platform, and the central streets of the always turbulent Croix Rousse. While these checks and bridles were preparing before their eyes, the people were employed in listening to speeches in republican clubs, and in devising impracticable plans by which they might impose their own conditions on their employers. The miserable tariff, which had caused so much bloodshed, was given up for the time with perfect indifference, as a bit of waste paper; but they proposed a tribunal, to be called "*L'Institution des Prud'hommes*," and to consist of an equal number of master manufacturers and workmen, who should amicably arrange between them the rate of wages, &c. &c. The members or delegates of the workmen were to receive a salary; the manufacturers to do their part of the duty for nothing. But when this council of peace was created, and actually met, it soon turned out to be a very pandemonium of confusion and anarchy. The working men carried their passions and prejudices with them; they acted not as the colleagues, but as the deadly rivals of the

individuals deputed by the master manufacturers, interrupting their debates, and annulling their decisions, as they thought fit. A mob admitted into their place of meeting hissed, hooted, and threatened with personal violence every member that displeased them. Nor was this all. One of the parties interested—that is, the working men—must have a newspaper of their own; and this journal, called ‘*L’Echo de la Fabrique*,’ had for its auxiliaries other papers, which openly preached a revolution and a republic. These wretched adventurers at Lyons worked the uninstructed weavers into frenzy, and kept them in a permanent state of madness. Their great weapons of course were calumny and personal defamation. Whatsoever manufacturer or merchant did, or even said, anything considered unfavourable to the cause of the people, was at once accused of every vice and crime, and held up, as a monster, to popular execration and hatred.

Until the insurrection of November and the apparition of this cloud of scribblers there were but few partisans of the republic to be found in the workshops of Lyons. The weavers, indeed, had been remarkably indifferent to all sorts of politics and political discussions. “A few months, however,” proceeds our author, “sufficed these advocates of republican opinions to obtain numerous converts among the working men. Rejected by the middling classes, by the manufacturing and trading interests, and by the vast majority of persons of capacity, the doctrine chose her abode in the workshops of the weavers, who understood nothing about the matter except a promise that the tariff (for the tariff was dug from its grave) should be secured to them, and that the existing unequal division of property should be reformed. The success of the doctrine was not beneath its hopes; it increased with rapidity.”



Numerous associations were formed among the working men, the object of all of which seems to have been at first little more than the creating of a common fund to feed such of them as should strike or be out of work. But when the propagandists of the Society of the Rights of Man arrived from Paris, matters presently took a more systematic and decided turn. These worthies drew up the laws and by-laws of their clubs and unions, and mainly infused the political spirit into them.

Under these auspices the different unions formed themselves into two great associations—the “*Mutuellistes*,” composed of the *Chefs d’Atelier*, or weavers who had looms of their own; and the “*Ferrandiers*,” composed of *Compagnons*, or men who worked at the looms of others. Both associations were established on the same principles, and in their scope and object constituted one corporation. The *Mutuellistes* were divided into 122 lodges, each lodge consisting of twenty members, one of whom was president; from the united body of 122 presidents there were formed twelve central lodges, each of which named from their own number three workmen to constitute an executive commission, which was thus formed of thirty-six weavers. This executive commission again resolved itself into a permanent directory of only three members. Those who concocted this scheme for the weavers had evidently studied the club-making and constitution-making of the first French revolution. Every new member of this union paid five francs on the day of his admission, and agreed to pay a subscription of one franc per month. The funds, besides administering to men out of work, were charged with the publishing expenses of ‘*L’Echo de la Fabrique*,’ the official journal of the society. The society had no fixed,

regular meetings, except on the first Sunday of every month. The other meetings took place according to circumstances. When a proposition was made to the association by one of its members, it was first debated in the inferior or lower lodges, and then carried to the higher lodges; the executive commission of thirty-six scrutinized the votes. "However," says M. Monfalcon, "this lawless, tyrannic association carried within itself the seeds of inevitable disorganization. Serious dissensions arose between lodge and lodge—between workshop and workshop—between one weaver and another; the *Mutuellistes* and *Ferrandiniers* were soon divided in opinions and interests; '*L'Echo des Travailleurs*' (another newspaper in the field!) constituted itself the rival and adversary of '*L'Echo de la Fabrique*;' and many working men protested against the spirit of the Weavers' Society. But how was it possible to suppose that harmony and a unity of views could exist for any length of time in an association that abounded with so much prejudice, so much ignorance of the true interests of industry, so many bad passions, and such powerful elements of disorder."

We have seen that from the month of November, 1831, to April, 1834, Lyons never enjoyed fifteen days of tranquillity; but, from the middle of 1832, a month never passed without an attempt at an open insurrection. We shall pass hastily over these disgusting overtures to a frightful drama, leaving some of them altogether unmentioned. There is a mixture of farce and atrocity in some that is in the highest degree loathsome.

During the first days of August, 1832, riotous mobs met in the courts or closes of Casati and Bondin, singing seditious songs and uttering threats against the merchants and manufacturers. They hissed and hooted a patrol of soldiers that chanced to pass, and followed

it to the barracks. They evacuated the courts on the arrival of a strong detachment of troops of the line, but the very next morning they assembled again, shouting republican songs, insulting the military at their posts, and keeping a great part of the city in anxiety and alarm. Unfortunately, when any of these disturbers of the public peace were arrested and brought to trial, they were acquitted through the over-indulgence or the timidity of the jury. The jurymen already trembled at the prospect of such fierce and numerous associations. "In the meanwhile," says M. Monfalcon, "the spirit of disorder gained more and more consistence, and the mutiny of to-day became always more serious than that of the preceding evening. It had no longer, exclusively, the colour of trades' unions—men spoke in a loud voice about the republic, and the mobs no longer consisted exclusively of working men; some students were seen among them (beardless youths), certain foreigners, and many members of political clubs.

"The magistrates had passed a sentence of correctional punishment against some miserable ballad-mongers who had been singing republican hymns in the coffee-houses and public squares. Crowds began to collect in the evening (27th of April, 1833), and presently assumed a seditious character. Furious cries were heard of 'Long live the Republic,' 'Down with Louis Philippe,' '*Long live the Guillotine*,' 'Down with the Aristocrats,' 'Down with the rich,' 'Long live the bonnet-rouge!'"\* Certain passages of the songs they vociferated sufficiently proved that the *sans culottes* of 1833 were by no means, in grossness and indecency, behind the *sans culottes* of 1793.† A dragoon carrying

\* The red-cap—the favourite ensign of Robespierre and his party.

† *Sans culottes*—literally, "men without breeches." The jacobins of the first revolution gloried in this unseemly title.

a message happened to cross the square of the Célestines; he was immediately saluted by the Lyons cry—‘To the water! to the Rhone with him!’ Some furious fellows even threw themselves upon the dragoon, while others, detaching themselves from the crowds, insulted and shook their fists at a piquet of infantry that was stationed in the square. An individual, *who was not a working man*, harangued the multitude, and several times repeated to them these words—‘Citizens! we don’t wish for a riot—it is a revolution we want.’”

For this time the riot soon ceased; but it was only to begin again on the morrow, when the same war-cries were heard, and a proclamation in the name of the republicans of Lyons was printed and distributed.

The audacity of the weavers systematically increased; they sang republican hymns and psalms about the tariff, in the same breath. They wrote threatening letters to such of the manufacturers as incurred their displeasure, visited and bullied others in person, and laid not a few of them under an excommunication or interdict. It must be remarked, and ought to be well remembered, that the men acting thus were positively gaining one-third more than they would have done at the prices fixed by themselves in the tariff they had so ardently desired in 1831.

Chiefly, if not entirely, owing to these mad dissensions, the silk-trade began to languish again in February, 1834; and this circumstance put it out of the power of the manufacturers to continue such wages as they had been paying. On the 12th of February, the Mutuellistes, by a majority of 2341 over 1290, voted a general strike. The next day not a loom in Lyons was at work, and many men who had voted in the minority or been anxious to continue their labours in peace, ran away and hid themselves in the country. The next day



the funeral of a working man, a member of the association, which was followed by 1200 artisans regularly marshalled and furnished with flags and other insignia of the societies, occasioned further disturbances and alarms. Our author says—"A great number of families left the town, and terror became general among the manufacturers. Most of them concealed their goods or packed them up and exported them; and then, getting their own passports, hurried from Lyons as fast as they could. Considerable amounts of capital thus left our city. Some of our first houses were shut up and abandoned."

The working men kept the quiet citizens in the anguish of alarm for a week longer. In their incurable ignorance they sent a deputation to the prefect requesting he would interfere and arbitrate between them and the manufacturers. M. Gasparin gave a flat refusal; he declared to the delegates that the administration had nothing to do in the matter; that the weavers were at liberty to work, or not to work, just as they thought fit, and that so long as they attempted no disorder and committed no crime, he had no right to interfere with them. "If," said he, "the laws are violated, the authorities must do their duty!"

As thousands of the weavers were known to be disgusted at the tyranny exercised by the unions, and to be eager to return to their work, that they might gain bread for their families, the authorities announced that piquets of infantry would be sent to protect them and their looms. But the very men who had asked for protection, were afraid to avail themselves of it. The executive commission of the Mutuellistes inspired more terror than government inspired confidence. "At last, on the 21st of February, there was some appearance that the problem was approaching its solution. A good many weavers returned to their work; but the elevated

Croix Rousse, the true head-quarters of the working population, persisted in its inaction. Even there, however, a few looms began to move in the course of the morning, but stones were immediately thrown at the windows, and the work ceased." During the day, those who were resolved to hold out quarrelled and fought in the streets with those who wished to return to work. "The most complete misunderstanding now existed between the associations. The Mutuellistes who had pronounced the interdict against the manufacturers, and ordered the general strike, were now the men that wished to resume their work. Those who opposed the measure of returning to work were the Ferrandiniers, or Compagnons—they demanded from the Mutuellistes, at whose looms they worked, an indemnity for the days they had lost by the turn-out. They even threatened to bring an action for damages. In the evening a very stormy discussion took place in the bosom of the executive council of the Mutuellistes. The president was accused of having sold himself to the Carlists or to the republicans, and of having betrayed the cause of the working classes. A motion was made to arraign him, but Monsieur le President treated the assembly in a cool, off-hand manner, and gave in his resignation. On the 22nd of February work was almost generally renewed, and on the following day, without any arrangements with the manufacturers, without any concessions made to any of the weavers, all the looms were once more in activity." The working men thus gained nothing; but, according to M. Charles Dupin, one million of francs was lost to Lyons during the eight days that their strike lasted.

Soon after these events the French Chambers, by large majorities, voted the law against the unions and associations. "The application of this law was inevi-

table: it was destined to strike our coalition in the heart. In no other place did the moral disorder exist in so high a degree as at Lyons. There, there was indeed a state within a state, and an illegal power bold enough to put itself in open and declared rebellion against the law, and to defy the national power. A republican journal audaciously called the coalition to the combat. \* \* \* \* The Society of Mutuellistes declared their sitting to be permanent, and opened a debate on the question, whether the law, passed by king, peers, and commons, should be obeyed or not. This was equivalent to a declaration that they were pre-determined not to submit to the law. Accordingly the assembly came to the resolution that they would resist, and drew up a protest, which was a model of nonsense and impertinence."

On Saturday, the 5th of April, 1834, six men belonging to the Mutuelliste Society were to be brought to trial for riots and misdeameanors. A rising of the people and an attack on the court were fully expected by every one; but, notwithstanding, M. Pic, the president of the tribunal, the judges, and advocates, were averse to surrounding the trial of the Mutuellistes with an unconstitutional display of military force, and resolved to rely on the usual four *gens d'armes* at the bar, and on the sacred respect due to justice, for their safety. The Mutuellistes made their arrangements. By an order of the executive commission so many working men were to place themselves in court, so many in the neighbouring square or streets, whilst a certain number were to remain in their lodges waiting for instructions.

At the hour appointed the trial began. An enormous multitude crowded the court-room, the square, and all the points near at hand. The most violent agitation prevailed. Interrupted and deafened by the noise made

in the hall of justice, the president said that unless it ceased he must have the court cleared, and proceed on the trial with closed doors. On this groans and shouts of "To the sentence immediately! no closed doors! set our brothers at liberty!" rose on all sides. The judges were obliged to quit their seats. The trial stopped. A witness for the prosecution at that moment left the court. He had deposed with great moderation that the societies had threatened him with violence if he did not leave his work and join them. No sooner was he beyond the door of the court than he was attacked by a furious group, who loaded him with abuse and blows, and put his life in imminent danger. Some lawyers with their gowns on ran to rescue the poor fellow; and M. Chegaray, the Procureur de Roi, or attorney-general, disengaged his witness, and seized one of the rioters with his own hands, saying at the same time—"I am the Procureur du Roi: I arrest you in the name of the law." The mob gathered round that high legal authority, insulted, threatened, and struck him; and it was with extreme difficulty some gentlemen succeeded in rescuing him from the weavers. Matters were in this state when sixty foot soldiers marched to the spot. At the sight of this weak detachment the fury of the mob increased. The working men threw themselves upon it, and disarmed some of the soldiers, who, hemmed and pressed in on all sides by hundreds of weavers, could scarcely move hand or foot. The commander of the detachment (Captain Paquette) boldly recovered some of the muskets. The riot act was read. "The soldiers then attempted to clear the court-yard and the hall of justice of rioters; but, crowded and almost smothered by an enormous mass, what could their small number do? They halted; the working men menaced them, and insisted on knowing



whether their muskets were loaded. Some soldiers obeyed, and the sharp ringing sound of their ramrods as they let them drop into their gun-barrels, announced that they were not loaded, and that the multitude had nothing to fear from them. 'Remove your bayonets! Down with your bayonets!' shouted the rioters. The detachment obeyed the command. Some of the soldiers even drank wine with the Mutuellistes in the court-yard and the square of St. Jean." From these circumstances the people rashly concluded that, let them do what they might, the garrison was determined not to make use of their arms against them. The judges, the attorney-general, and the commissaries of police ran great risks; but they escaped, some through a concealed door, and others through a window that gave access to a hay-loft. M. Arnaud, one of the chief police-officers, was cut through the palm of the hand by a poniard or knife.

On the next day, another funeral of a Mutuelliste gave the association an opportunity of deploying its forces. Eight thousand weavers, among whom was a *certain number of members of the Paris Society of the Rights of Man*, followed the body to the grave in compact military order. In the evening numerous bands marched through the principal streets, singing "La Marseillaise," and shouting, "Down with the tyrants!" "Long live the republic!" "Death to the *juste-milieu*!" On the morrow a greater number of manufacturers and capitalists than ever sent off what property they could, and fled from Lyons with their families. It was evident that the city was clearing, to become once more a field of battle.

After the scene at the courts of justice, the most violent of the republicans and weavers proposed that the blow should be struck immediately. The question

was debated in their lodges and general assemblies, and though, as usual, there was a wide and angry difference of opinion, the majority voted that the standard of revolt should be raised on the 9th of April, the day on which the trial of the six Mutuellistes was to be resumed. They were confident of being victorious, as they had been in November, 1831. But forts and strong barracks had been raised since then, and the government was in other respects well prepared. The garrison, including troops of all kinds, amounted this time to 10,500 men ; and so far from being mutinous or ill-disposed, as the anarchists fancied, they were resolved to a man to stand by the government and the cause of social order, and to do their duty.

“ On Wednesday, the 9th of April, at seven o'clock in the morning, the soldiers were at their posts with loaded muskets, cartridge-boxes filled, their knapsacks on their shoulders, and with rations for two days. \* \* \* They were disposed in four separate divisions : General Fleury was at La Croix Rousse ; Colonel Diettman at the Hotel de Ville ; General Buchet at the Archbishop's Palace ; Lieutenant-general Aymard, the commander-in-chief, at the square of Bellecour. \* \* \* At eight o'clock, M. B—— informed M. Gasparin, the prefect, that the chiefs of the section of the Society of the Rights of Man were assembled at a house close by. He moreover brought a heap of republican proclamations wet from the press. A member of the municipality proposed the immediate arrest of men whose intentions were no longer doubtful to any one ; but another member of the same body showed the disadvantage there would be in exercising such an act of authority before the commencement of hostilities by the insurgents in the public streets. \* \* \* It was therefore agreed that the republicans should be left to act.

“ At half-past nine o'clock the mob began to fill the streets and squares. \* \* \* The authorities were again asked to order the arrest of some of the chiefs of the associations who were abroad with the crowd. The answer was, No! as yet they have committed no disorder, and the authorities ought to avoid even the appearance of aggression—they must be struck before they strike. \* \* \* A man placed himself in the midst of the square of St. Jean, and read a republican proclamation, addressed to the *soldiers* and the working-classes. The colonel of the gens-d'armes, passing at the moment, tore the proclamation from his hands, and arrested the reader. Shortly after, the crowded square of St. Jean was suddenly and completely evacuated; not a republican, not a single weaver was to be seen: the most absolute solitude and perfect silence reigned there.

“ But the insurgents had begun to raise their barricades in the street St. Jean, and in all the streets and lanes that opened upon the square. The scaffolding and materials of some houses that were building—beams, planks, stones, carts, and overturned carriages served to form these lines of defence, and the pavement was taken from the streets to be thrown at the soldiers. \* \* \* When informed that a second, a third, a fourth barricade was thus rising, General Buchet ordered half a battalion of infantry and a platoon of gens-d'armes to clear the public way, but to refrain from firing until an open act of hostility was committed. \* \* \* A few soldiers and some policemen rushed against the first barricade, and attempted to overturn it; they were instantly assailed by heavy enormous stones, thrown by the insurgents from the gates, windows, house-tops, &c. Here, then, was not only a resistance, but an

aggression—a carbine was discharged from the detachment of troops—the gens-d’armes commenced the fire.

“ During this time the trial of the six Mutuellistes had begun. At the report of the first shot, the advocate for the accused, M. Jules Favre, stopped short—he could not, he said, continue to plead whilst the citizens were slaughtered in the streets. The whole audience was violently excited. M. Pic, the president, broke up the court. The next moment judges, magistrates, advocates, officers, and all, rushed pell-mell out of court, and endeavoured to gain their different homes before the scene of warfare should have time to extend itself.”

Once begun, the combat soon thickened. The insurgents were nearly everywhere, plentifully provided with arms and ammunition—barricades rose at the same time in all directions—the church-bells rang the fearful tocsin, to which the artillery of the troops soon roared a reply. The civil authorities, with M. Gasparin, the prefect, at their head, fought on foot in the streets with the common soldiers. Whilst the troops were exposed, the working men were covered and protected, as in 1831; but after some heavy losses from their unseen enemies, the soldiers began to employ petards against the houses in which the insurgents were crowded. One house had particularly annoyed the troops with a sustained fire of musketry and discharge of stones, bricks, and tiles. The soldiers blew the doors down with a petard, and rushed into the house, where the insurgents threw down their arms, and on their knees begged for their lives. They were made prisoners. Later in the day the soldiers forced their way into another house in the same manner; but here the petard not only blew down the door, but set fire



to the house. The flames communicated to the edifices on either side, and, fed and driven by a violent north wind, soon threatened the whole of a very populous district. The soldiers and the police were too busily engaged fighting at all points to be able to attend to the conflagration. Twenty families were burnt out of house and home. This was only one trifling episode in the history of horrors. Hundreds of peaceful, well-disposed citizens suffered in their lives, limbs, or property. Many innocent children fell—mothers were killed with their infants in their arms—the aged and the bedridden were sent to a bloody grave. Wherever there was a house that afforded a good position, the insurgents, without caring for its occupants or proprietors, took possession of it, to fire upon the troops and keep themselves under cover. Then came the attack of the troops, the petards, and, at times, the artillery. The innocent, cooped up with the guilty, fell with them. Shots and balls *could* not, and the bayonets of the infuriated soldiery *would* not, always distinguish between them. At the end of this, the first day's fighting, the determination of the soldiers had triumphed over the obstinacy of the insurgents at every point where they had been ordered to attack them. The communications of the republicans were cut off; they were driven into the long narrow streets in the interior of the town, and placed in the absolute impossibility either of receiving succour from without, or of communicating and concerting measures with one another.

“ On the second day (April 10th) the insurgents challenged a renewal of the combat at six A. M., by ringing the tocsin from St. Bonaventure and other churches. The firing, however, did not begin till eight o'clock. The street warfare presented much the same

character as the preceding day: but at La Guillotière the battle became still more furious. A multitude of working men, placed on the roof-tops and behind chimneys, fired incessantly on the troops; consequently whole batteries of artillery thundered on that populous suburb, and soon wrapped many houses in flames. The main street was literally swept by the cannon: a large and beautiful house situated at one corner was set on fire—the flames rapidly spread from house to house, and in a short time all that part of La Guillotière was nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. \* \* \* At another point near the hospital the troops kept up a tremendous fire of musketry against a party of working men who lay there in ambush behind a barricade. The balls rebounding (*par ricochet*) entered in at the windows of the houses and wounded many females. \* \* \* The tactics of the combating parties continued to be these—

1. The insurgents took good care not to expose themselves on the quays, in the squares, or wide streets—much less in a fair, open field; they limited their operations to ringing the tocsin and firing on the soldiery as riflemen. \* \* \*
2. On their side the troops occupied the forts, the bridges, the quays, the squares, the gates, and all the avenues of exterior and interior communication, and took good care not to penetrate into the long, narrow streets of the town, by doing which they had suffered so severely in 1831.”

This prudent system may account for the soldiers having been six days in suppressing the insurrection; but had a more hazardous plan been adopted, from the numbers and fury of the enemy, Lyons might have been lost and ruined in one or two days. Our readers will also have perceived that on the present occasion the commanders of the troops were far from showing so scrupulous an attention to the preservation

of houses and property as had been observed by General Roguet during the days of November.

The colour adopted by the insurgents was black. "At noon, the black flag floated over the church of Saint Polycarpe, at L'Antiquaille, at Fourvières, at Saint Nizier, and at the Cordeliers. The stunning tocsin resounded on all sides ! \* \* \* Colonel Mounier, at the head of some grenadiers, ordered the destruction of a barricade in the street of St. Marcel. The colonel directed the attack in person: he wanted to show his men how easy it was to carry such a defence; he jumped upon the barricade, and was shot dead by a musket, fired point-blank. The death of that brave officer infuriated the grenadiers; they threw themselves upon the barricade, scaled it, beat it to the ground, and pursued the insurgents, who fled in all directions. A few of the soldiers saw some of the republicans seek refuge in a corner house; it was from that direction that the fatal shot which killed poor Mounier was fired. With blind fury the grenadiers rushed into the house, ran up the stairs, forced open the room doors, and, discharging their pieces, killed, among others, one of the most honourable and esteemed citizens of Lyons—M. Joseph Rémond. Thus, the death of the brave Colonel Mounier was followed by a not less deplorable accident! Mournful results of civil wars like these, where the lives of so many innocent persons expiate the offences of the factious, who themselves too often escape unpunished! \* \* \* During this day, the buildings of the College were set on fire three times, and three times the fire was extinguished; the library was threatened with destruction, but fortunately that rich literary treasure did not sustain the least injury. \* \* \* At the end of this day, if the garrison had obtained no decisive suc-

cess, it had at least lost none of its advantages. The insurgents had nowhere gained ground, though they had fought with more obstinacy than had been expected. \* \* \* It was seen that the populace of Lyons would not rise to join them *en masse*, as they had done in 1831."

We cannot follow the details of the deplorable contest day by day. After some vicissitudes, but no very serious check or loss, the troops of the line had cleared the suburbs, and triumphed everywhere, by the evening of Saturday, the 12th of April, the fourth day of the conflict. Peaceful and respectable citizens of all classes, who had been shut up in their houses—many of them without provisions, and not a few with the dead bodies of their friends, which they were unable to bury—began this evening freely to move about through most of the streets. Physicians were again able to visit the sick—surgeons to attend the wounded. How much of recent human misery is implied by this short sentence! There was a little fighting on Sunday, the 13th, but it proceeded only from the obstinacy of a few of the insurgents, and ended in their destruction, with the death of a few soldiers. On Monday, the 14th, in the last strong lanes and houses that held out in La Croix Rousse, nearly every insurgent was shot or run through by the bayonets of the troops. It was only towards the end of the struggle that the weavers' and republicans' lives were much exposed.

We conclude this mournful story with a few detached passages from M. Monfalcon's volume:—"The result of the conflict could not be a matter of doubt for a moment. But what a triumph! Great God! Another victory like this, and Lyons will no longer exist. What congratulations are possible in the presence of such dis-



asters, and to whom can we offer them? \* \* \* The appearance of Lyons is dreadful—ruined houses and public edifices—desolation—ruins in all directions! \* \* \* The insurrection of 1831 lasted only three days, but the war was more serious, obstinate, and furious; there was less destruction of property, but the number of deaths was greater. The insurrection of 1834 dragged on for six days; there were fewer engagements, fewer killed and wounded, but the destruction of property was enormous.

“But if the political question has been settled, if public order, and the constitutional monarchy have triumphed, industry and trade have received a shock from which they can never entirely recover! This second insurrection, after so many riots and the days of November, has struck the silk manufacture with a fatal blow; it may not wholly perish, but it must evidently be grievously injured. Already enormous amounts of capital have abandoned a place become so turbulent and dangerous; already a multitude of weavers have quitted the city for ever; already many manufacturing houses have begun to transfer their business to the departments of Isere, L’Ain, Saone and Loire, and L’Adier. Looms are rising in all the rural districts in our neighbourhood; yet a few years, and not a single piece of plain silk will be woven in Lyons or its suburbs. The manufacture of fancy silks may remain—it cannot emigrate so easily; but the number of looms will be reduced by two-thirds, and the consequence of this commercial revolution will be most deplorable. A considerable and continually increasing depreciation of such property as houses, shops, &c. is now felt; all the families that are not attached to Lyons by the most binding interests, hasten to

quit a city, where, for three years, they have, every day, had to dread a riot or a state of siege. Many manufacturers have wholly given up business, since they could not exercise it without so much danger. \* \* \* Such are the results of unions and coalitions—such the effects of the sad counsels given to the working classes, by men who called themselves their friends.”

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The preceding narrative shows what must always be the result, in the social as well as in the physical world, of any attempt to fight against the laws of nature. The project of permanently keeping up wages at a certain point by means of regulations and compacts, of tariffs and trades unions, is just as vain and preposterous as would be the attempt to erect a building with its foundations in the air instead of on the ground. As the principle of gravitation would forbid the success of the latter scheme, so a principle as strong as that of gravitation forbids the success of the former. The wages in any employment are, and only can be, paid from that portion of the returns of the capitalist which remain to him after he has obtained for himself the ordinary rate of profit upon his capital. Unless you can compel capitalists to employ their capital in certain departments of industry with less profit or advantage to themselves than they might derive from employing the same capital in other businesses, nothing can keep up wages beyond the point determined by this natural law. For if the capitalist is to have his fair profit, and the workmen will not be satisfied with the whole remainder of the returns yielded by the trade or manufacture, from what fund are the higher wages to be paid? The question is clearly one to which no answer can be

given; and it settles the controversy. It is evident that, in the circumstances supposed, nothing but a rise of prices can afford the means of paying higher wages. But how is this result, a rise of prices, ever to be produced either by the empty proclamation of a scale of wages, or by the application of force and violence to compel its adoption? Prices are determined solely by the balance between the supply and the demand. It is only by changing that relation that prices can be affected; and that relation can be changed only in two ways: either by an alteration in the quantity of the demand, or by an alteration in the quantity of the supply. Nobody will pretend that any agreement between the workman and his employer, or any compulsion exercised by the one upon the other, can alter the public demand for the goods produced by the combination of the capital of the one and the labour of the other. But as little can any alteration be so effected in the supply of the said goods. To be sure, if there were only one set of masters and one set of workmen from whom the goods could be obtained, they might make the supply anything they chose; but this is not and cannot be the case except in very extraordinary circumstances; no such monopoly exists generally, or could by any contrivance be generally established. It would be as ruinous to the interests of industry as it would be unjust and oppressive to all other social interests, if it could be established. No political or other arrangement, for instance, could confine the manufacture of silk for the whole world to the city of Lyons. If, then, there were no monopoly, how could the supply of the commodity be permanently kept down to any particular point by the efforts either of the workmen or of the masters, or of both together? The existing workmen cannot prevent other workmen, in the same town or

elsewhere, from producing what they themselves refuse to produce; the capitalists already engaged in the trade cannot prevent other capitalists from engaging in it also, should other capitalists see good to do so. And new workmen and new capitalists will or will not resort to the business just according to what the wages and profits to be made in it are as compared with the wages and profits to be made in other businesses; that is to say, when the wages or profits to be made in it are comparatively high, new adventurers will crowd into it; when otherwise, nothing of this kind will take place. This is the law that governs the distribution of labour and capital, when both are left free, just as much as it is the law regulating the distribution of water, that it will not settle upon a height when there is any unoccupied hollow to which it has access. The private arrangements, therefore, of the masters and workmen actually engaged in the business, entered into with the object of keeping wages at a certain point, can have no effect whatever; such attempts are as vain as would be a combination of the same or any other classes of persons to keep the barometer at a certain point; for the rate of wages, as well as that of profits, is, we have seen, unquestionably and inevitably determined by causes just as far removed beyond the control of any particular set of workmen or masters as are the causes that influence the blowing of the winds and the motion of the clouds. If wages are low in consequence of prices being low, and if that low rate of prices is occasioned by over-production, to raise wages, if that could be done, would not check over-production, but the contrary; for the high wages would only bring more workmen and more produce. Wages are the price of labour, as other prices are of other commodities. Raise prices in any particular market, in the market of labour as in



any other, and you immediately bring up an additional supply of commodities to that market. The attempt, therefore, to bolster up wages artificially and against the law of nature, if it could have any effect at all, would have the directly opposite tendency to that contemplated by its authors. But, in truth, the endeavour is as idle and inefficient in every way as it would be to try to lay the waves of the sea by scourging them, or to fetter the flowing of the tide.

But no vain attempt like this can be made, and the strength and energies of men exerted upon it, without much loss and much mischief. There is, in the first place, power thrown away—force, and knowledge, and ingenuity wasted, and worse than wasted—much precious time misspent and gone. But this is not all, nor the worst of all. In these struggles the calm reason of men does not long retain its ascendancy; the passions are immediately called up, in all their fierceness and bitterness, by the opposition of interests, of opinions, and of efforts; above all, the disappointment and mortification of the baffled aspirants after an impossibility speedily renders them furious and reckless. From debate to menaces, from menaces to actual violence—that is the short course which the contest runs—till, as in these sad events at Lyons, all things are enveloped in a tempest of anarchy and blood. Then none can tell what may befall—what ruin and misery, how wide-spread and long in passing away, may be the issue of what was originally, as we have said, nothing more than a mistake in political economy.

There is another view in which the attempt to keep up wages by a fixed tariff may be looked at. It is fraught with injustice and cruelty to many of the workmen themselves. If A, B, and C are three workmen, although A and B may find it convenient or for their

advantage to refuse to take employment under a certain rate of wages, why should C, to whom it may bring the highest degree of inconvenience and distress so to stand out at that particular moment, be compelled to act as they do? Why should he be deprived of work which he is willing and would be glad to take, merely because it is work which the others would not take? This is the spirit and substance of the most tyrannical oppression. It is also the grossest injustice. To show this the more clearly, let us adopt for a moment a phraseology which may be somewhat novel in form, but is perfectly correct in fact. Let us call money a commodity, and that which is exchanged for it its price. A man may want to buy money as he may want to buy anything else; and as he pays for most other things in money, so he may pay for money with something else. Here, let us suppose, are a number of workmen on the one hand, and a capitalist or employer of workmen on the other. As the capitalist may be said to want to buy labour with his money, so the workmen may be said to want to buy money with their labour. Each workman wants a certain sum of money, and he comes to offer a certain amount of labour in exchange for it. Who best deserves the sum of money in question? The workman who will only give three days' labour, or he who is willing to give four days' labour for it? The latter, undoubtedly. It is he whose anxiety to procure the money is the strongest, and whose necessities also, it may fairly be presumed, are the most pressing. Very likely he has a wife and family dependent upon him for their bread, while the other has no one but himself to maintain, and therefore will suffer much less if he should remain idle. On every principle of fairness, therefore, and of regard to the rights of labour itself, the man who is

willing to work at the lowest wages should have the employment; for, in exchange for the thing he wishes to purchase, which is here a certain amount of money, he offers the highest price. Yet the scheme of a fixed rate of wages would give the desired commodity not to him, but, in preference, to another who offers less for it, and whose need for it is probably as much less as his offer.

And this leads us to say a few words before we conclude upon another case in which the labouring classes have sometimes resorted to tumult and violence as a mode of remedying an evil to which the community is occasionally subjected. The poor have often suffered dreadfully from a deficiency in the usual supply of food; and in these circumstances they have sometimes broken out into rioting, with the view both of obtaining wherewithal to satisfy their immediate wants, and of also setting to rights what they conceive to be some wrong order of things, out of which their misery has arisen. What acts of illegal violence are committed on such occasions many persons, among the perpetrators and others, will defend on the ground that, although legally wrong, they are still morally right. They may not, for instance, conceive themselves entitled to break into a store of wheat or flour, into the farmer's barn, or the corn-factor's granary, or the baker's shop, and to take thence what they want without paying anything for it at all; but they will yet hold themselves quite justified in compelling those who are known to have agricultural produce in their possession to bring it to market and dispose of it at a lower than the current price—at any price, in fact, fixed by themselves. Many persons, so far from thinking that there is any unfairness in such a use of force as this, look upon the transaction as particularly marked by

the opposite quality. The man, they say, is only made to part with his grain at a just and reasonable price, instead of being allowed to keep it till he can get more for it than it is worth. Such reasoning as this is often to be heard from persons much above the class of whom mobs are generally composed ; but it is very loose and very false reasoning for all that.

The persons who talk or think in this manner must have very confused and inaccurate notions as to what ought to determine the price of a commodity. What, for example, is it which they call a fair price for corn ? Probably most of them, if asked this question, would be a little puzzled how to answer it ; and they would not at last all answer it in the same way. One would perhaps say that a fair price is such a price as the rate of wages at the time enables the labourer to afford ; another, that it is such a price as will pay the seller the expenses of production, with the ordinary profits upon capital ; while a third would be found to have no other notion of a fair price than that it is the price for which the commodity is usually sold. Upon some one or other of these principles, indeed, the conduct of the mob in the case we are considering might possibly be defended as dictated by something like justice, although it would be necessary to decide which of the several doctrines was really the correct one ; for they would not generally all lead to the same conclusion. The truth is, however, that none of them is correct.

The fair price of any commodity is nothing else than the highest price which, under a system of free competition, the person who has it to sell can get for it. This statement may sound a little startling at first to those who have not been in the habit of considering such subjects ; but a very few words will make its truth evident to every reader. Let us take, for example, the



case of corn in a year of scarcity. The price is much higher than usual: what is really the cause of this? Is it, as many would seem to imagine, that the farmers have entered into a combination to keep the corn from the markets? Not at all. If there be any combination, it is all on the part of the public, of the purchasers, of the poorer classes themselves among the rest. It is they who combine to force the farmer to act as he is doing. For what is really the state of the case? There is, in fact, not a sufficient supply to satisfy the demand; that is to say, some at least, if not all, must diminish their usual rate of consumption. It is impossible to make a smaller quantity of wheat, or of anything else, go as far as a larger; the number of consumers, therefore, remaining the same, while the amount of the produce to be divided among them is lessened, it is perfectly clear that all cannot have the same share they used to have. Now we say that the consequence of this state of things is, strange as it may appear, a combination or general effort on the part of the public to raise the price of corn. The farmer is perfectly passive. Of two prices which are offered to him, he merely takes the highest. In so choosing he no doubt consults his own interest, as, like every other man, he has a right to do; but it is not the less true that he adopts at the same time the only conduct which could be considered fair to others. To proceed upon an opposite principle—to take the lower of the two prices in preference to the higher—would not be more unjust to himself than it would be to his customers. For suppose those customers to be two or more poor men, who come to purchase each a bushel of flour. Each names a price he is willing or able to give. What would the man who has offered most think of the justice with which he was treated if his money should be

refused and one of the others should obtain the flour? Would he not say that nothing could be more unfair than such treatment? He wanted the food, perhaps, for his famishing family, and he had been enabled to offer a greater price for it than any of the others, either by working harder than they had done to obtain the money, or by submitting to greater privations in some other way, possibly in some of his own enjoyments or comforts, that he might secure this bread for his wife and children. And yet another has got it for less money, having had less to give, probably only because he had not toiled so long as he has done, or made such prudent and painful savings in times of greater abundance, or because he has spent part of his earnings or means to spend it in the purchase of something else, it may be of some useless or pernicious indulgence, which the other is contented to go without. But you will perhaps say, why not let them all have the article at the low price? A very good proposition, certainly, for removing the scarcity, only that it happens to be impracticable. It is forgotten that the very reason why one man offers a higher price than another for the article is, that there is not enough of it for all. In the case we have supposed, every man wants a bushel; but, in point of fact, only the person who offers the high price obtains the whole of that quantity; each of the others must be contented to receive just so much of it as the money which he has to give will purchase at the same rate of payment. It is in this way, and in this way alone, that the diminished supply is accommodated to the undiminished demand. Every man must suffer some inconvenience from the general pressure. Either he must reduce his usual consumption of bread, or he must save upon some other article in order to obtain the same quantity as formerly of this.

It must now be clearly perceived how little the seller of corn ever has to do in occasioning any rise which may take place in its price. In fact, he has nothing to do with the matter whatever. That the price of the commodity should rise when its supply is diminished, the demand continuing the same, is not only a consequence which follows of necessity, but one without which a season of scarcity would be an infinitely greater calamity even than it is. If in such a season the farmers were to be in some way or other universally compelled to sell the produce of their fields for the ordinary prices, the distribution of food throughout the community could only be effected by a general scramble, or a large portion of the population would be left without even a mouthful, and would altogether perish.

What injustice, then, and what folly, too, is it not to cry out, as many do in such circumstances, against the holders of grain for not bringing the article to market until they themselves think fit to do so, or for refusing to dispose of it at what some other people choose to call a fair price ! The only fair price, we repeat, is the highest price that can be got ; and to compel the dealer to give away his commodity for any lower would be the height of unfairness both to him and to the public at large. Yet this, as we have said, is what mobs sometimes take it into their heads to do, and to maintain at the same time that, in so acting, they are not only committing no injustice, but are performing a very proper and a very useful part. People may sometimes be excited by hunger to plunge into such excesses ; but it is right they should understand the true character of the proceedings in which they engage. The man whose corn they drive to market without his consent, and dispose of at their own price, is just as truly plundered by them as if they were to enter his house and

carry away his money or his goods. Nor have the perpetrators of such acts of violence any pretensions whatever to be regarded as public benefactors. They are, in fact, robbing the public, as well as the owner of the corn; for every sack which is thus undersold tends to keep up or to advance the price of what still remains in the granaries. The effect may be imperceptible enough when only a few such riotous seizures take place; but if they were very common, it would be heavily felt. If anything like half the corn in the country, for instance, in a year of scarcity, were to be thus disposed of for less than its value, the rise thereby occasioned in the price of the remainder would be immense.

A farmer, it is true, may sometimes decline bringing his grain to market even when the demand for it is so keen that a very considerable advance on the usual prices would be willingly given. "In such a case as this," some will say, "where would be the harm of compelling him to sell? The price which he will receive is much more than a remunerating one; he cannot therefore be wronged in being forced to be satisfied with it. Perhaps, if he wait longer, he will not get so much." Yes, it certainly is possible that he may put off selling too long for his own interest; but until it is found that he has done so—until the fall of prices has come, and it is seen that his corn still remains unsold—who can say whether this will happen or not? A rise instead of a fall of prices may take place after the mob have taken into their hands the business of disposing in their own way of the contents of his barns; and then he clearly has been wronged, and the case is precisely the same with that which has been already considered. He has been plundered, by his property having been sold without his consent for less than its



value. This, indeed, it is obvious, is the case that will commonly happen ; for although a few individuals may allow the market to turn before they come forward to sell, it is not to be supposed that the generality of speculators will fall into that blunder.

It remains only to notice another false and mischievous notion which the labouring classes in this country, both agricultural and manufacturing, have sometimes taken up and acted upon in times of low wages or scarcity of employment ; namely, that machinery has been the cause of their sufferings. In this belief they have set themselves to destroy the various contrivances which come under that name, in the hope of thereby invigorating their depressed industry. Now we are not going to take the trouble of arguing the question of the propriety of destroying machinery with those persons who do not care whether the act be right or wrong, provided it be one by which they may give themselves some chance of bettering their condition for the moment. Such persons engage in the breaking of machines and in other riotous outrages on the same principle on which other desperate characters go to rob on the highway. With such it would be quite absurd to reason. If we were even to attempt to make some impression upon them by entering calmly upon an examination of the risks to which they expose themselves as compared with the value of what they may possibly gain by their lawless proceedings, in the design of proving that, looking no farther than to the probabilities of profit and loss, their speculation is a wretchedly bad one, they would, in all likelihood, be very little swayed by any conclusions of ours in regard to a matter of which they would naturally conceive themselves to be so much better judges ; or, at any rate, they certainly would not be deterred from the ven-

ture, although ever so well convinced of its folly on such general considerations. To persons of this description, therefore, we have nothing to say. But of those who join mobs to break machinery, or who, if they do not actually take part in what they know to be an illegal proceeding, are at least with the rioters in their hearts, we believe the vast majority are persons whose honest impression is, that the act in question, although condemned by the law, is not morally or really wrong, and who are led to aid or countenance the cause of disorder solely by that conviction. We believe that if we could succeed in making such persons perceive that the breaking of machines is as unjust as it is unlawful, they would for the future withhold themselves from all participation in such outrage.

We say this with the more confidence, when we consider what the feelings and motives really are which sometimes drive the labouring classes thus to rise and destroy machinery. It is impossible not to sympathize in some degree with men who, if they go forth to injure the property of their neighbours, do so merely with the view of thereby making room, as they conceive, for their own labour. They do not wish to live either by plunder or in idleness. All that they desire is daily bread for their daily toil, the liberty of working hard for enough to sustain life in themselves and their children. There is everything, we say, in such a feeling as this, to command our sympathy and even our respect. And those whom it actuates, we are quite sure, cannot be insensible to the claims of reason and justice on this or any other subject, if fairly brought under their notice.

In the first place, then, it will be acknowledged even by those who approve of such proceedings as we are now considering, that they never can have the effect of relieving the labouring classes by a *reduction of*

*prices.* It will not be pretended by anybody that this is one of the benefits which would be produced even by the destruction of every piece of machinery in the kingdom. On the contrary, it must be obvious to all that in that case there would follow inevitably an enhancement in the price of almost every article of consumption. In respect to certain articles the rise of price would be so great as to compel the poorer classes to cease from their use altogether; some of these, such as cotton cloths, for instance, being now used by them in great quantities, and ranking among the most indispensable of their comforts. So, if all the machines used in any one branch of industry only were destroyed, a rise would infallibly take place in the price of the produce of that species of labour, whatever it might be. If even thrashing-machines, for example, were to be put an end to, although they are not among those contrivances which most diminish the cost of production, still there can be no doubt that their abolition would raise the price of corn and of bread. Let it then, we repeat, be recollected by those who would allow no labour but that of the hand, that whatever other advantages their scheme might have if introduced, it certainly would not bring us either cheaper bread or cheaper clothing, or indeed anything but a rise in the price of whatever even the poorest of us consumes.

The relief, therefore, which is sought by the destruction of machinery can only be expected to come in the other shape, of more abundant employment and a higher rate of wages. Would it indeed bring this benefit? There can be no doubt whatever that it would do the very reverse. To prove this it is hardly necessary for us to consider the extreme case of the abolition of machinery universally, in all manufactures and departments of industry whatever; although this,

we may observe, is really the state of things which the proceedings, whether of frame-breakers or of thrashing-machine-breakers, have a natural tendency to bring about, and the only state of things, indeed, which they and their defenders can in consistency wish for. One consequence of this direct move backwards to barbarism, whether it were taken at once or gradually, would incontrovertibly be the throwing hundreds on hundreds of thousands of our population out of employment, whose hands machinery alone now occupies, and whose mouths it alone provides with bread. Many of our manufactures could not exist, and none of them could be carried on to the same extent to which they now are, were it not for that low cost of production and consequent extent of sale, for which they are indebted to the aid of mechanical power. Every man, in every rank of society, would have to go without many comforts and accommodations he now enjoys; and all those multitudes now employed, even with the assistance of machinery, in the preparation of the various articles of consumption that would then be of necessity dispensed with, would be reduced to utter idleness and beggary; and indeed, if they did not retire to some other country, would inevitably and rapidly perish. Nearly the whole population of some of the largest towns in the empire would thus be swept away. Even in those departments of labour in which production does not seem at present to depend immediately on the employment of what is commonly called machinery, industry would also under this change suffer and languish. The farmer, for instance, would be deprived of his chief market by the extinction of the manufacturing population, and could no longer raise his present crops or employ his present number of labourers. Even of the other classes of the community who would still remain to be his customers,



few or none would have the same means to expend which they now have. The wealthiest, obliged to enlarge their outgivings in one direction by the greatly increased cost of all manufactured goods, would have to contract them in every other. The poorest would have less to spare for bread, in consequence of having more to give for clothes and other necessities. Add to all this, that no wealth accumulated by manufactures would ever and anon, as now, be expended in agricultural improvements, and that thus one of the most fertilizing streams by which at present the soil is rendered productive and capable of sustaining many labourers, would be entirely dried up. Would this state of things make work more abundant or wages higher?

But you would have machinery put down only where it comes directly into competition with your own labour, and would have no objection to its employment everywhere else. You are, we shall suppose, for example, an agricultural labourer, and feel no inclination to have your shirt, and your stockings, and your working jacket, and your wife's gown, and the clothes of your children made ten or twenty times dearer than they now are, by the destruction of all spinning-mills and power-looms; but you would refuse to allow the employment of a thrashing-machine by the farmer, because, as you say, it throws men out of work. Your plan has evidently not much to recommend it on the score of fairness, and is indeed so manifestly partial and unjust that it is quite plain it never could be tolerated in practice; but let that pass. We will suppose it in operation. Its effect would certainly be, in the first instance, to occasion a somewhat greater demand for a certain description of country labour. There would be more men hired to thrash corn. But the advantage thus gained by the labouring classes would not be long felt for eventually,

the demand for agricultural labour upon the whole would be diminished. If the farmer saved anything by the use of his thrashing-machine (and we must suppose that he did, or he would not have made use of it), the profits of farming generally must be lowered by the abolition of these machines. Now it is a law, that is to say, it is a principle founded in the very nature of things, that in whatever branch of industry profits undergo a depression, from that capital immediately begins to flow, and labour along with it, which cannot exist without capital. Many of you may have remarked instances of this in the decay of trades, which in your own recollection or in that of older men with whom you have conversed, used to be among the most flourishing of the places where they were carried on. The profits, from some cause or other, have diminished, and the consequence is, that the trade does not now, perhaps, employ one workman for three or four to whom it formerly gave occupation and bread. The mere abolition of thrashing-machines certainly would not affect the business of farming in anything like this degree, but still it would produce the same consequence to a smaller extent. The average profits of capital are nearly the same in all the great departments of national industry, and cannot but be so, seeing that capital is free to diffuse itself where it chooses, and will, therefore, to repeat our former illustration, just as naturally and inevitably preserve, as it were, the same level wherever it spreads, as water does when poured out into a lake. Take from agriculture, therefore, any portion of its ordinary gains, and you withdraw from it infallibly a corresponding portion of the capital at present invested in it. Diminished profits must be followed by diminished cultivation, or, in other words, by diminished employment of labourers. The only way in

which this consequence could be prevented would be by preventing its immediate cause—the fall of profits ;—and this, no doubt, the present corn-law would in some measure do, if it were to be maintained in the circumstances we are supposing ; for it would compel the public, who cannot want bread, and are not permitted by the law in question to purchase that first necessary of life in any other than the home-market, to compensate the farmer for the additional costs of production to which the abolition of machinery had subjected him by a higher price for his produce. That is to say, in order to give employment to a number of more thrashers, a tax must be laid upon every individual, rich and poor, throughout the kingdom. There can be no question at all that anything so absurd and iniquitous as this never would be submitted to ; nor could such a piece of injustice be decently proposed. It is surely enough that the proprietors and cultivators of the soil are protected by the law to the extent they are against the competition of foreigners ; in return for this protection they must at least be considered bound to provide the community with bread at the lowest rate they can afford, by taking advantage of all the best means for the economizing of production which may be within their reach ; it would be altogether monstrous for them to demand that they should be permitted still farther to aggravate the pressure of their monopoly by deliberately adopting a dear mode of production in preference to a cheaper one, of which they had it equally in their power to avail themselves.

Let the persons who would abolish all thrashing-machines just consider for one moment what it really is which they ask to be allowed to do. It is in principle exactly the same thing which a demand on the part of the cotton-spinners would be that all cotton

should henceforward be spun and woven by the hand, coupled with the condition that the country should still continue to purchase as much of that manufacture as it now does. In this case, indeed, it would certainly be found impossible to carry the abolition of machinery into effect to the extent demanded ; for if the labour of half the hands in the country could fabricate the cotton cloth that would be wanted, the gains of the remaining half in other branches of industry would be insufficient to purchase it after it had been wrought. But the scheme might be carried into operation in part ; whenever wages were low, for instance, or any number of spinners or weavers out of employment, a certain number of machines might be stopped by law, and hand-labour substituted in their place. Under the condition supposed, namely, that the usual quantity of goods should continue to be demanded and taken off, this would answer the purposes of the manufacturing population well enough ; all hands would be employed, and the additional cost of production would be just made up to the masters by the higher prices which they would receive from the public. But would the public submit to be so taxed ? Would not the agricultural labourers themselves be the loudest in calling out against being subjected to such an imposition ?

It is fit that the inveighers against thrashing-machines should be aware of all this, and should clearly understand what the community in general must think of the selfishness and injustice of what they urge. The prohibition of machinery which they would enforce, for the sake of affording more employment to labourers, is neither more nor less than a scheme for supporting this additional employment, or higher rate of wages, out of the pockets of the public.

But what except the very height of injustice is there,



besides, even laying aside all these considerations, in any body of men attacking and destroying the property of others, as these machine-breakers do? What reason is there why the owner of a thrashing-machine, as well as every other man, should not be permitted to do what he chooses with his own, so long as he does not encroach upon the rights of others? Is this liberty, or is it anything else than the most insufferable tyranny? The poor, you say, have a right to employment. If they have, the right is certainly not one which they are entitled to exercise in this way against the property of an individual, or of a particular class of individuals. Are they entitled upon this plea to go to any rich man in their neighbourhood, and insist that he shall expend what portion of his income they may please to name in giving them work? Has any person ever taken it into his head to preach such a doctrine as this? Yet it is in reality only the same thing, in other words, with what is asserted by those who contend that the putting down of machinery is justifiable. In the one case, just as much as in the other, there is the employment of compulsion against an individual in regard to a matter with which nobody but himself has anything to do. It might, in fact, be maintained, upon exactly the same principle, that a body of men out of work, or in want of higher wages, had a right to arrest any rich man upon the highway, and compel him to undertake the expenses of their support.

So much, then, for the fairness and good sense of this plan for putting down machinery. It is manifestly conceived in injustice, and would be worse than useless, even to the labourers themselves, if it could be carried into effect. But, to crown the absurdity, how is it proposed that it should be carried into effect? By the lawless violence of mobs! We have already said enough

to point out the true character of this method of redress applied even to real grievances. Its utter inefficiency is its least evil. In addition to holding out no chance of accomplishing the end aimed at, be that what it may, it cannot be tried without producing almost all sorts of mischief and misery. Let the scenes which took place only a few summers ago in certain of our agricultural districts remind the reader of what the labouring population are sure to draw upon themselves by engaging in such wild attempts. The demolition of a thrashing-machine sounds, perhaps, when first proposed, little more than a frolic; but it may be the beginning of many crimes and many sorrows. The thoughtless multitude, who go forth to the commission of this act of violence with perhaps the same light and buoyant hearts as to a piece of sport, are not destined long to tread the fatal path upon which they have entered, either with spirits so gay or consciences so unburdened. A change is sure to come over their whole feelings, tempers, and purposes as they pursue their career of outrage, and that with a rapidity which must often be startling even to themselves. Their first exploit may be successfully accomplished; but no sooner have they celebrated the finished work with their huzzahs of triumph, than a consciousness strikes every bosom that they have placed themselves by what they have done under the ban of the law, and that its insulted power will not fail to pursue them with its vengeance. From this moment they are no longer a mere band of thoughtless revellers. Something of the sternness and determination of desperate men nerves them and spurs them forward, and they are ready, at the first cry that may thrill upon their excited senses, to plunge into excesses which but a little before the boldest of them had scarcely contemplated. Daring and reckless

spirits are not long in starting forth to place themselves at their head and to halloo them on. Perhaps at the next move they make they encounter some force which has been mustered to stop their ravages. Whether a conflict ensues or not, the circumstance fixes the feeling still deeper in their hearts that they and society are now fairly at war, and that only the complete defeat of the one party or the other can end the strife. Hence, if the mob are not effectually put down at this stage, a demeanour of still fiercer defiance against the law than they have yet shown. Separated, as they seem to themselves to be, and cast forth from the rest of the community, they now scarcely care what existing institutions they disregard or trample under foot. Their career is almost one of open rebellion against all the establishments of the state. The simple and honest, though mistaken peasants, who a short time before had left their homes with no farther purpose than to rid themselves of what they conceived to be an unfair impediment thrown in the way of their labour and the winning of their daily bread, are now so corrupted and sunk from what they once were, as to be perhaps busy in stopping and robbing every man they meet, and breaking into every house where they conceive there is any money for them to plunder. But this does not last long. The mad rioters are soon stopped in the midst of their excesses and crimes by a force, which they may be insolent and insane enough to meet, but which they are utterly powerless to cope with. Much devastation has been committed—even already perhaps blood has been shed;—but the tragedy is not yet closed. The law now asserts its authority with a high hand. Where of late all was turbulence and insurrection, amidst the quiet of universal obedience are now heard only the solemn accents of avenging justice. And

then comes the last sad scene, to crush and break many hearts, and blight for ever the happiness of many homes. The prisons render up their captives, some, indeed, to breathe again the sweet air of liberty, but others to meet a very different doom—to be sent, perhaps, for life, or a lingering term of years, into harder bondage in a distant land, or, after only a few hours shall have passed, to die a death of violence and shame amid the dwellings of their acquaintances and their kindred. Condemnation such as this comes indeed like something bewilderingly strange and unexpected to these unhappy men; their natures are not tempered to the hardness of ordinary convicts; the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the wives and children, that hang about their necks, have been wont to see them engaged only in the toils of a hard and a humble, but yet an honest industry; their days have been spent together under lowly roofs perhaps, and on scanty fare, but still without ever a thought of endeavouring to mend their condition by any trade of crime; and they have never been accustomed to look forward to any other termination of their earthly companionship except the peace of an unmarked, it might be, but at any rate an undishonoured grave, in the churchyard of their native village. How terribly is all this peace disturbed and scattered now! and what must they and theirs feel when they compare what once might have been with what must now be! Such is the melancholy end of rioting!

THE END.



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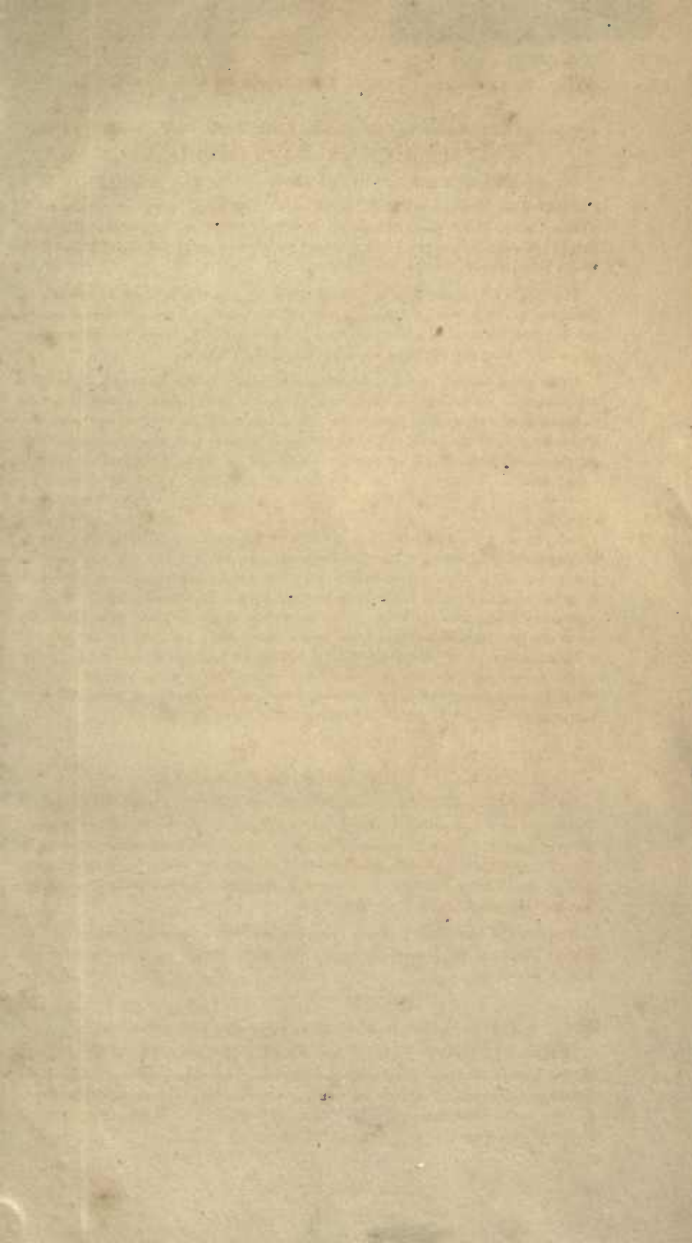
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